The

Home and School Hymnal

With Tunes

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THE HOME AND SCHOOL HYMNAL

THE MUSIC REVISED BY

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY

PRINCIPAL OF THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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NOTE BY CONVENER OF PRAISE COMMITTEE.

'The Home and School Hymnal' has been compiled by a small carefully selected Sub-Committee of the Praise Committee. As I was not a member of that Sub-Committee, I feel free to say that I confidently hope the book will serve its purpose, and give general satisfaction in Home *and* School. *The Sub-Committee were left very much to their discretion, with instructions simply to do their best. They have taken great pains, and it is believed that the result will be to their credit, and, what is much more important in their view, to the spiritual advantage of the religious public. May God's blessing go with the Book!*

A. B. BRUCE,
Convener of Praise Committee.

PREFACE

THE Sub-Committee appointed by the Praise Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, in November 1888, to prepare a hymnal for the young, present the result of their labours in 'THE HOME AND SCHOOL HYMNAL.'

It has been the effort of the Sub-Committee, first of all, to provide a manual of devotion for the Family; especially to enliven and enrich the character of Family Worship. It has been their effort also to provide a manual of devotion for Sunday and Day Schools, Senior Classes, Church and other Services for the Young, Mission Services, and several Special Occasions.

The result of any attempt to provide for tastes, occasions, and ages differing so widely must be a compromise. But the Sub-Committee trust that the selection of hymns and tunes in 'THE HOME AND SCHOOL HYMNAL' may prove sufficiently diversified and catholic for the objects which they have in view, and sufficiently refined to please the more critical.

As the use of a Church Hymnal is assumed, the hymns and music of 'THE HOME AND SCHOOL HYMNAL' have been drawn from modern sources more freely than would otherwise have been the case; and several eminent composers have written tunes expressly for this hymnal.

Pains have been taken to verify the text and authorship of hymns and tunes; and any necessary details regarding either will be found in the full-score musical editions.

Apposite headings, taken sometimes from the Authorized, sometimes from the Revised, Version, have been prefixed to the hymns. The heading is intended to express the gist of each hymn—to serve as a keynote, and should be read over distinctly before the hymn is sung.

The Sub-Committee have felt very great satisfaction in the appointment of SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, to be Musical Adviser. Sir Joseph requires no eulogium from them, but they cannot refrain from saying that he has enriched this hymnal with many tunes of his own, has minutely scrutinized the adaptations proposed by the Sub-Committee, and approved of them with few exceptions, has revised the harmonies throughout, and has shown a hearty interest in the work.

It is right to remark that the tunes of which Sir Joseph does not approve are nearly all tunes the popularity of which requires their insertion, apart from any question of musical merit.

It is the hope and prayer of the Sub-Committee that 'THE HOME AND

SCHOOL HYMNAL' may be abundantly blest in the Family and the School, and may thus fulfil the intentions and wishes of the Church in directing its preparation.

SPECIAL thanks are due to Mr. HUBERT P. MAIN, of the firm of BIGLOW AND MAIN, *New York*, and to Mr. JAMES THIN, *Edinburgh*, for very great kindness and invaluable aid.

Many thanks are also due to the Rev. W. GARRETT HORDER, and to Mr. ROBERT LILLEY, one of the sub-editors of the 'Century Dictionary,' for important assistance; and to the following for leave to use hymns written or possessed by them (leave to use those marked with an asterisk has been granted on payment of a fee).

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JAMES BONAR,
Convener of Sub-Committee.

GREENOCK, *November* 1892.

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MARKS OF EXPRESSION, ETC.

SUPERINTENDENTS, teachers, and leaders of singing, are requested to explain the meaning and use of the various marks, and insist on attention to them. Nothing helps more to refine and enliven the singing than attention to such marks.

pp Very soft.
p Soft.
mp Between medium and soft.
m Medium degree of loudness.
mf Between medium and loud.
f Loud.
ff Very loud.
c Increasing in loudness.
d Diminishing in loudness.

These degrees of loudness are relative to the character of the hymn; for example, a verse marked *f* in a mournful or pathetic hymn must not be sung as loudly as a verse marked *f* in a jubilant hymn.

The transition from one degree of loudness to another ought to be made gradually, except where there is a decided contrast in the words.

A few hymns have been marked for alternate or responsive singing, a method which produces both vigour and variety. The marks for this method of singing are printed in small capitals.

Q To be sung by a quartet, or senior class, or school-choir, or teachers standing together.
A To be sung by all.
R To be sung by those on the right hand of the Superintendent.
L To be sung by those on the left hand of the Superintendent. [Instead of being sung by those on the right and the left hand, the portions so marked may be sung by the boys and the girls respectively.]
H Harmony. The four parts to be sung.
U Unison. The air to be sung by all.

The sign ✠ is introduced to denote the beginning of a line of the hymn, where that does not accord with the beginning of the line of music.

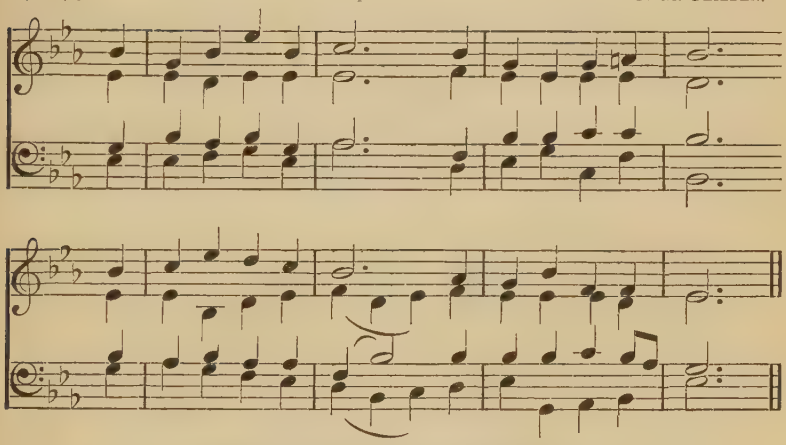
Certain verses of some hymns have been enclosed within brackets, not because they are inferior to others, but because they are those which can be omitted with least injury to the sense, should the whole hymn be judged too long for singing at once.

THE HOME AND SCHOOL HYMNAL

MORNING

1

EDEN. O. M. FEILDEN.



My soul shall be joyful in the Lord.

mf 1 UP now, my soul! 'tis day;
Lone night has fled away;
How soft yon eastern blue!
How fresh this morning dew!

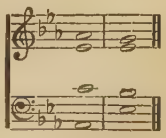
2 Peace rests on yon green hill,
Joy sparkles in yon rill;
Join thou earth's song of love,
That pours from every grove.

m 3 Be happy in thy God:
On Him cast every load,
To Him bring every care,
To Him pour out thy prayer.

mf 4 To Him thy morning praise
With joyful spirit raise,
c The God of morn and even,
The Light of earth and heaven.

m 5 Be thou His happy child,
Loved, blest, and reconciled;
Walk calmly on each hour,
Safe in His love and power.

6 Work for Him gladly here,
Without a grudge or fear;
Thy labour shall be light,
And all thy days be bright.



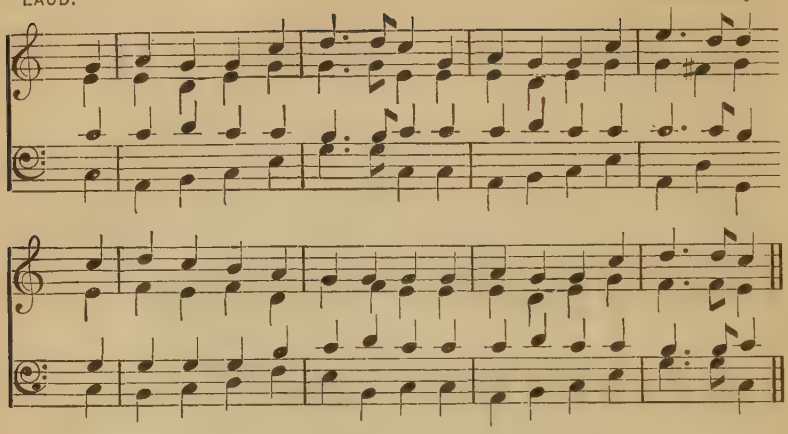
A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR.

2

LAUD.

Ancient Melody.



I will awake right early : I will give thanks unto Thee.

mf 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

m 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;
mp Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

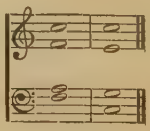
mf 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
m Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

m 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
c That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

f *Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!*
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

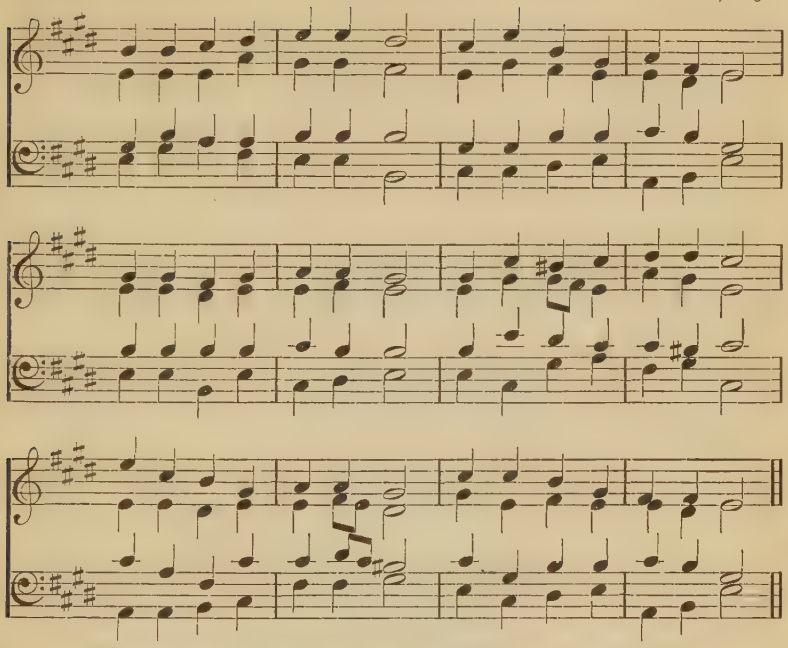


A - men.

THOMAS KEN.

3

RATISBON. FIRST TUNE *Werner's Choralbuch*, 1815.

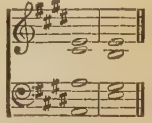


Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.

mf 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
m Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
c More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

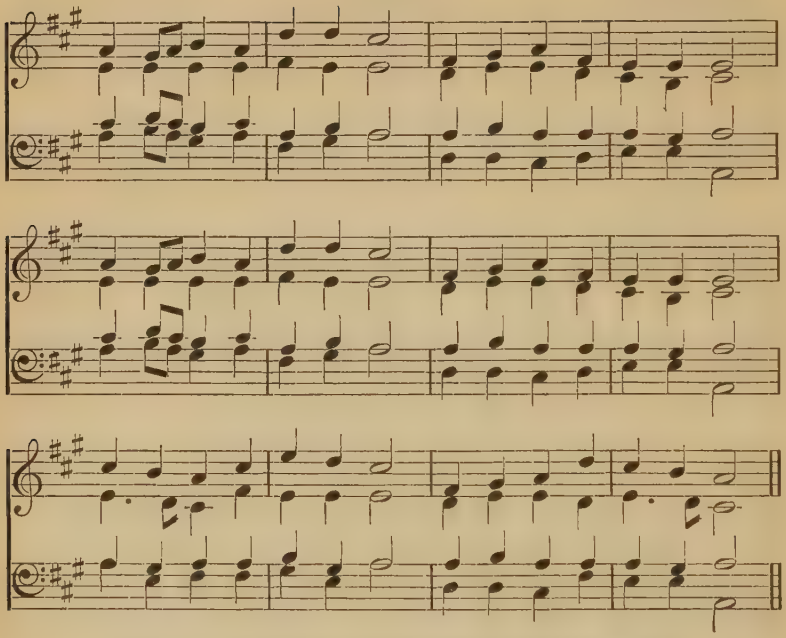


A-men.

CHARLES WESLEY.

3

DIX. SECOND TUNE CONRAD KOCHER.



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Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
m Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
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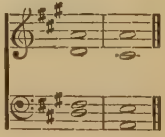
Shining to the perfect day.



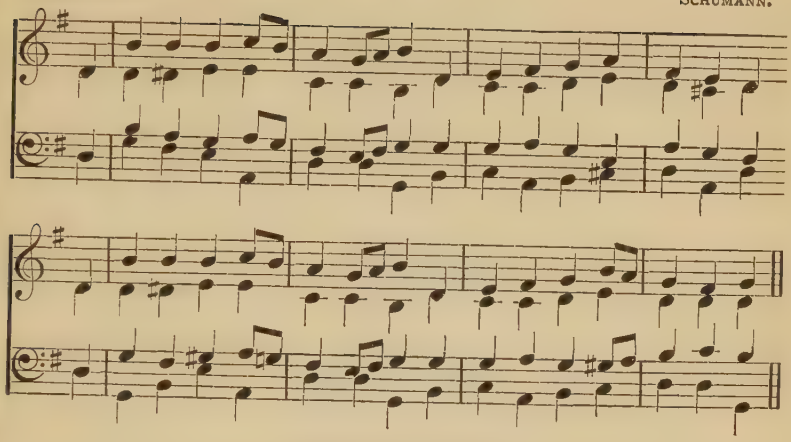
A - men.

CHARLES WESLEY.

4

SCHUMANN.

SCHUMANN.



Walk as children of light.

m 1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

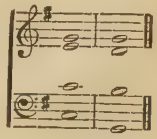
2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray:
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

mp 5 Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret this of rest below.

mf 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

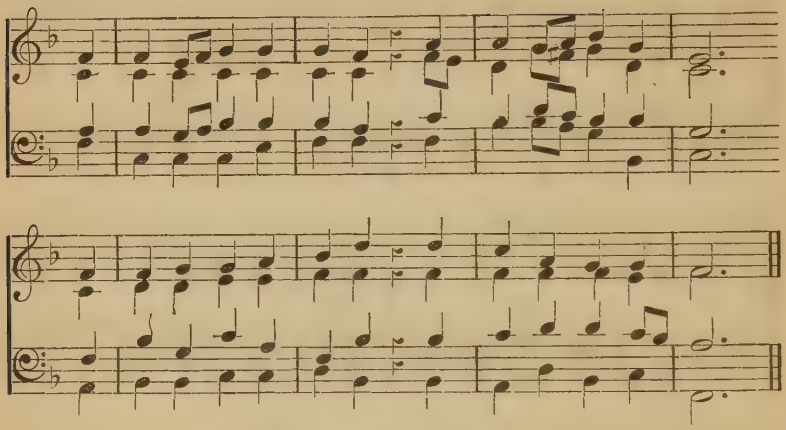


A - men.

JOHN KEBLE.

5

KNECHT. J. H. KNECHT.



Renewed day by day.

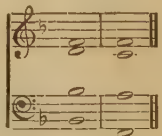
m 1 ANOTHER day is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another day with Thee:

2 Another day of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
c Another day of gladness
In the shining of Thy face;

mf 3 Another day of progress,
Another day of praise,
Another day of proving
Thy presence 'all the days;'

m 4 Another day of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another day of training
For holier work above.

5 Another day is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another day for Thee.



A-men.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

6

ANASTASIS.

E. W. BULLINGER.

I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning.

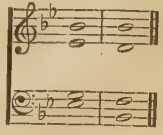
mf 1 THE morning, the bright and the beautiful morning
Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing,
With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorning,
c A gladness which nothing but morning can bring.

mf 2 The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean,
The river and forest, the mountain and plain;
The city is stirring its living commotion;
And the pulse of the world is reviving again.

3 And we too awake, for our heavenly Father,
m Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to gather
Around us, (*c*) now calls us again from our rest.

m 4 But, ere to our labours and duties returning,
We hasten to give Him the praise that is meet;
And in solemn devotion the first hours of morning,
Our freest and freshest, we lay at His feet.

5 O now let us haste to our heavenly Father,
And, ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
mf Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all together,
And the morn of our youth let us hallow to Him.



A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR.

7

TOURS. BERTHOLD TOURS.

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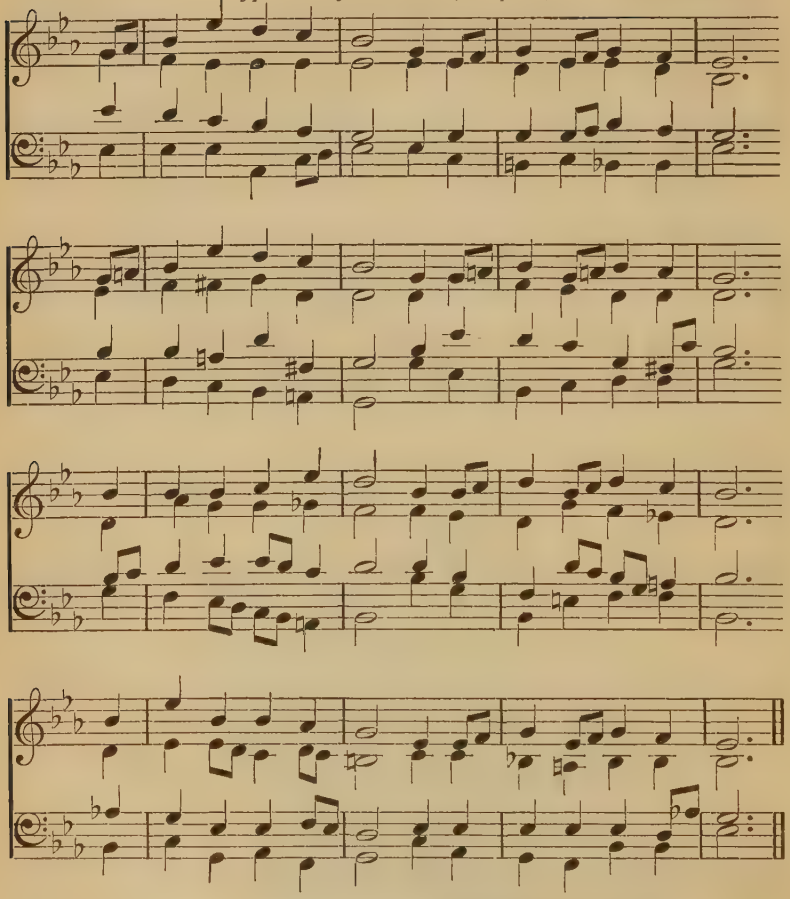


It is a good thing to show forth Thy faithfulness every night.

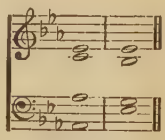
m 1 THE hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;
mf For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

mf 2 For life, and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render,
Who these and all things sends.

m 3 But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art:
Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin,
Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

mf 4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this we thank Thee most,—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

m 5 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past,
With all our dear ones round us,
c In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come.

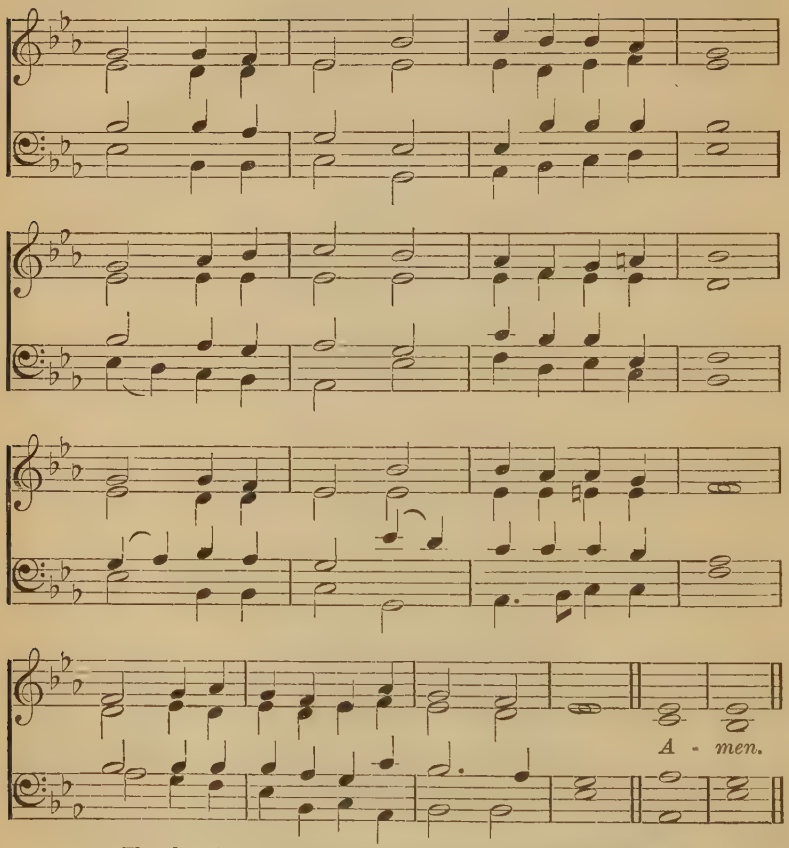


A - men.

JOHN ELLERTON.

8

EVENTIDE. FIRST TUNE W. H. MONK.



Thou hast been my help; leave me not, O God of my salvation.

mp 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

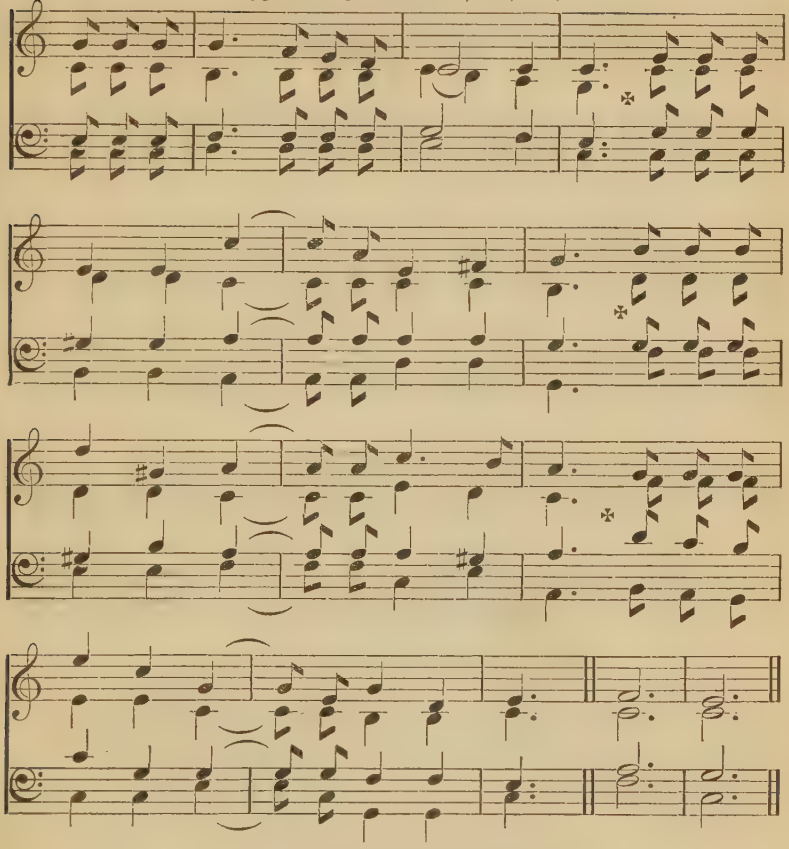
p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

m 3 [Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!]

8

ABIDE WITH ME. SECOND TUNE JOHN GOSS.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



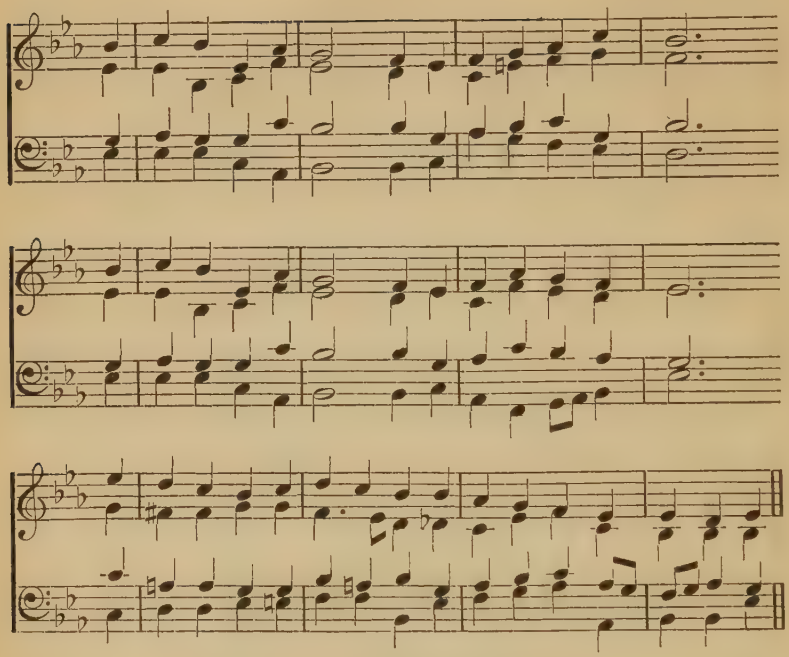
m 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

mf 5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
f Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

mp 6 Keep Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
mf Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
m In life and death, O Lord, abide with me! *Amen.* H. F. LYTE.

9

ST. ANATOLIUS. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



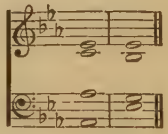
When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.

m 1 THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
mp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

m 2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
mp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

m 3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And pray that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
mp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

m 4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
mp Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.



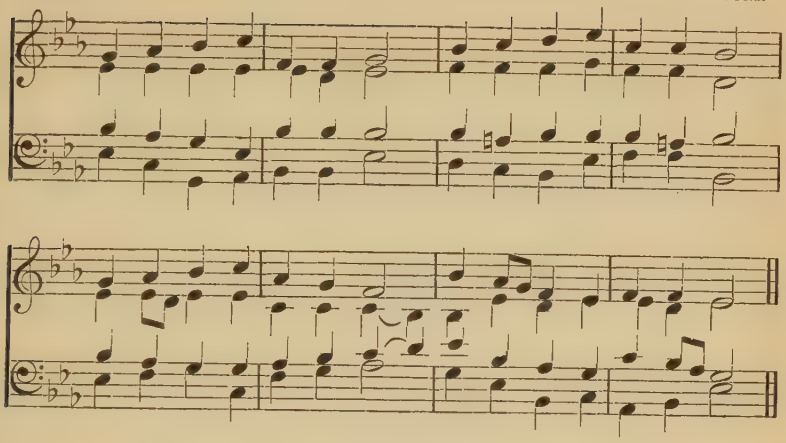
A - men.

ANATOLIUS (?), *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

10

GIBBONS.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.



Thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.

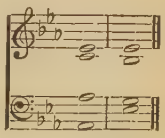
m 1 Now the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen, while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

mp 2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day,
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

m 3 Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

mf 4 Now my evening praise I give:
Thou didst die that I might live;
All my blessings come from Thee;
O how good Thou art to me!

5 Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before.

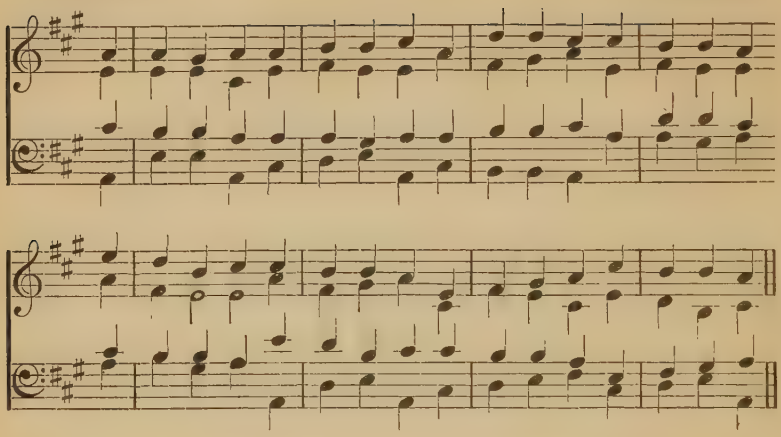


A - men.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

11

EVENING HYMN. THOMAS TALLIS.



Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.

mf 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
m Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

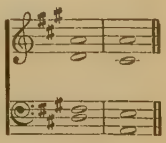
mp 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
m That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

mp 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, (*c*) that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

m 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

f *Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!*
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!



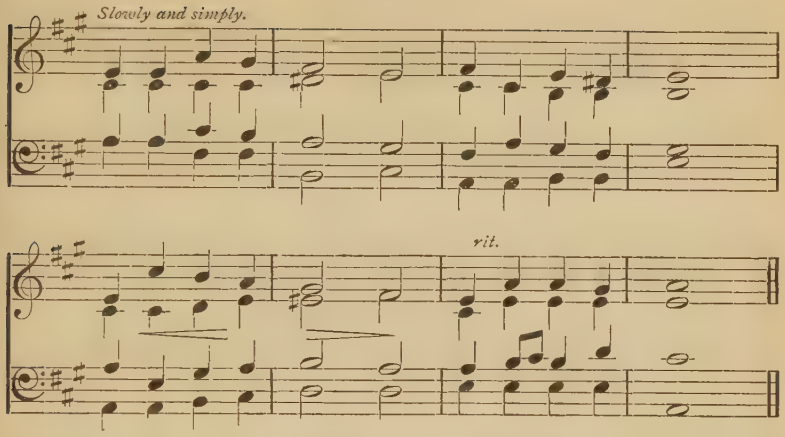
A - men.

THOMAS KEN.

12

SANDOWN. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

Slowly and simply.



The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.

mp 1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers;
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

mp 3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

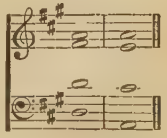
m 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

mp 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

m 6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

mf 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

f *Glory to the Father,*
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
While the ages run.

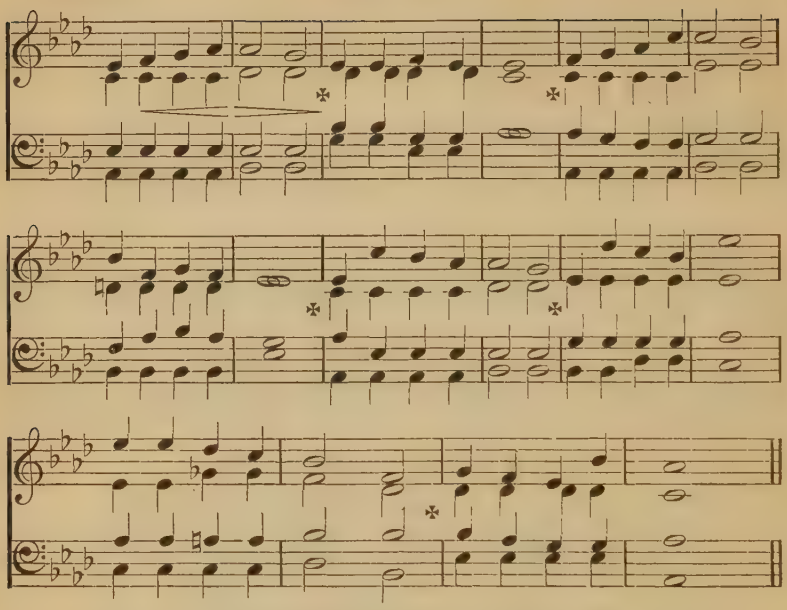


A - men.

S. BARING-GOULD.

12

LYNDHURST. SECOND TUNE



The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.

mp 1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers;
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

m 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

mp 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

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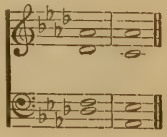
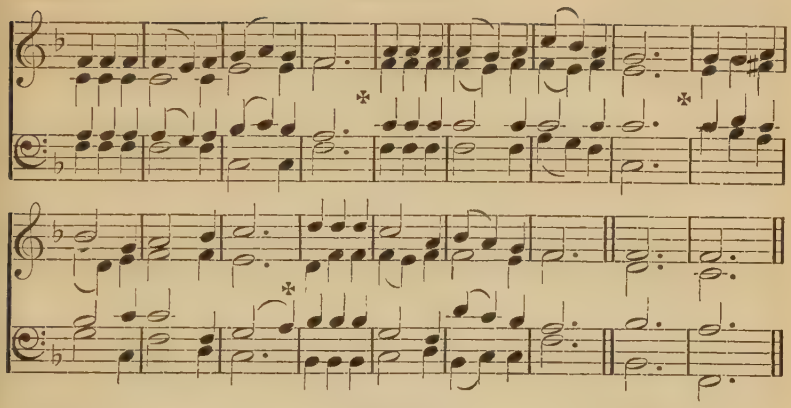


A - men.

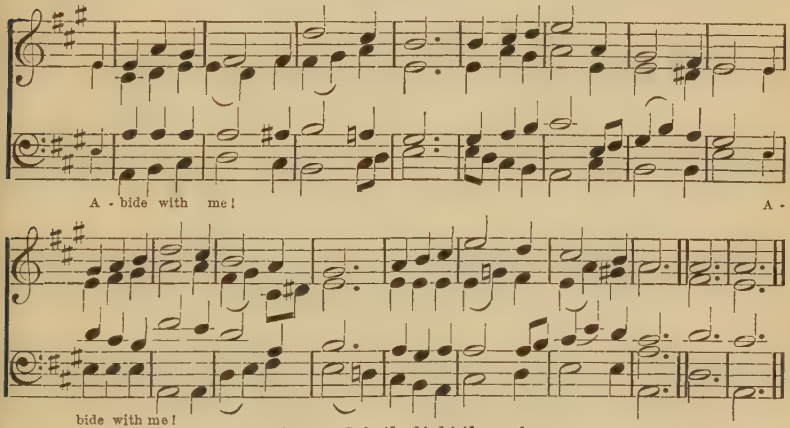
S. BARING-GOULD.

13

HURSLEY. FIRST TUNE PETER RITTER.



ABENDS. SECOND TUNE HERBERT OAKELEY.



The Lamb is the light thereof.

m 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

mp 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

m 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

mp 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice Divine,
m Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

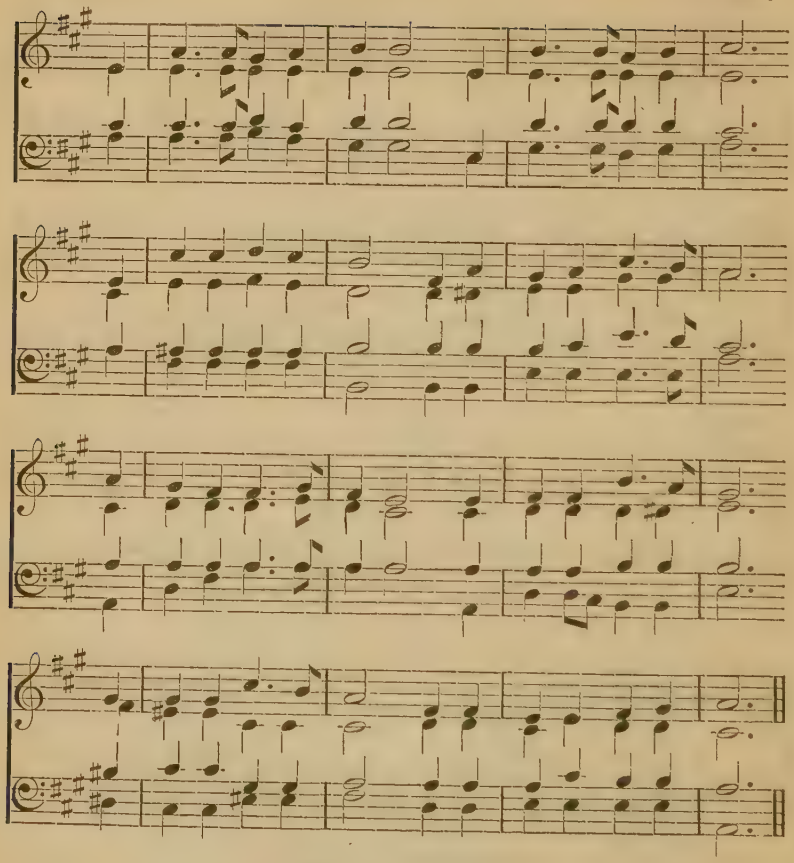
mf 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
c Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Amen.

NOTE.—In 'Abends' the small notes—E unison—are for Verse 3 only. JOHN KEBLE.

14

LORETTO. H. F. HEMY.



O Lord, be not far from me.

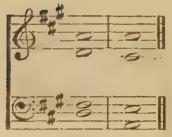
mp 1 MY Saviour, be Thou near me
When I lie down to sleep,
And safe from every danger
My soul and body keep.
m With Thee there is no darkness,
The light it shineth still;
c My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I will fear no ill.

mp 2 My Saviour, be Thou near me,
When Satan doth assail,
To strengthen and protect me,
That he may not prevail.
p When sorrows come upon me,
And days are dark and sad,
c My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I shall still be glad.

p 3 My Saviour, be Thou near me,
In sickness and in pain,
To teach my spirit patience,
To make my suffering gain.
pp When heart and flesh are failing,
Receive my parting breath;
My Saviour, be Thou near me
To comfort me in death.

m 4 And then, for ever near Thee,
Safe in that happy place
Where angels sing Thy praises,
And saints behold Thy face,
mf My joy shall be Thy presence,
Yea, this my heaven will be,
My Saviour will be near me
Through all eternity!

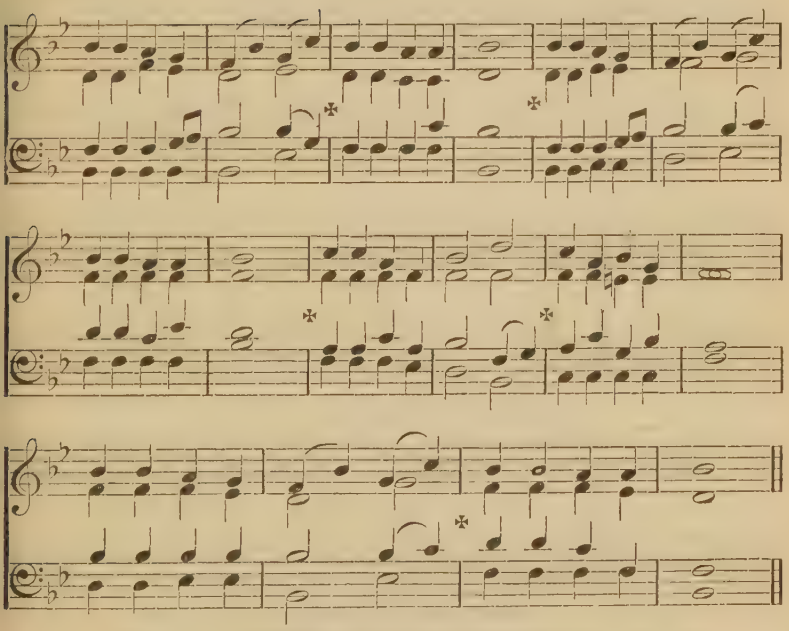
T. A. STOWELL.



A - men.

15

NOCTURNE. FIRST TUNE

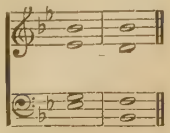


A sabbath-rest for the people of God.

mp 1 Now the week is ended,
And the work is done;
All is still and peaceful
As the setting sun;

mp Earthly cares departing
Leave the tranquil soul:
c Now let thoughts of heaven
Every breast control.

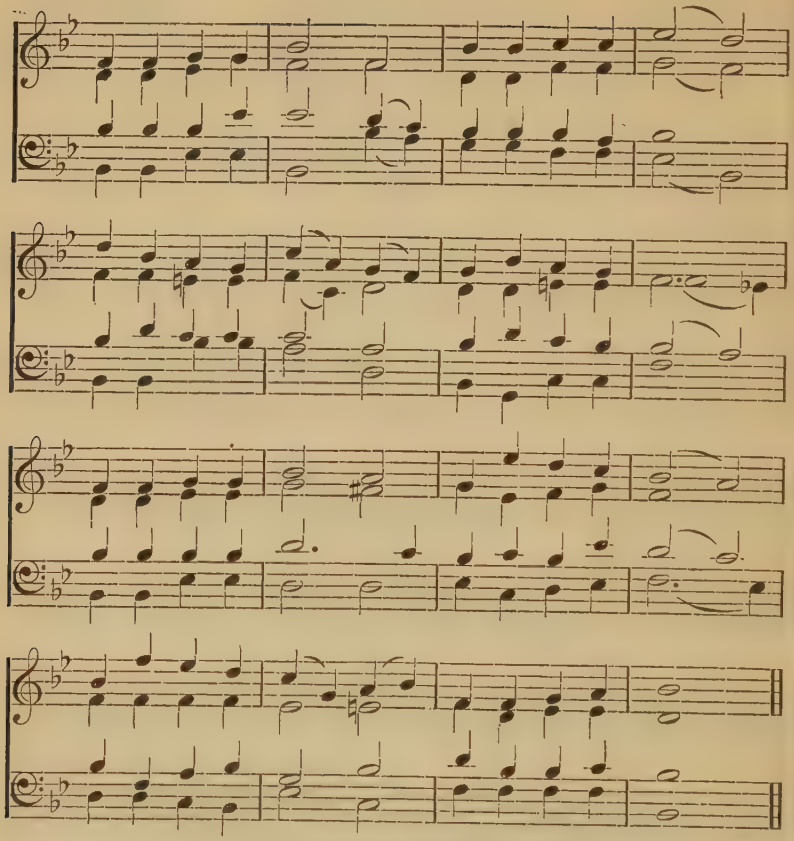
m 2 Welcome, peaceful evening!
Sweet is thy return:
May in every bosom
Holy feelings burn;
May our nightly slumbers
Gentle be, and blest;
May we see another
Day of sacred rest.



A - men.

15

MADDERMARKET. SECOND TUNE EDWARD BUNNETT.



A sabbath-rest for the people of God.

mp 1 Now the week is ended,
And the work is done;
All is still and peaceful
As the setting sun;

mp Earthly cares departing
Leave the tranquil soul:
c Now let thoughts of heaven
Every breast control.

m 2 Welcome, peaceful evening!
Sweet is thy return:
May in every bosom
Holy feelings burn;
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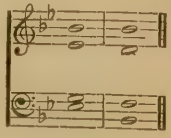
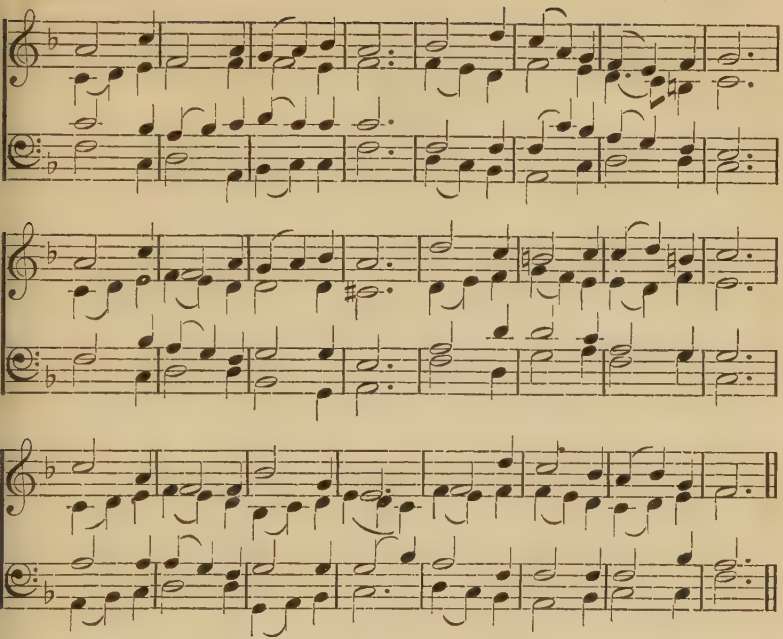


A - men.

16

TORONTO. E. J. HOPKINS.



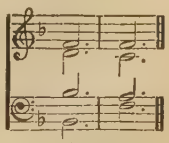
To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath.

m 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day;
mf Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

m 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand:
mp Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

m 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

c 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near!
mf May Thy glory meet our eyes
When we in Thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste,
Of our everlasting feast.

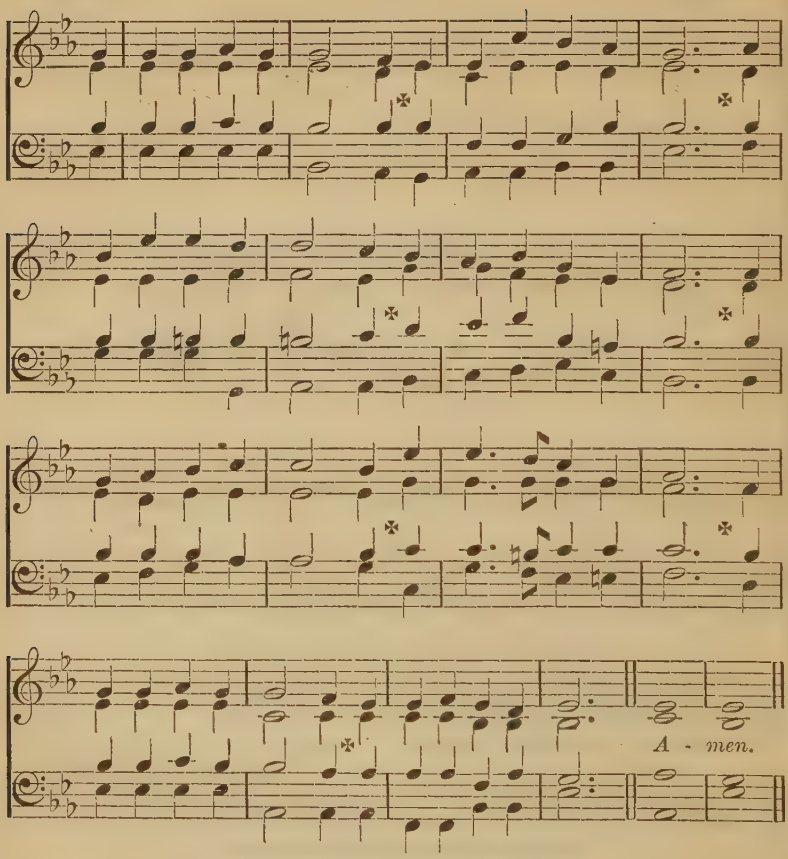


A - men.

JOHN NEWTON.

17

AURELIA. FIRST TUNE S. S. WESLEY.



This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

f 1 O DAY of rest and gladness!
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!

m On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, (*pc*) 'Holy, holy, holy!'
To the great God Triune.

m 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;

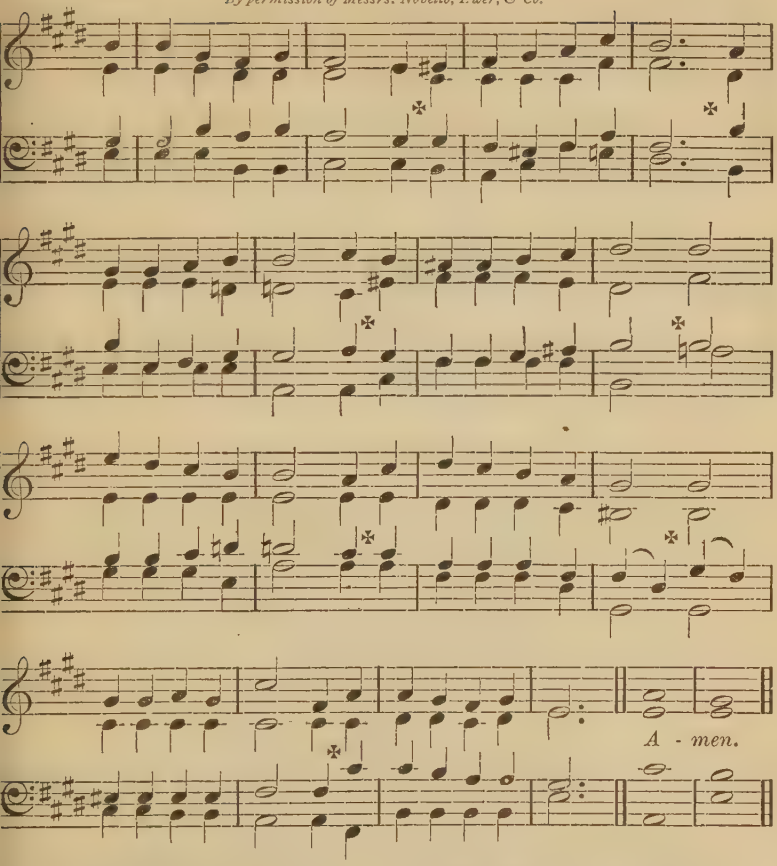
mf On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

m 3 [Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;

17

ST. ANSELM. SECOND TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



m Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.]

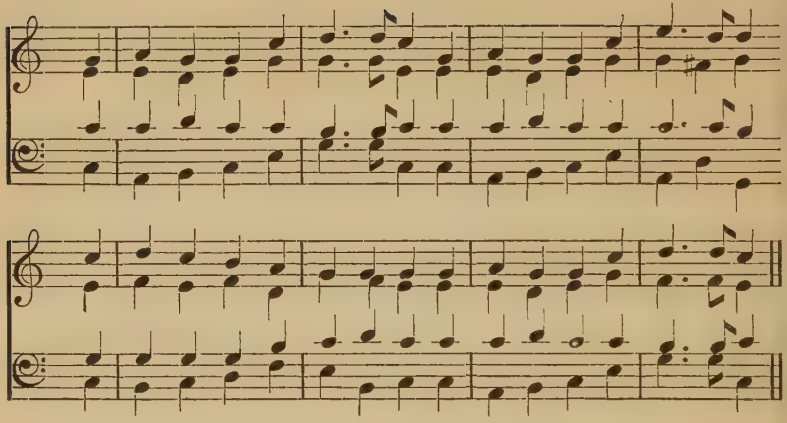
4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
mf Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
mf And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

m 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

18

LAUD. *Ancient Melody.*



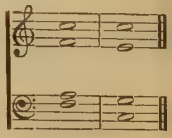
I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.

Q *m* 1 THIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was pour'd:
A O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

Q 2 This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again:
A O Jesus, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

Q 3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
A O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

mf 4 O day of light, and life, and grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above.

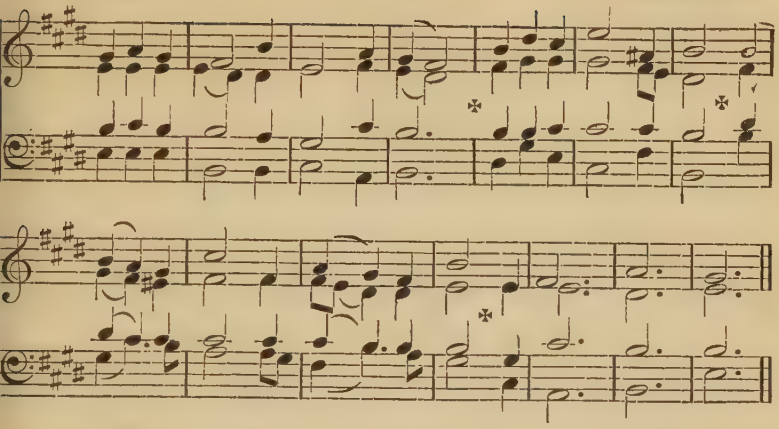


A - men.

W. W. HOW.

19

HOLY CROSS. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



To-day is a Sabbath unto the Lord.

mf 1 HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest [light
And joy to me.

mp 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
c Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

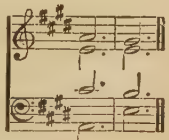
mp 3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, (*c*) but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

m 4 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

5 All earthly things appear to fade
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

mf 6 For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

m 7 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

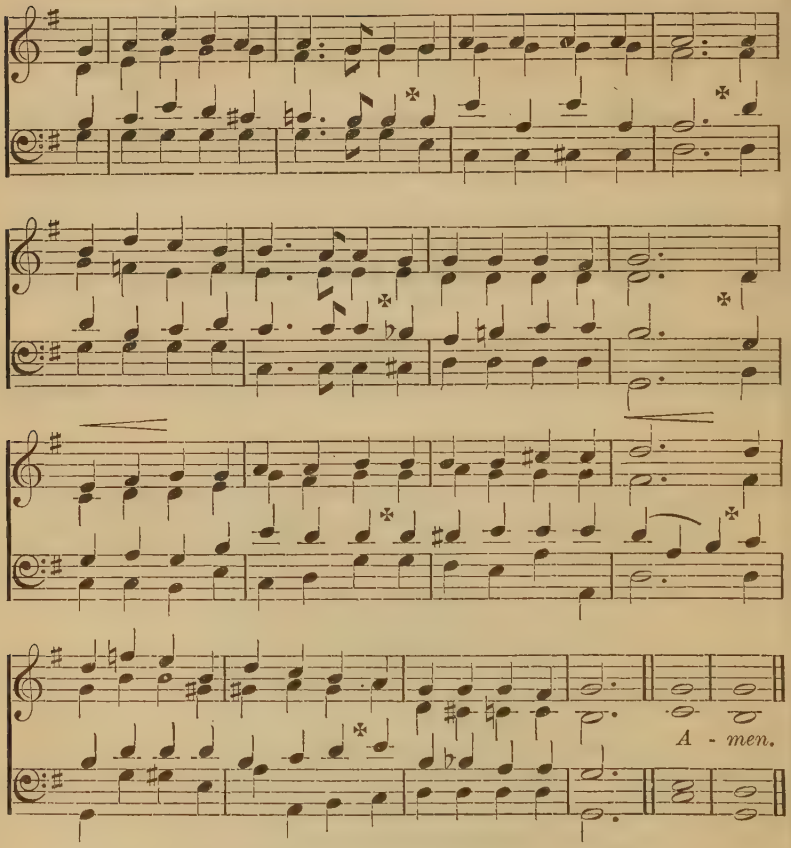


A - men.

GODFREY THRING.

20

ST. LEONARD. FIRST TUNE HENRY HILES.



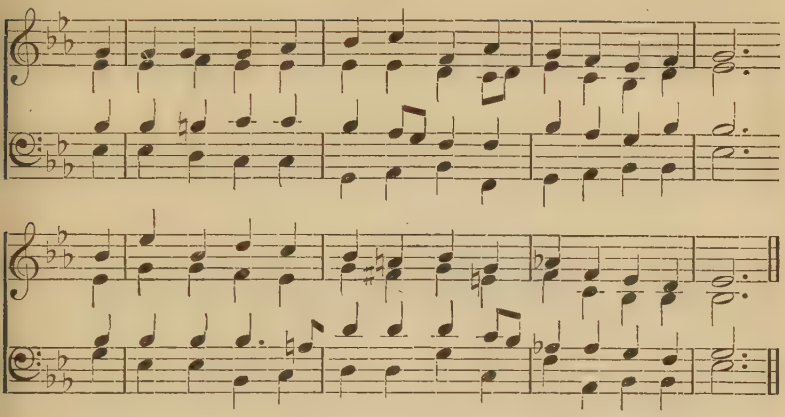
On the first day of the week came Jesus, and saith, Peace be unto you.

p 1 MY Lord, my Love was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
mp But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie!
Thy Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

20

EVENTIDE. SECOND TUNE HENRY SMART.

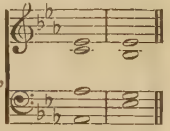


m 3 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love,
mf But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

m 4 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.

5 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
c I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

mf 6 Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days,
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of mirth and praise!

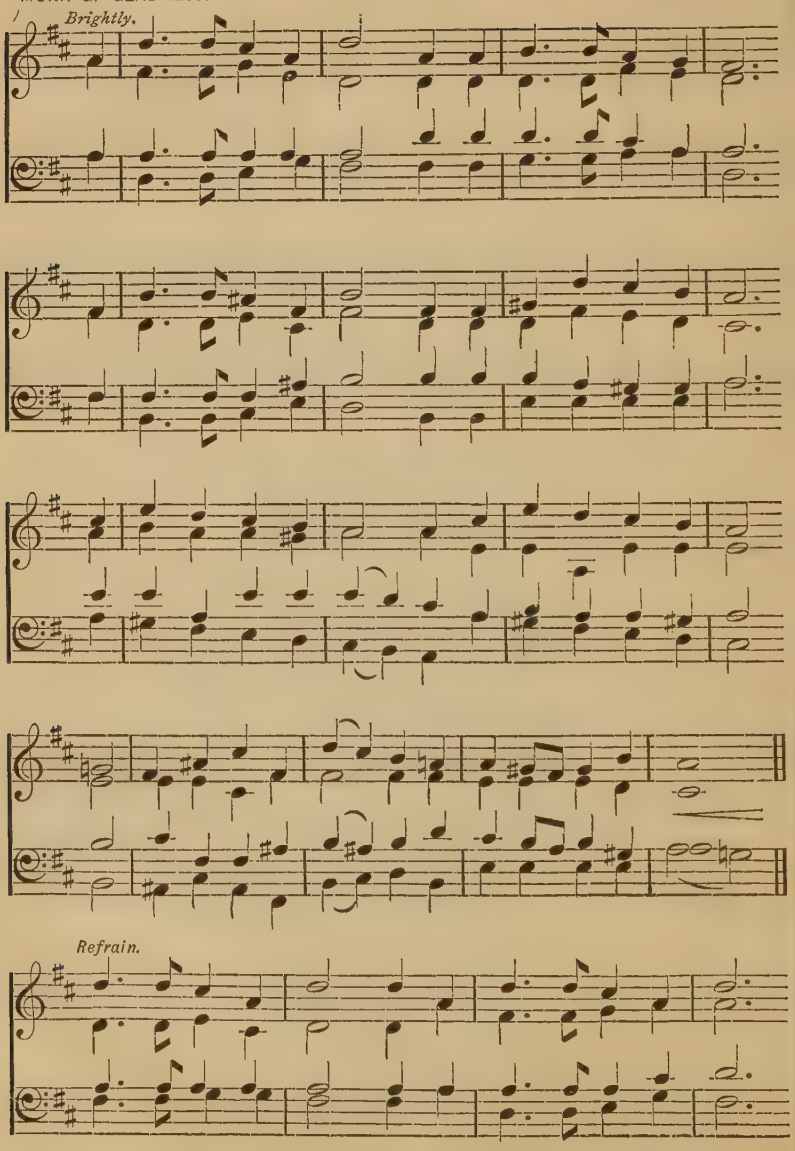


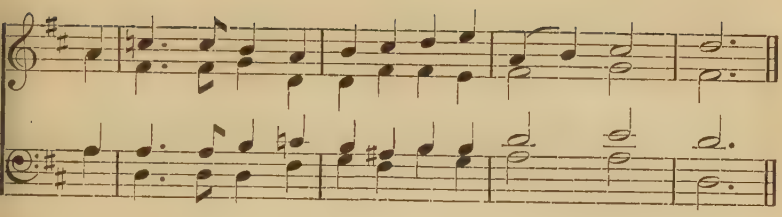
A - men.

JOHN MASON.

21

MORN OF GLADNESS. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.





I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

R *m* 1 AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
R The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

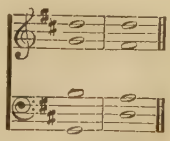
A *f* *Glory be to Jesus!*
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

m 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
mf Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

R *m* 3 The shining choir of angels,
That rest not day or night,
The crown'd and palm-deck'd martyrs,
The saints array'd in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.

L 4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

A *mf* 5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,
A *f* Glory be to Jesus!
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

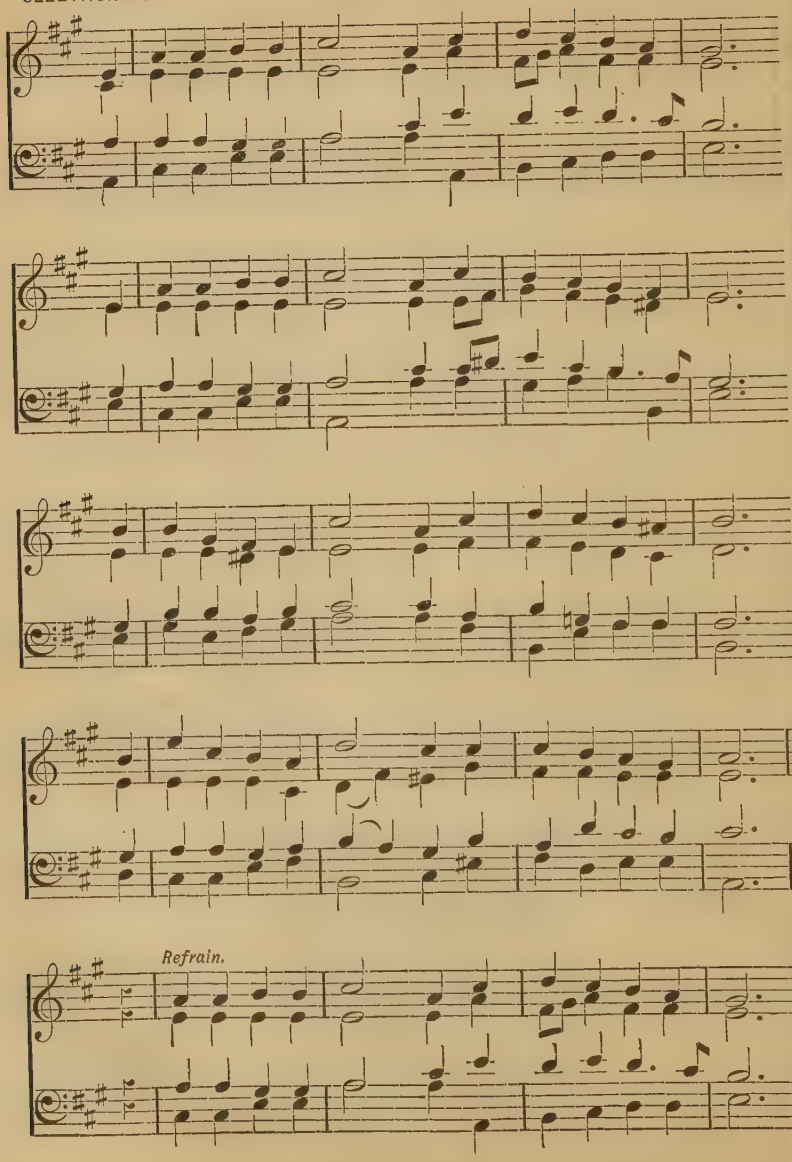


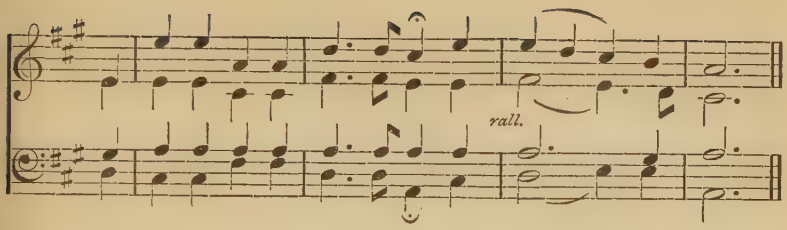
A - men.

JOHN ELLERTON.

21

CLEETHORPES. SECOND TUNE T. R. MATTHEWS.





I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

R *m* 1 AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
R The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet,
To keep the day of rest.

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Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

L *m* 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
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Within Thy chosen place.
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If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

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Still louder and still further
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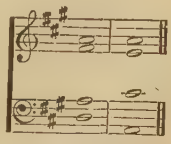
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,
A *f* Glory be to Jesus!
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

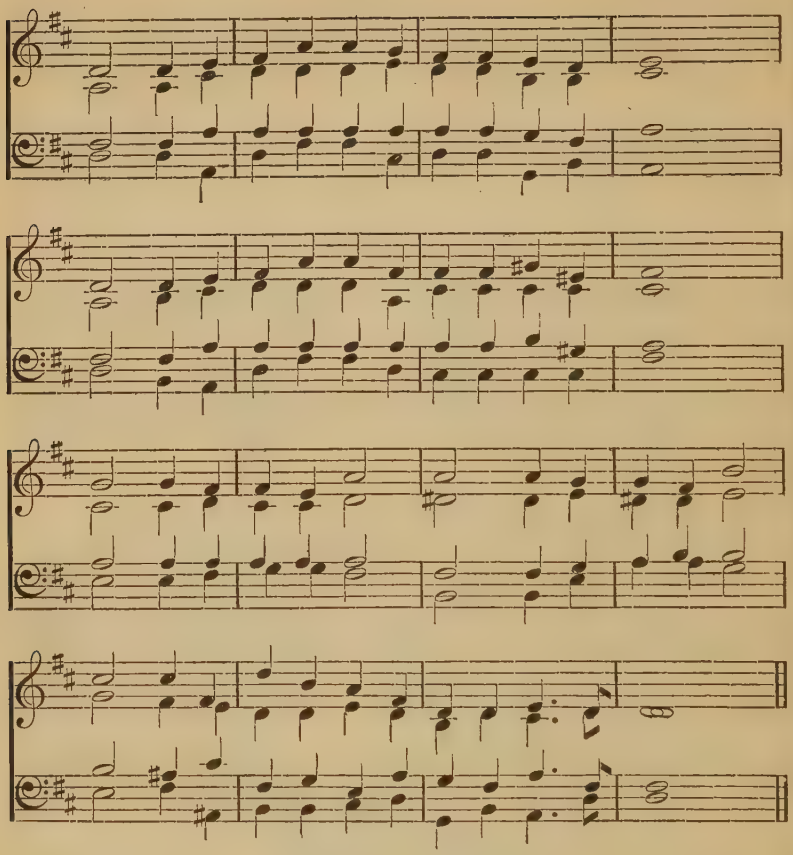


A - men.

JOHN ELLERTON.

22

HOLY DAY. JOSEPH BARNBY.

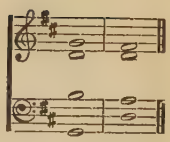


Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.

m 1 JESUS, we love to meet
On this Thy holy day;
We worship round Thy seat,
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this Thy holy day.

mp 2 We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day;
p In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day.
mp Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought
On this Thy holy day.

m 3 We listen to Thy Word
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day;
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
On this Thy holy day.

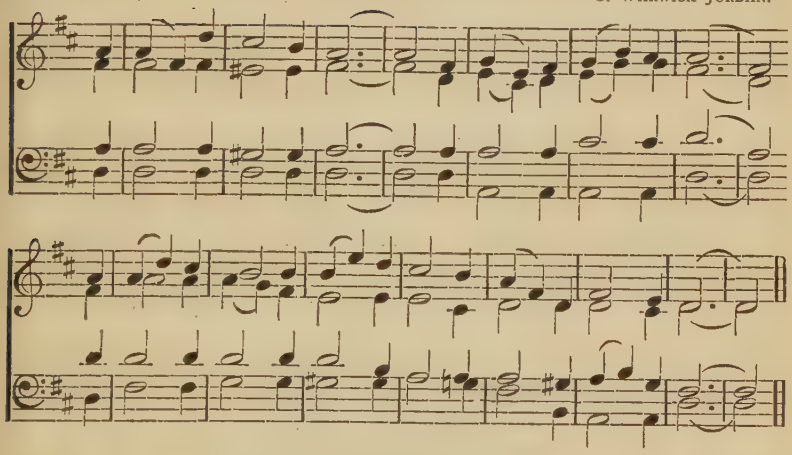


A - men.

ELIZABETH PARSON.

23

RHODES. C. WARWICK JORDAN.



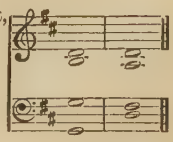
Call the Sabbath a delight.

mf 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy Word,
And grateful offerings bring.

m 2 Sweet at the dawning hour
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

m 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

mf 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
c That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

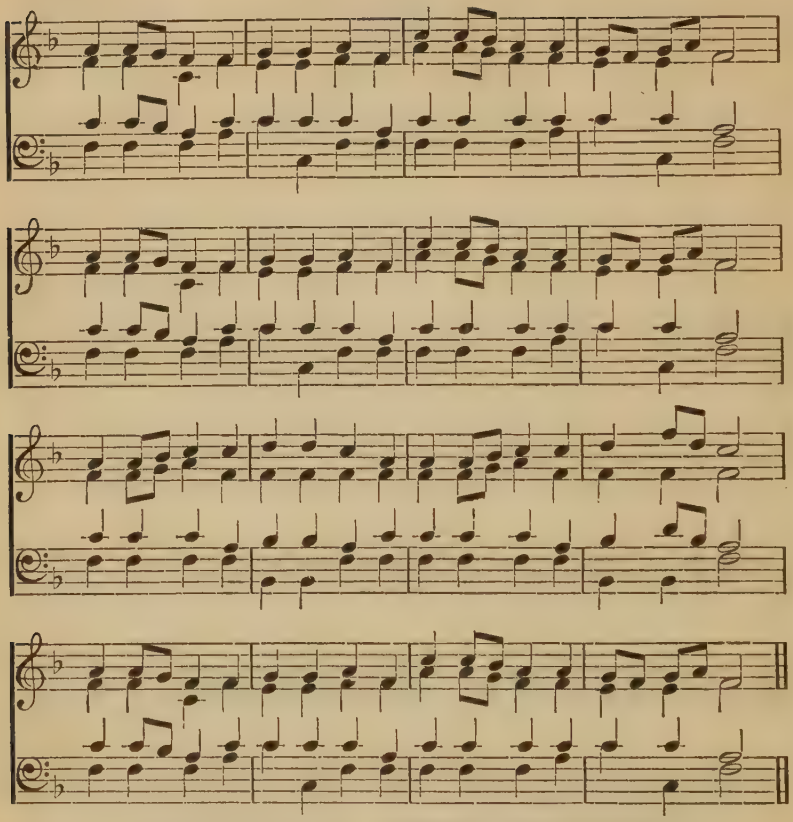


A - men.

HARRIET AUBER.

24

ROUSSEAU. J. J. ROUSSEAU.



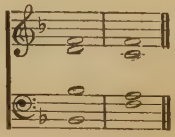
Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly.

mp 1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
p Thou art great and high and holy;
O how solemn we should be!

m 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

m 3 For we know the Lord of Glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
c Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

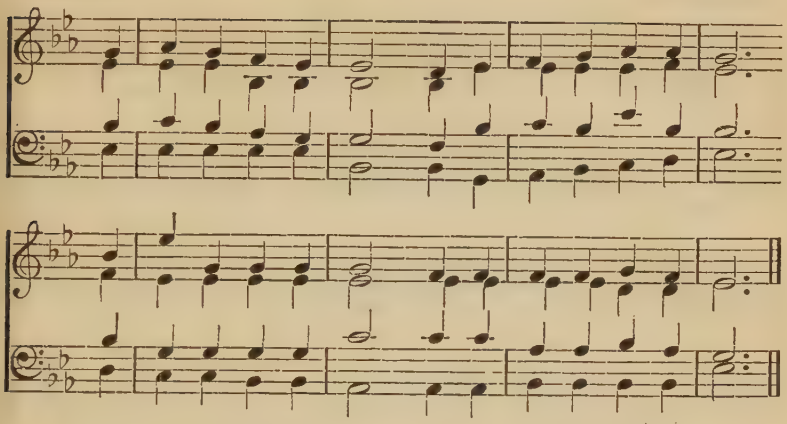


A - men.

M. E. SHELLY.

25

SACRIFICE. HENRY LAHEE.



Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

mp 1 WHEN we in holy worship
Would to our God draw near,
Let us rejoice with trembling,
And serve the Lord in fear.

mp 2 The nearer we approach Him,
The clearer we shall see
p How awful is His beauty,
d And how defiled are we.

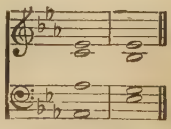
mp 3 His eye is resting on us
When most we feel alone;
He notices each gesture,
Each word, and look, and tone.

4 He watches in what spirit
His holy Word we hear,
If with all loving reverence,
Or with dull heart and ear.

5 He hears when we use lightly
His holy, awful Name;
He will not count us guiltless,
Though we may feel no shame.

m 6 O holy Lord Almighty,
Thou biddest us draw near
As Thine own sons and daughters,
mp Yet with all holy fear;

7 Thou art so great and holy,
So vile and weak are we.
c Lord, fold Thine arms around us,
And draw us unto Thee.

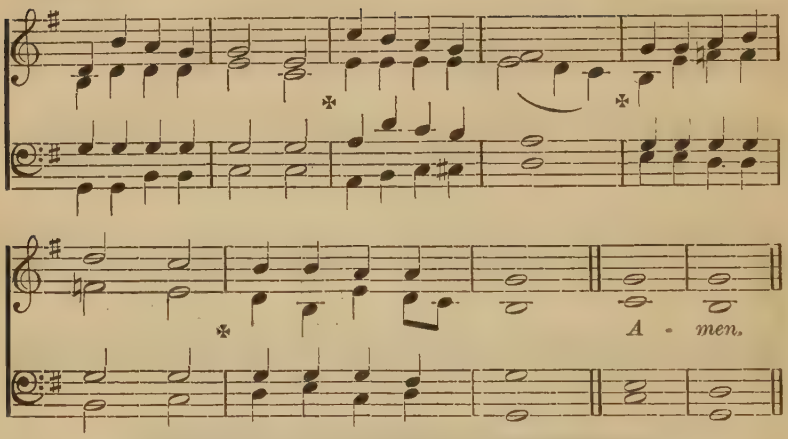


A - men.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.

26

PENKIVEL. H. G. TREMBATH.



He breathed on them, and saith, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.

m 1 JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallow'd hour.

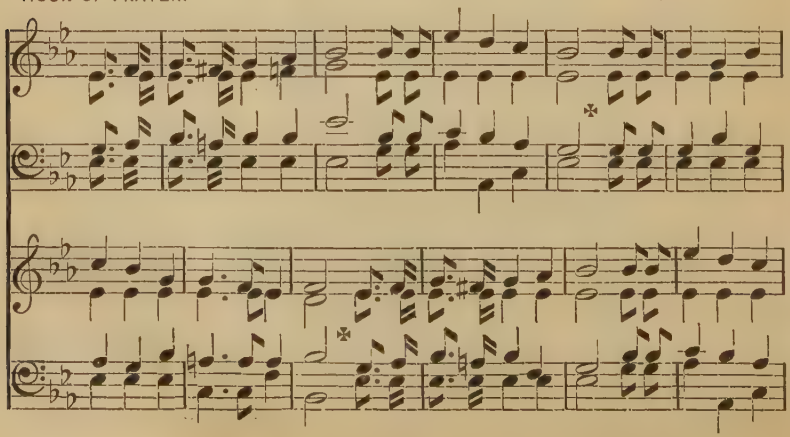
2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
m Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

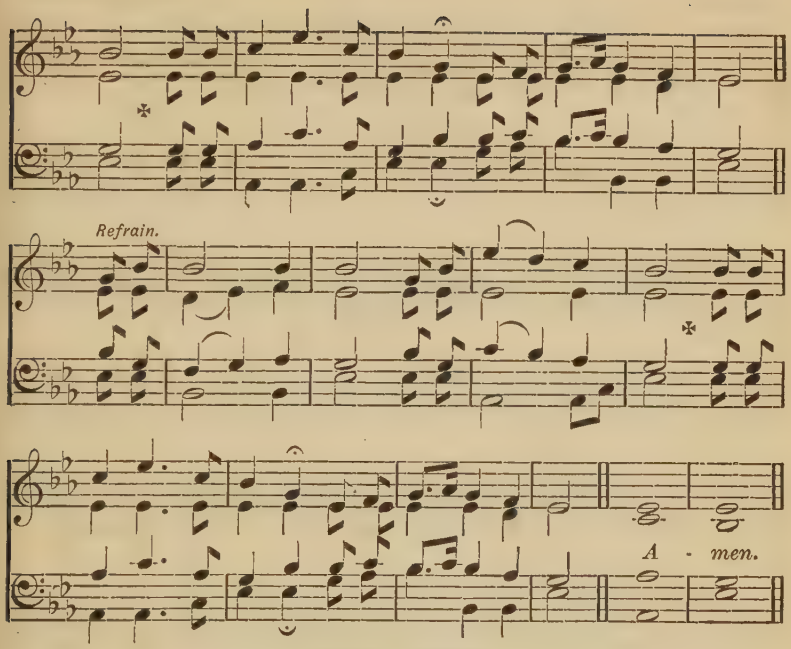
mf 3 Thus with quicken'd footsteps
We pursue our way,
c Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day. *Amen.*

WILLIAM PENNEFATHER.

27

HOUR OF PRAYER. W. H. DOANE.





The hour of prayer.

m 1 'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
c What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

mf *Blessèd hour of prayer! blessèd hour of prayer!*
c *What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!*

m 2 'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near,
With a tender compassion His people to hear,
When He tells us we may cast at His feet every care;
c What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

mp 3 ['Tis the blessèd hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart He removes every care;
c What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!]

mf 4 At the blessèd hour of prayer, if we firmly believe
That the blessing we ask for we'll surely receive,
In the fulness of delight we shall lose every care;
c What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there! *Amen.*

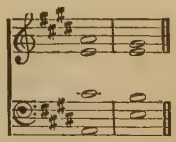
F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

28

RALEIGH. EBENEZER PROUT.

God giveth the increase.

m ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
c Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.



A - men.

JOHN NEWTON.

29

EVENING. JOSEPH BARNBY.

Smooth.

Refrain.

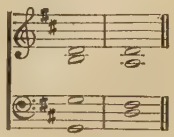
The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.

mp 1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall;
Let Thy Holy Ghost, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all:
m *Set Thy seal on every heart,*
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

m 2 Bless the gospel message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day:

mp 3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow;
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
m Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthen'd by Thy grace divine:

mp 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:

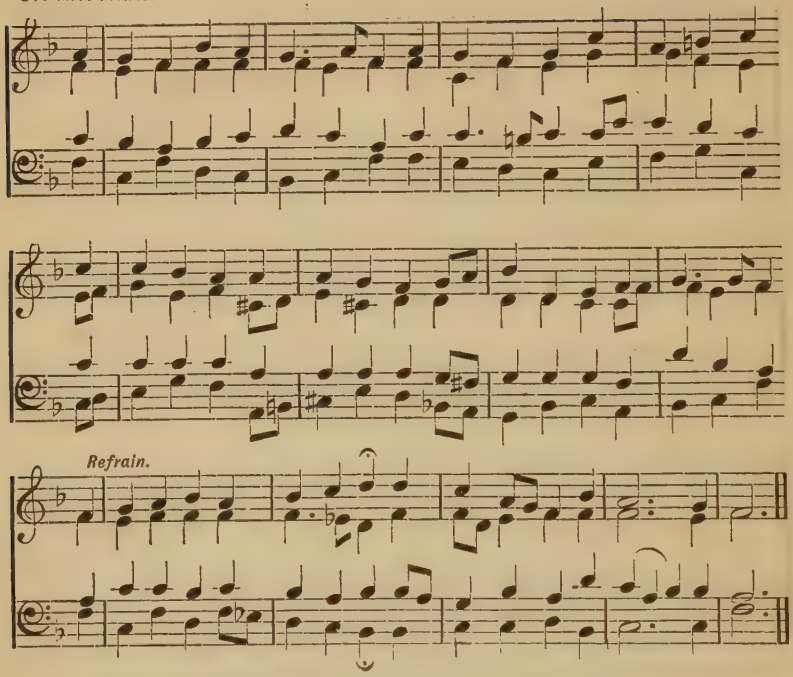


A - men.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

30

ST. MATTHIAS. FIRST TUNE. W. H. MONK.



The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.

A *m* 1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

A *d* *Through life's long day and death's dark night,*
c *O gentle Jesus! be our light.*

R *mp* 2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

L *m* 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

R 4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,

30

STELLA. SECOND TUNE *Hemy's Crown of Jesus Music*, 1864.

Refrain.

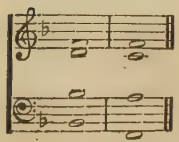
R *m* And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

L 5 [Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soil'd,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.]

A 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
c O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All. *Amen.*

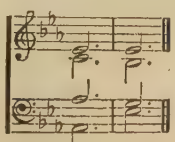
F. W. FABER.

FIRST TUNE.



A - men.

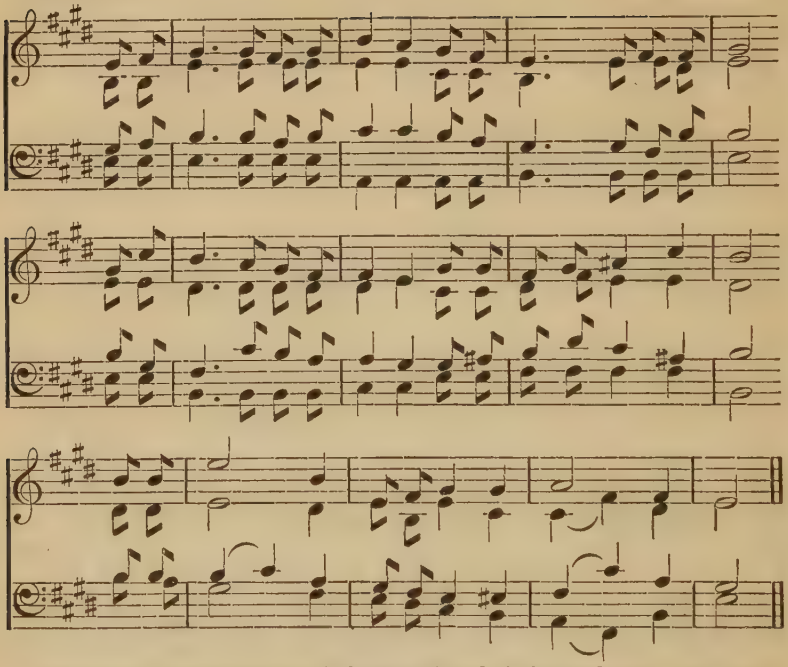
SECOND TUNE.



A - men.

31

WILDERSMOUTH. E. J. HOPKINS.



Hearken unto the supplications of Thy servant, and of Thy people, and when Thou hearest, forgive.

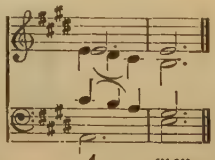
mp 1 Now the solemn shadows darken,
And the daylight slowly dies;
m Holy Saviour, Thou wilt hearken
When Thy children's prayers arise:
Blessèd Jesus,
Look on us with loving eyes.

mp 2 Some are tried with doubts and dangers,
Some have found their hearts grow cold,
Some are aliens now and strangers
To the faith they loved of old:
m Blessèd Jesus,
Bring them back into the fold.

mp 3 Some in conflict sore have striven
With temptation fierce and strong;
m Lord, to them let strength be given,
If the battle should be long;
Blessèd Jesus,
Change their mourning into song.

p 4 By Thy passion in the garden,
By Thine anguish on the tree,
c By that precious gift of pardon,
Won for us alone by Thee,
m Blessèd Jesus,
Set the sin-bound captives free.

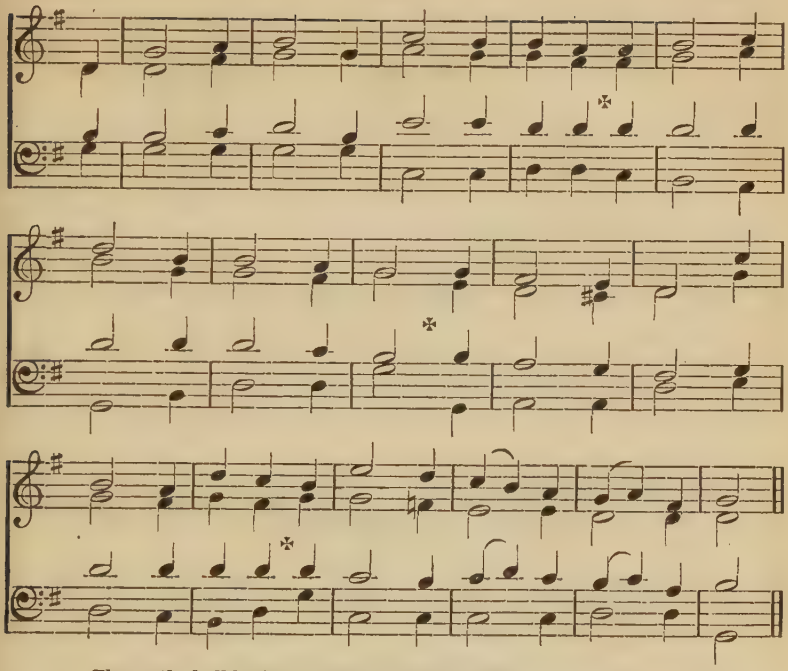
p 5 When our earthly day is closing,
And the night grows still and deep,
mp Let us, in Thine arms reposing,
Feel Thy power to save and keep;
m Blessèd Jesus,
Give Thine own belovèd, sleep.



SARAH DOUDNEY. *A - men.*

32

RADFORD. FIRST TUNE S. S. WESLEY.



The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord.

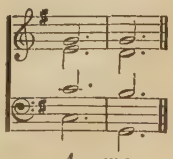
m 1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

mf 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the Western sky,
c And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

f 5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

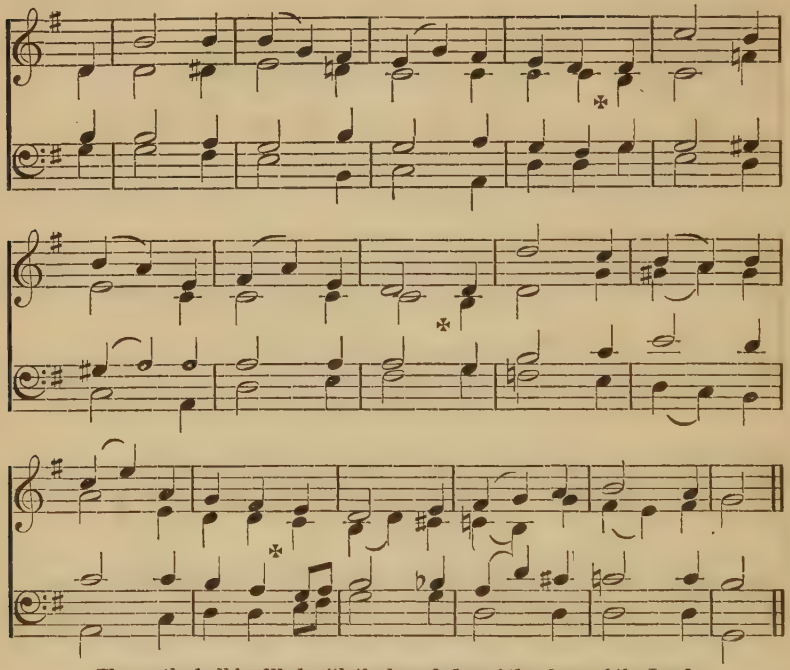


A - men.

JOHN ELLERTON.

32

LOUGHTON. SECOND TUNE CHARLES VINCENT.



The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord.

m 1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

mf 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the Western sky,
e And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

f 5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
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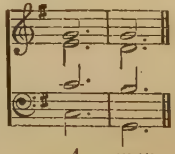


A - men.

JOHN ELLERTON.

33

ELLERS. E. J. HOPKINS.

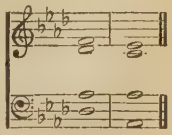
My peace I give unto you.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
d Then, lowly bending, (*c*) wait Thy word of peace.

mp 2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

m 3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.

mp 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
c Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
m Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

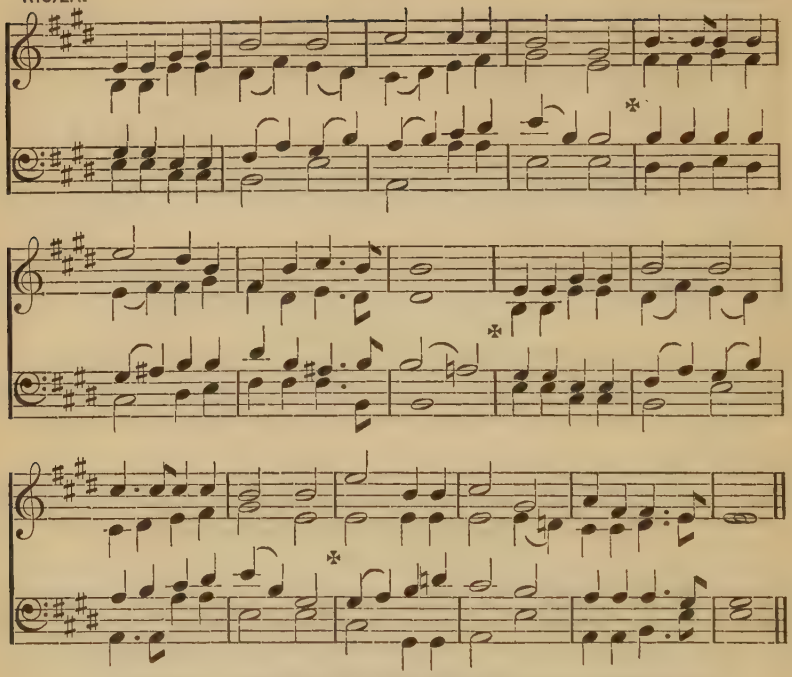


A - men.

JOHN ELLERTON.

34

NICÆA. J. B. DYKES.



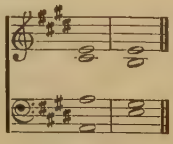
They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

U *pc* 1 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
m Morning, noon, and even, our song shall rise to Thee;
pc Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
mf God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

H *pc* 2 Holy, holy, holy! (*mp*) all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

pc 3 Holy, holy, holy! (*p*) though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
mf Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

U *pc* 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
mf All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea;
pc Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
mf God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

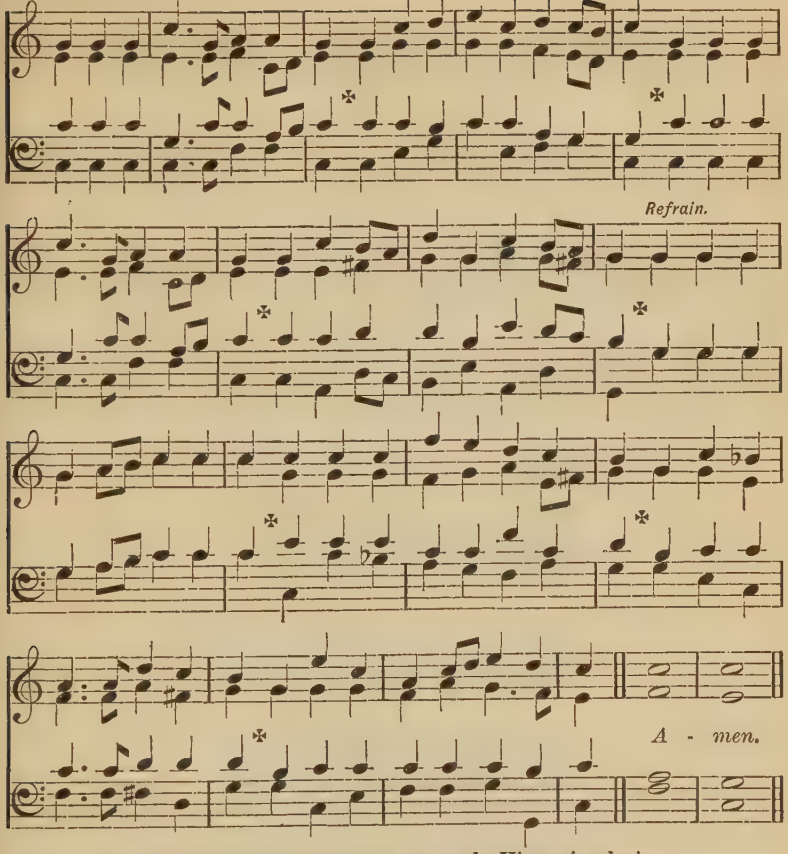


A - men.

REGINALD HEBER.

35

PETERBOROUGH. JOHN GOSS.



Sing forth the honour of His name; make His praise glorious.

mf 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise:
f *For He is Lord of heaven and earth,*
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

mf 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help, and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair:

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
mf Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His name, for it is true:

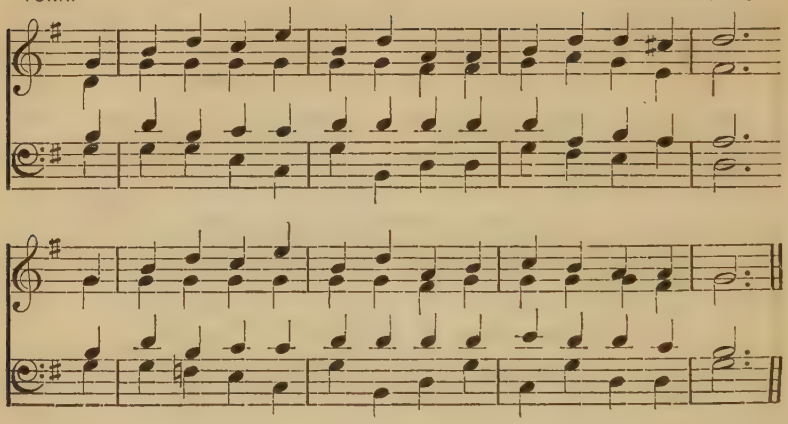
4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy:

5 For life below with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,
f Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore. *Amen.*

J. S. B. MONSELL.

36

YORK. *Scottish Psalter, 1615.*



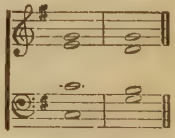
Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities.

mp 1 O God, enshrined in dazzling light
Above the highest sphere,
p My soul is fill'd with awe to feel
That Thou art present here.

2 Thine eye is as a lamp of fire,
And in its searching flame
d I see myself all stain'd with sin,
And bow my head with shame.

m 3 But, O my God, Thy Son hath died,
And from the dust I rise,
And from myself and all my sin
To Thee I lift mine eyes.

mp 4 My sins are dark, (*m*) but over all
Thy burning love I see;
c And all my soul is full of praise,
And worships only Thee.

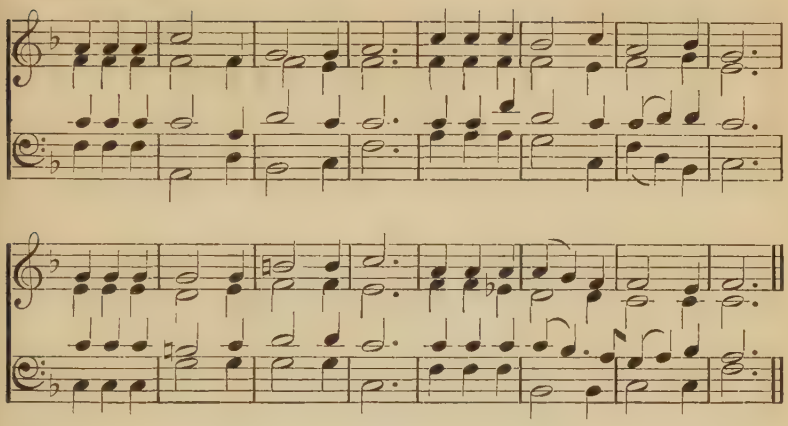


A - men.

W. W. How.

37

HESPERUS. HENRY BAKER.



Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

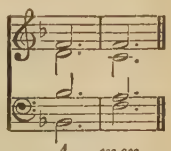
m 1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
mf Yes,—God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

m 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
mp No; for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

m 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven; He frowns in hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:
d I must within His presence dwell;
I cannot from His anger flee.

m 5 Yet I may flee,—He shows me where;
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly;
And, while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

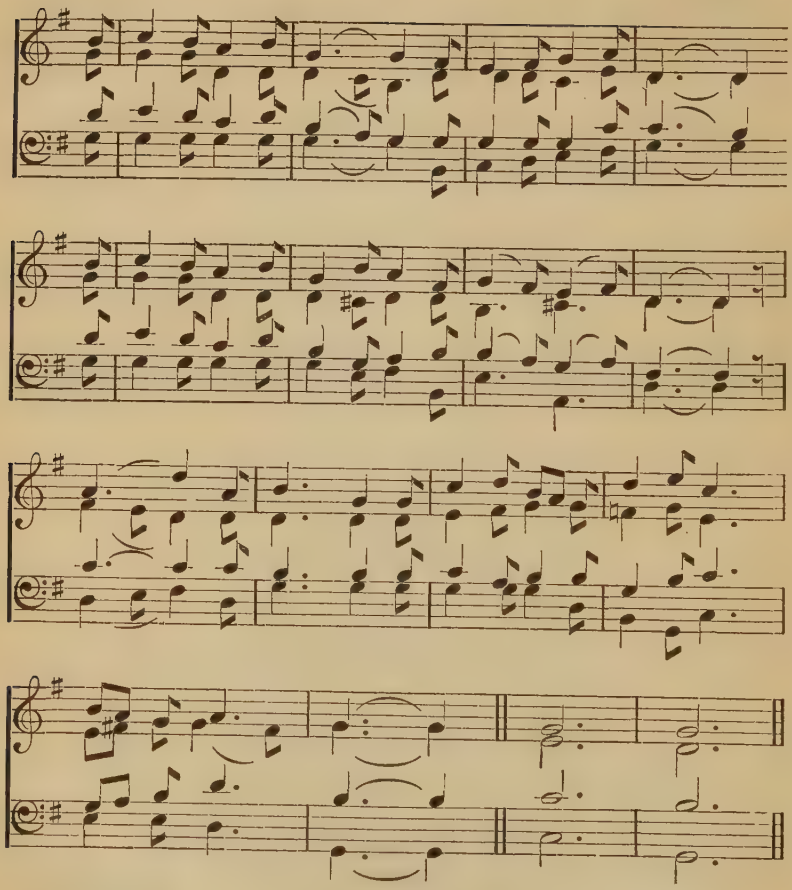


A - men.

ANN GILBERT.

38

CHILDREN'S VOICES. E. J. HOPKINS.



Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.

A *mf* 1 ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
f Hallelujah!
They love to sing
To God their King
Hallelujah!

R *m* 2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
mf We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
f Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King
Hallelujah!

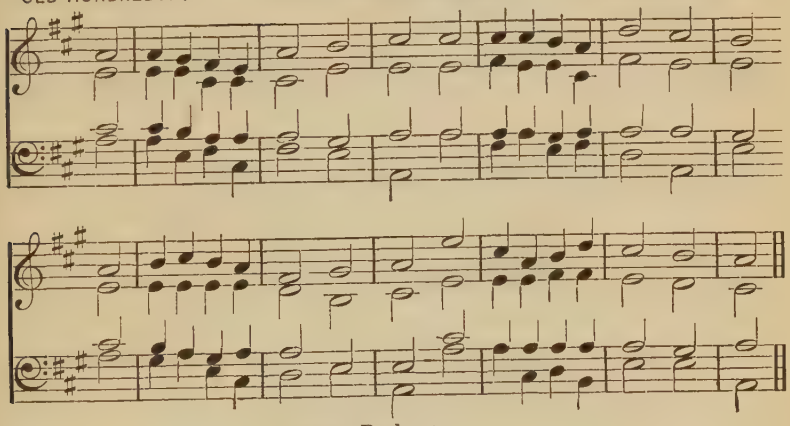
L *m* 3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art:
f Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Hallelujah!

A *m* 4 O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around!
mf All then with one accord
Shall lift the joyful sound,
f Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Hallelujah! *Amen.*

JOHN CHANDLER.

39

OLD HUNDREDTH. *May be sung with equal notes.* *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



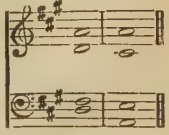
Psalm C.

U *mf* 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

H *m* 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

U *f* 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

H *mf* 4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

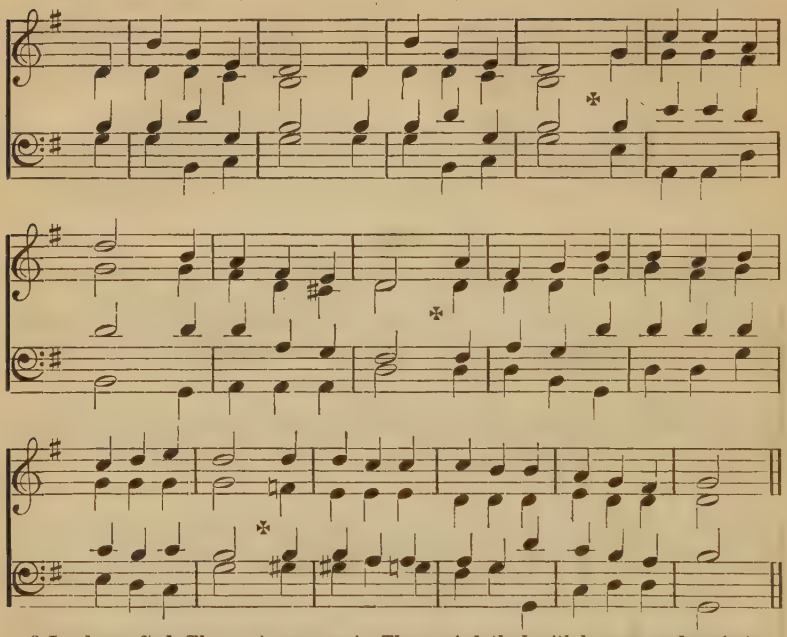


A - men.

WILLIAM KETHE. (?)

40

HOUGHTON. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



O Lord, my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

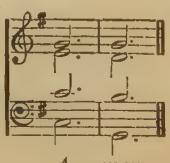
U *mf* 1 O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,—
c Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

H *mf* 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space:
mp His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

U *mf* 3 This Earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

H 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

p 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
m In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
c Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

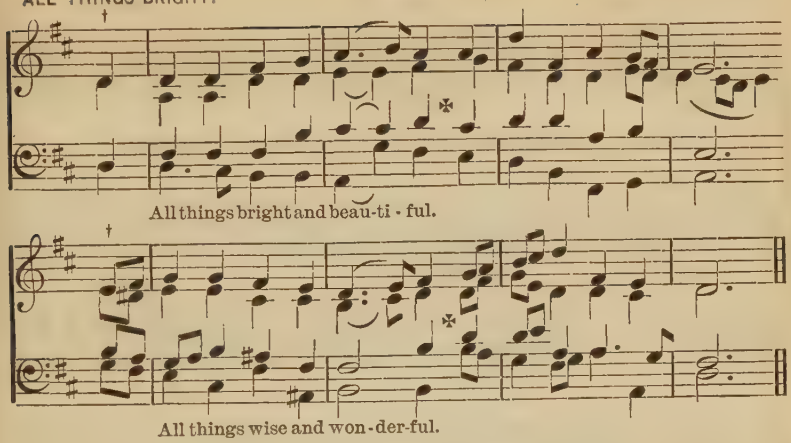


A - men.

ROBERT GRANT.

41

ALL THINGS BRIGHT. FIRST TUNE F. A. G. OUSELEY.



He hath made everything beautiful in its time.

A *mf* 1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

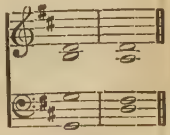
R *m* 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

L 3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

R 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

L 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day,—

A 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
mf How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.



C. F. ALEXANDER.

† Required for second and all the following verses.

41

ALL THINGS BRIGHT. SECOND TUNE JOHN HULLAH.

Animato.

mf

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,

Animato.

mf

Largo.

All things wise and won - der-ful, The Lord God made them all.

Largo.

fz *f*

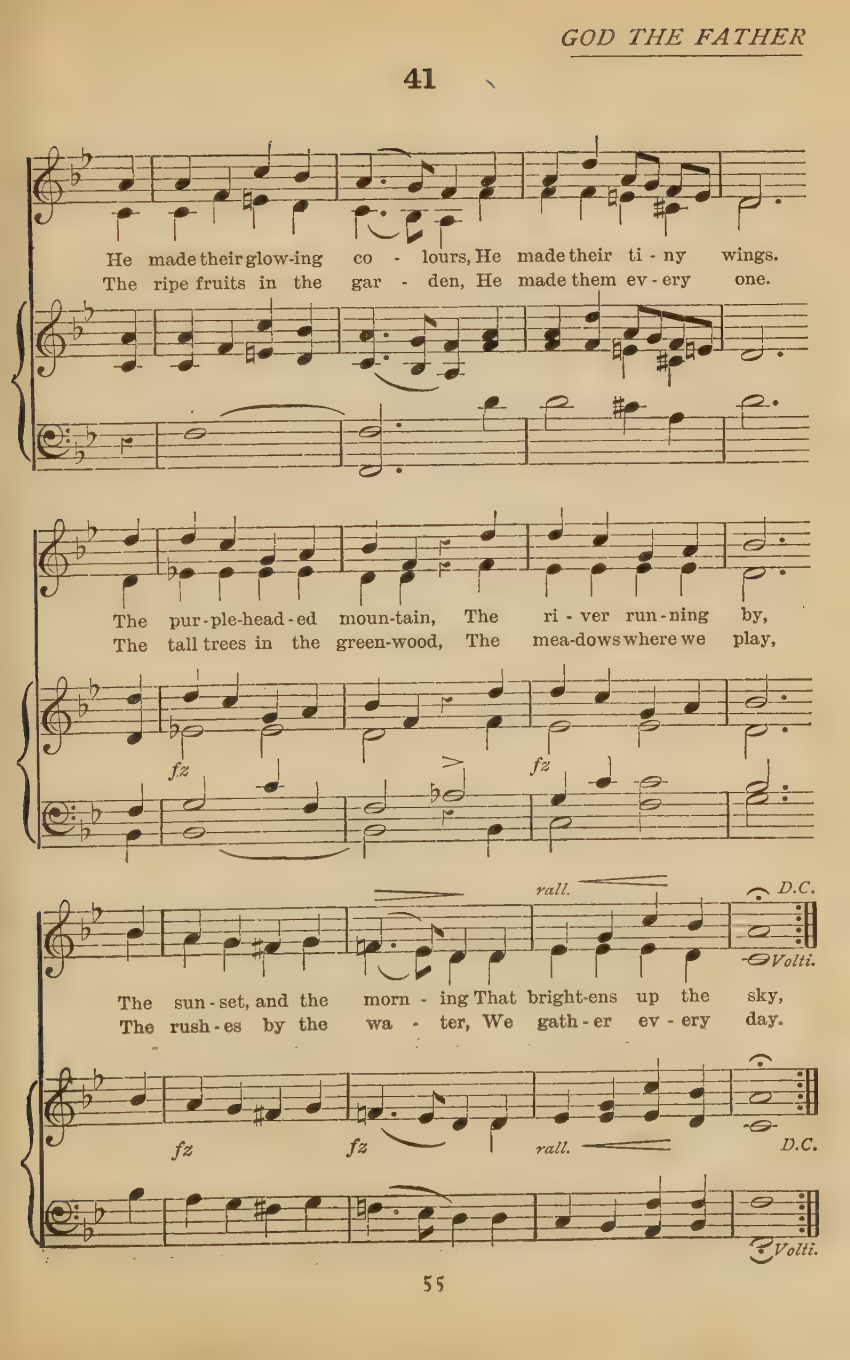
p *a tempo.*

Each lit - tle flow'r that op - ens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,—
The cold wind in the win - ter, The plea-sant sum-mer sun,

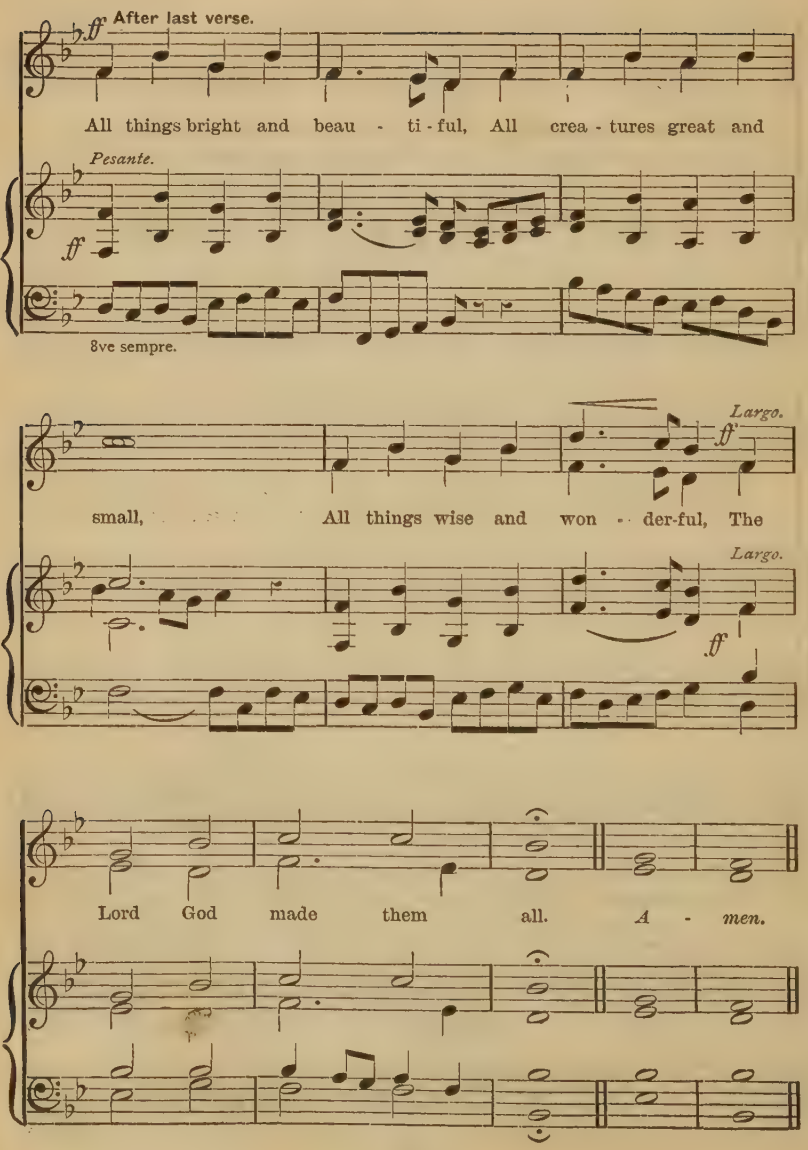
a tempo.

p

41


He made their glow-ing co - lours, He made their ti - ny wings.
The ripe fruits in the gar - den, He made them ev - ery one.
The pur-ple-head-ed moun-tain, The ri - ver run-ning by,
The tall trees in the green-wood, The mea-dows where we play,
fz
fz
rall.
D.C.
Volti.
The sun-set, and the morn - ing That bright-ens up the sky,
The rush-es by the wa - ter, We gath-er ev - ery day.
fz
fz
rall.
D.C.
Volti.

41


ff After last verse.
All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and
Pesante.
ff
8ve sempre.
Largo.
ff
small, All things wise and won - der-ful, The
Largo.
ff
Lord God made them all. A - men.

41

LAUS NATURÆ. THIRD TUNE W. H. MONK.

Verse 1, *and the Refrain after Verses 2-6.*

FINE.

A - men.

Verses 2-6.

D.C.

Org.

He hath made everything beautiful in its time.

A *mf* 1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

R *m* 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

L 3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

R *m* 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

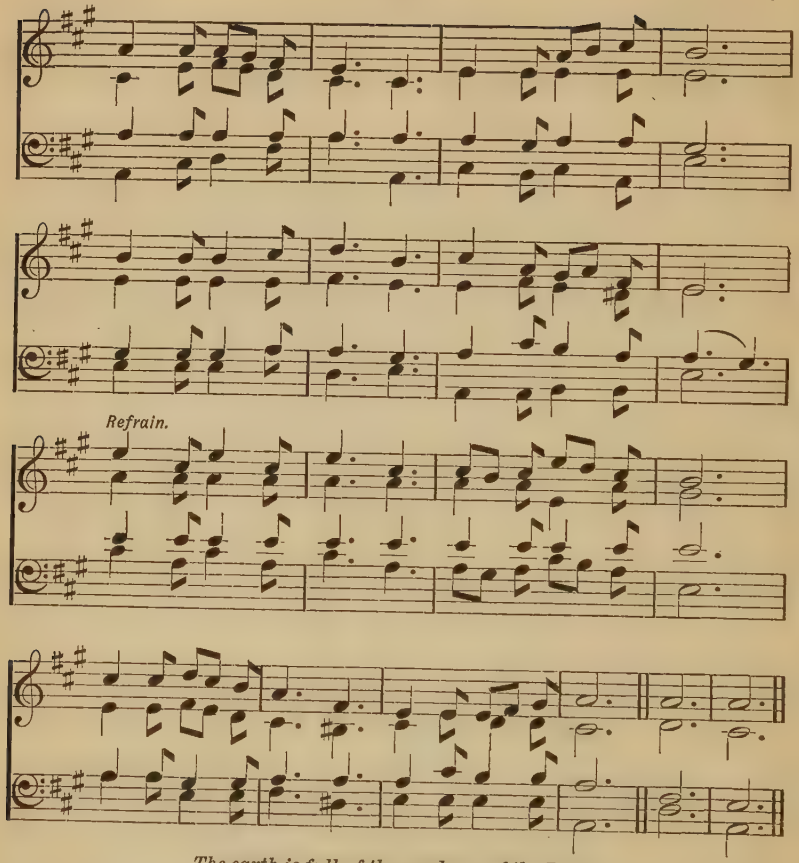
L 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day,—

A 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
mf How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

42

TRIBUTE. W. R. HOLT.



The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

R *m* 1 SEE the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strew'd,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

A *mf* *Bring, my heart, thy tribute,—*
Songs of gratitude;
c *While all nature carols,*
God is ever good.

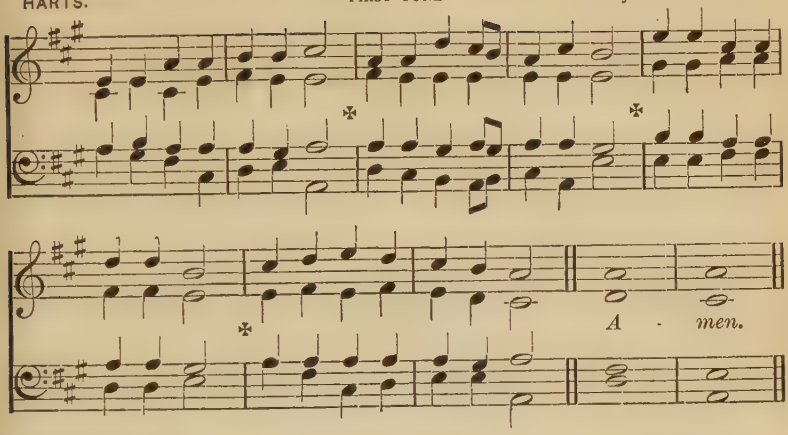
L *m* 2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
God is ever good.

R 3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In its solitude,
With its ripple saying,
God is ever good.

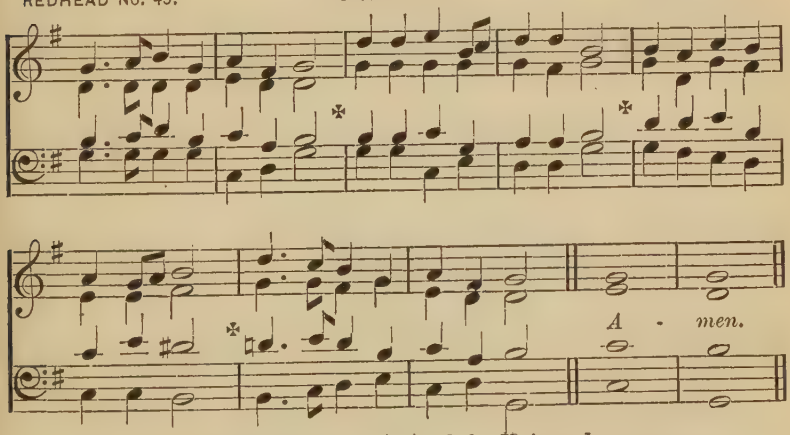
L 4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are warbling,
God is ever good. *Amen.*

43

HARTS. FIRST TUNE BENJAMIN MILGROVE.



REDHEAD No. 45. SECOND TUNE *Ancient Melody.*



O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good.

Q *mf* 1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

A *f* *For His mercies aye endure,*
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Q *mf* 2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:

m 3 He, by all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:

Q *m* 4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:

5 He hath with a piteous eye
Seen us in our misery:

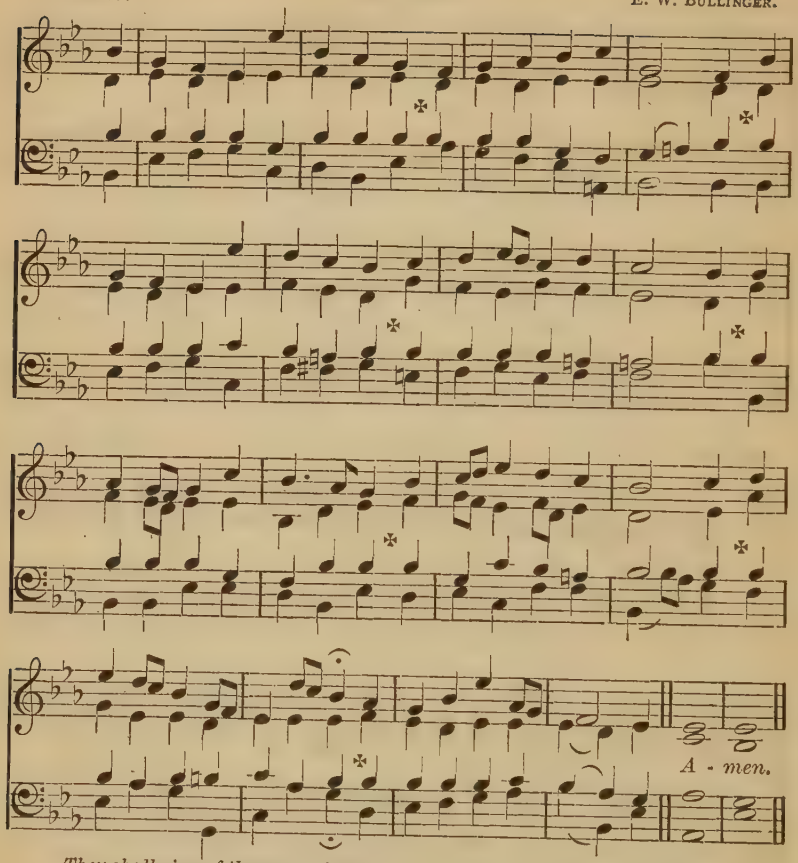
6 All things living He doth feed,
With full hand supplies their need:

A *mf* 7 Let us, then, with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

JOHN MILTON *and* OTHERS.

44

BETHANY. E. W. BULLINGER.



They shall sing of the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord.

mf 1 A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,
And thankfully we gather;
To bless the love of God above,
Our everlasting Father.

f *In Him rejoice with heart and voice,*
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves for ever.

m 2 [From shades of night He calls the light,
And from the sod the flower;
From every cloud His blessings break
In sunshine, or in shower.]

mf 3 Full in His sight His children stand,
By His strong arm defended;
And He, whose wisdom guides the world,
Our footsteps hath attended.

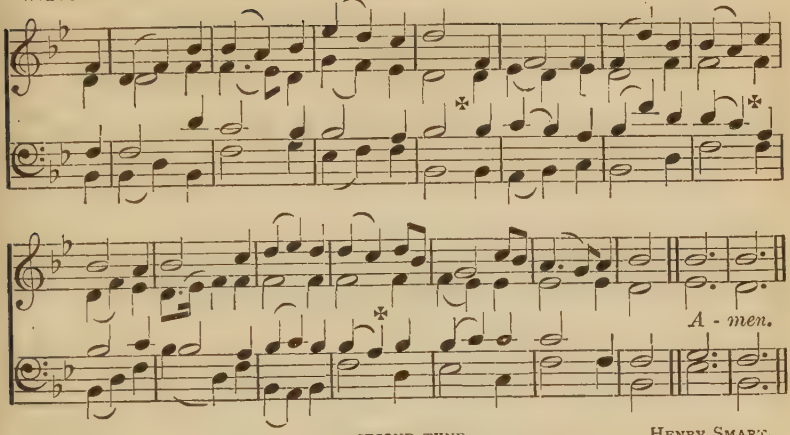
m 4 For nothing falls unknown to Him,
Or care, or joy, or sorrow;
And He, whose mercy ruled the past,
Will be our stay to-morrow.

mf 5 Then, praise the Lord with one accord,
To His great name give glory,
And of His never-changing love
Repeat the wondrous story. *Amen.*

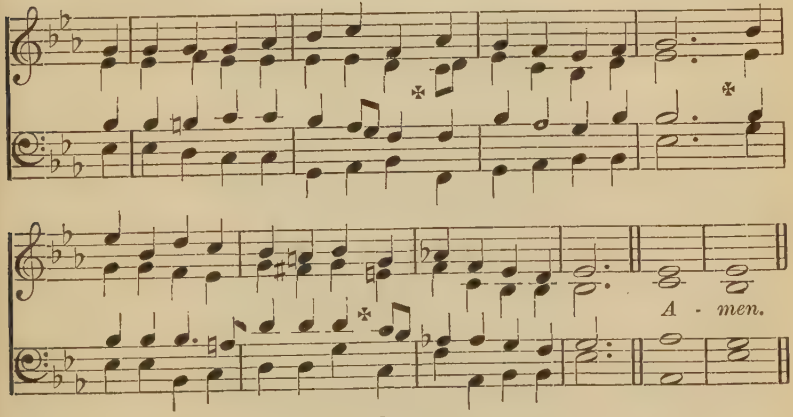
A. N. BLATCHFORD.

45

WILTSHIRE. FIRST TUNE G. T. SMART.



EVENTIDE. SECOND TUNE HENRY SMART.



Psalm XXIII.

m 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

mp 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
m Yet will I fear none ill;
mf For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

m 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

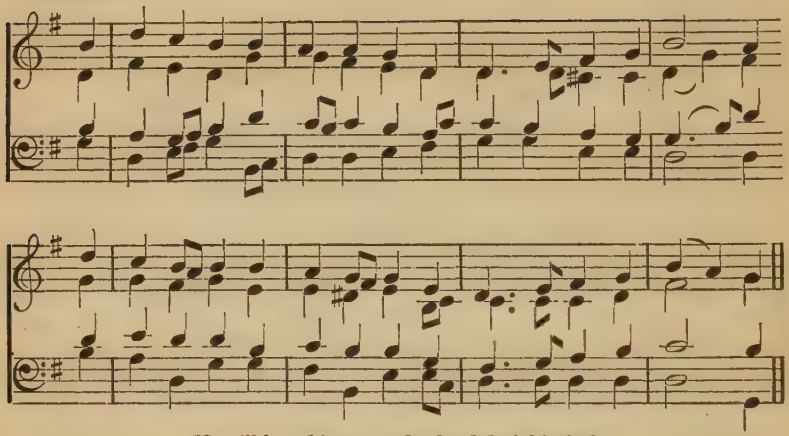
mf 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

FRANCIS ROUS *and* OTHERS.

46

DOMINUS REGIT ME. J. B. DYKES.



He will keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock.

m 1 THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, for ever.

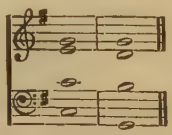
2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransom'd soul He leadeth;
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

p 3 Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
mp But yet in love He sought me,
c And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

m 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

mf 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

mf 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
m Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.



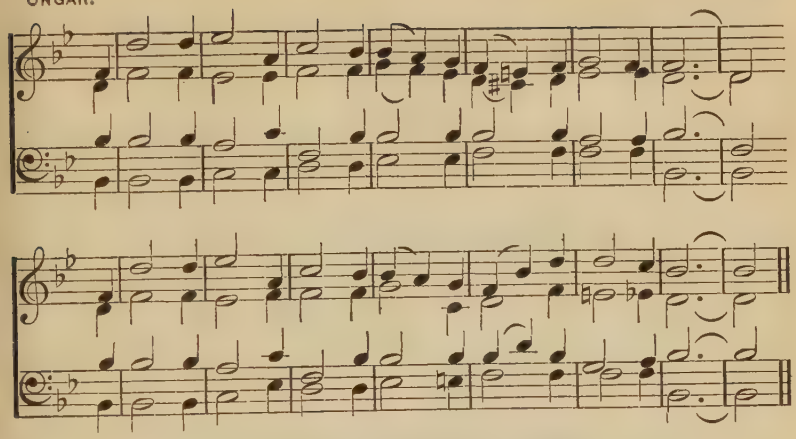
A - men.

H. W. BAKER.

47

ONGAR.

French Melody.



He giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

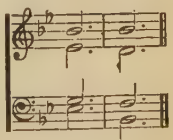
m 1 LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by Thee.

mp 2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

m 3 Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

4 My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from Heaven.

mp 5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
m But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

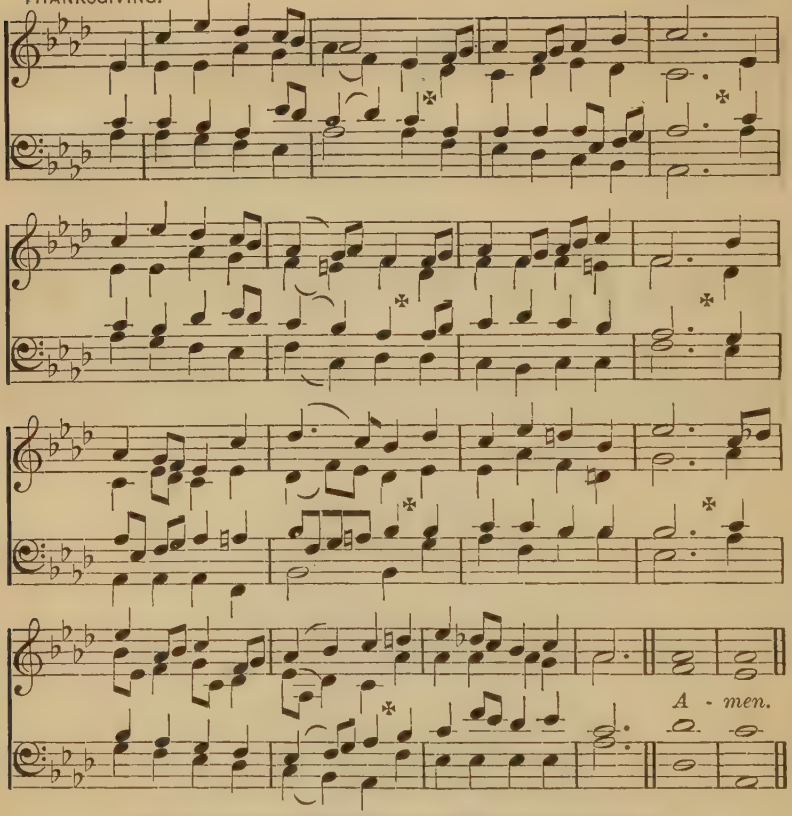


A - men.

JANE TAYLOR.

48

THANKSGIVING. A. E. FISHER.



Bless our God, and make the voice of His praise to be heard.

mf 1 For all Thy care we bless Thee,
O Father, God of might!
For golden hours of morning,
And quiet hours of night.
Thine is the arm that shields us
When danger threatens nigh,
And Thine the hand that yields us
Rich gifts of earth and sky.

m 2 For all Thy love we bless Thee:
No mortal lips can speak
Thy comfort to the weary,
Thy pity for the weak;
By Thee life's path is brighten'd
With sunshine and with song,
The heavy loads are lighten'd,
The feeble hearts made strong.

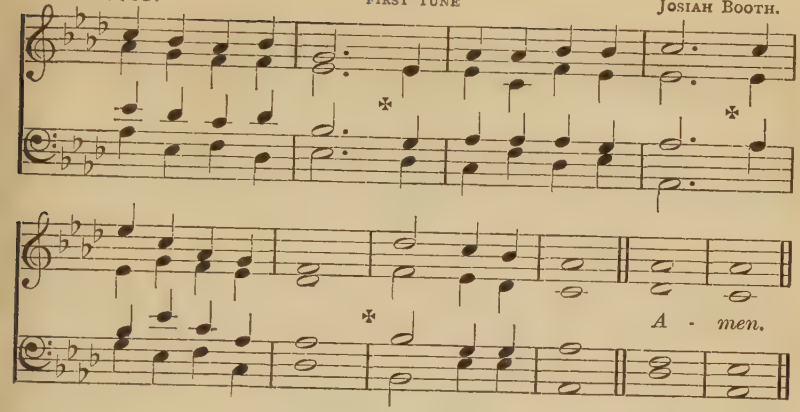
mf 3 For all Thy truth we bless Thee:
mp Our human vows are frail;
mf But through the strife of ages
Thy word can never fail.
The kingdoms shall be broken,
The mighty ones shall fall;
The promise Thou hast spoken
Shall triumph over all.

m 4 O teach us how to praise Thee,
And touch our lips with fire;
Yea, let Thy Holy Spirit
Our hearts and minds inspire.
Thus toiling, watching, singing,
We tread our desert way;
mf And every hour is bringing
Nearer the dawn of day. *Amen.*

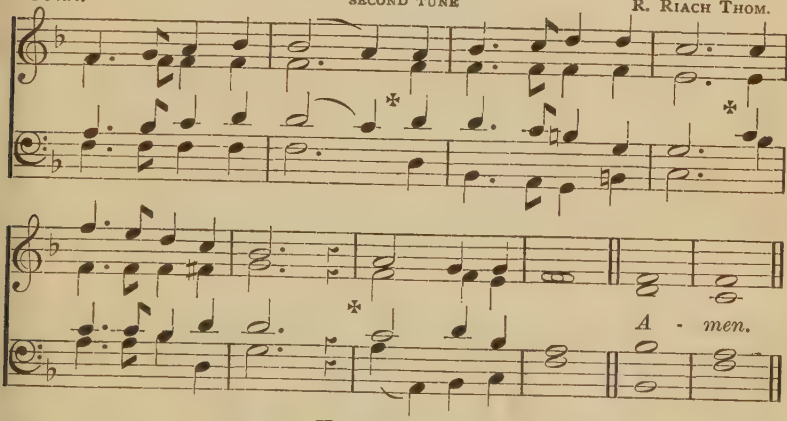
SARAH DOUDNEY.

49

BEECHWOOD. FIRST TUNE JOSIAH BOOTH.



CURA. SECOND TUNE R. RIACH THOM.



He careth for you.

mf 1 GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
mf Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

mp 5 God, who gave me breath,
Be this my prayer to Thee,
That, when I sink in death,
Thou care for me.

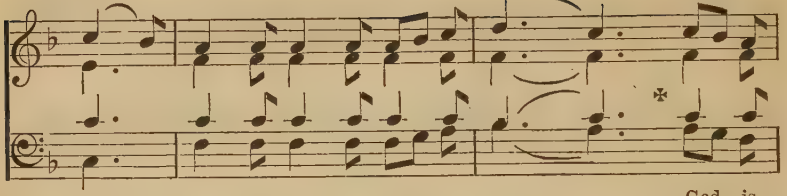
m 6 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

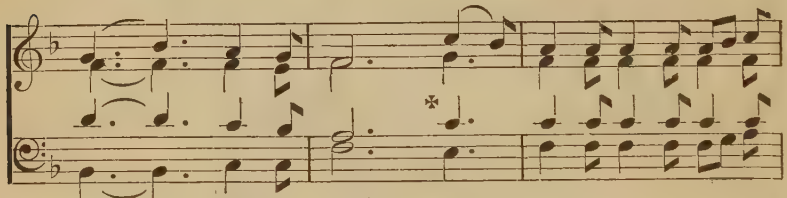
mf 7 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
f I'll sing with that blest band,
'God cared for me.' *Amen.*

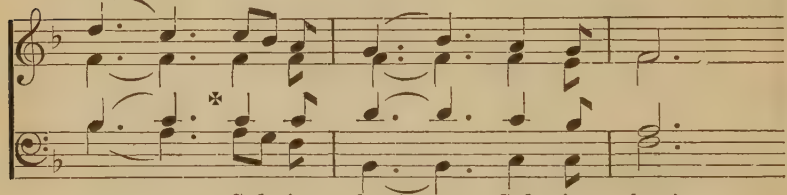
S. B. RHODES.

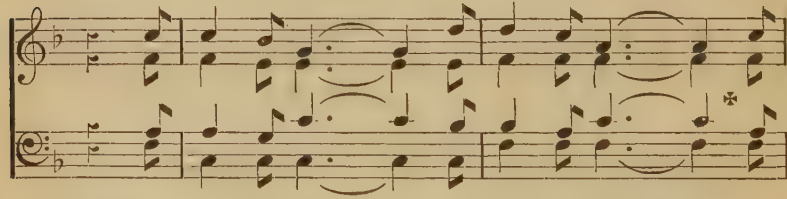
50

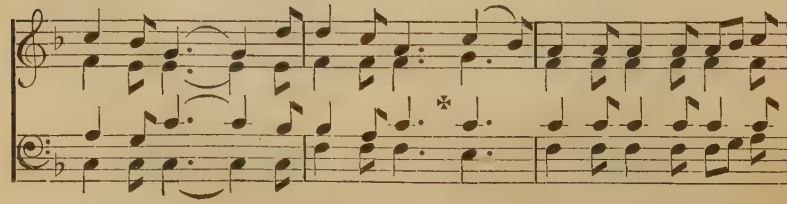
EPHESUS. *From Auber.*

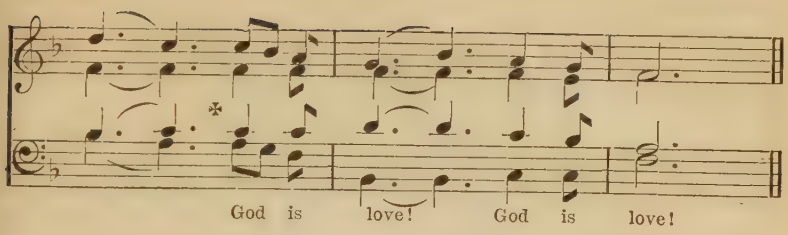












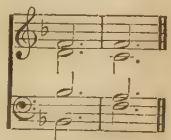
God is love.

mf 1 COME, let us all unite and sing,
God is love!
While heaven and earth their praises bring,—
God is love!
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake,
God is love!

2 O tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love!
In Christ is full redemption found;
God is love!
His blood can cleanse our sins away;
His Spirit turns our night to day,
And leads our soul with joy to say,
God is love!

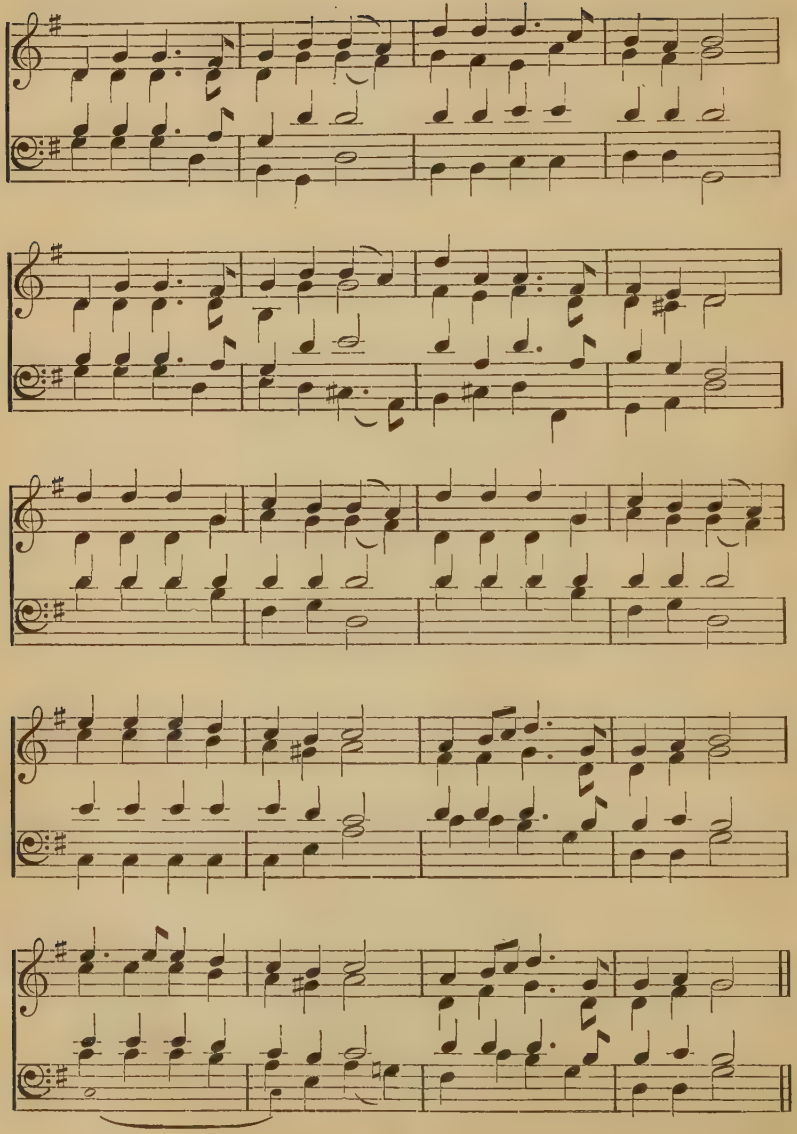
3 How happy is our portion here!
God is love!
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love!
He is our sun and shield by day,
By night He near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way:
God is love!

f 4 In Zion we shall sing again,
God is love!
Yes, this shall be our highest strain,
God is love!
Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love!



51

BETHLEHEM. MENDELSSOHN.



The Word became flesh.

m 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
mf 'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature, say,
'Christ the Lord is born to-day!

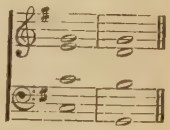
m *Hark! the herald angels sing,*
mf *'Glory to the new-born King!'*

mf 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
m Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

m *Hark! the herald angels sing,*
mf *'Glory to the new-born King!'*

mf 3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

m *Hark! the herald angels sing,*
mf *'Glory to the new-born King.'*

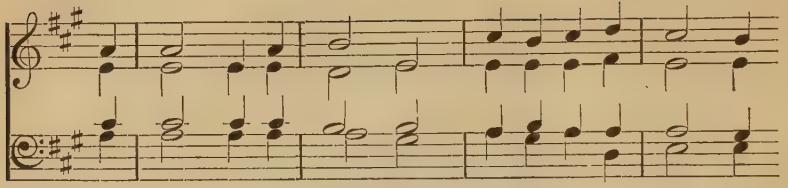


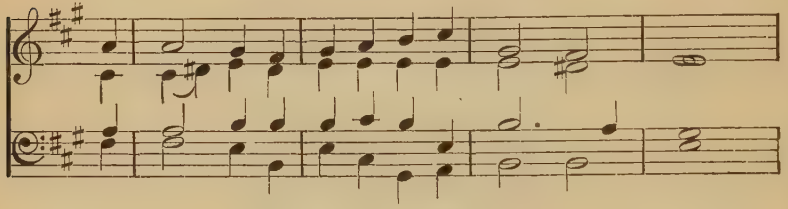
A - men.

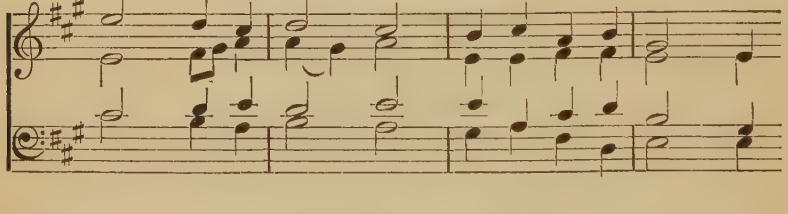
CHARLES WESLEY.

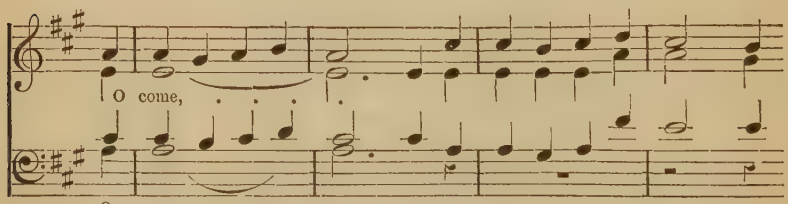
52

ADESTE FIDELES. JOHN READING.

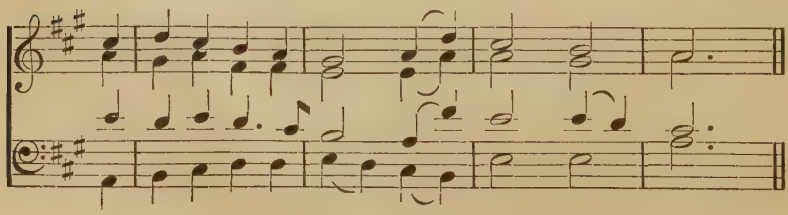








O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,



O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

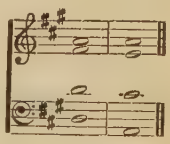
The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.

U *mf* 1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
m Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
pc O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

H *m* 2 Though true God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
The womb of a Virgin He hath not abhorr'd:
Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten;
pc O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

U *f* 3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises pour'd:
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
pc O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

H *mf* 4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! for ever be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
pc O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

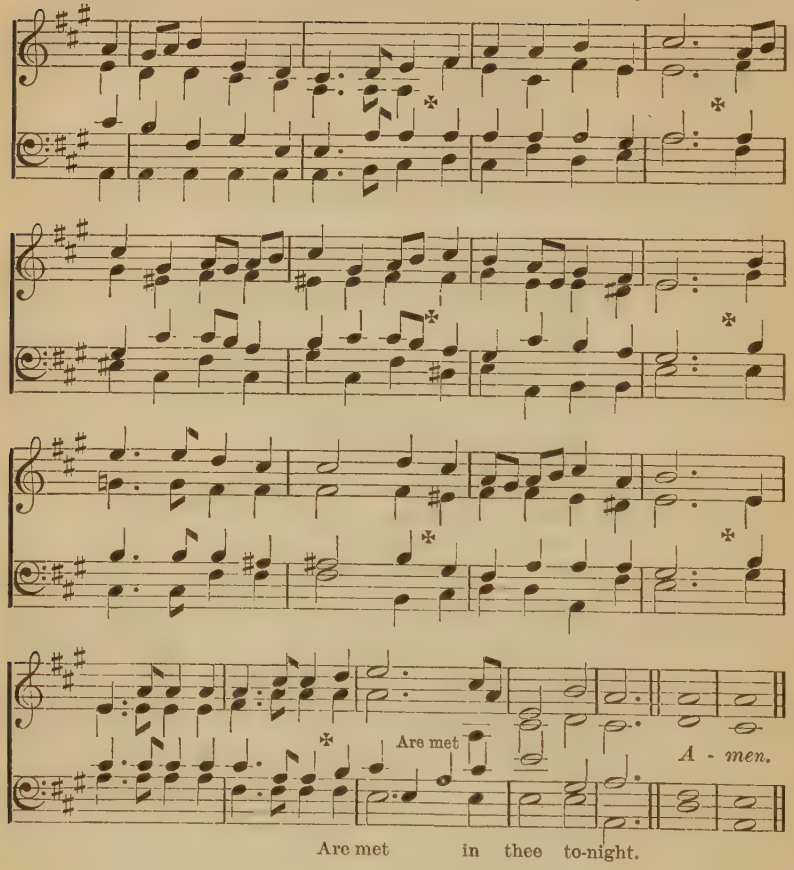


A - men.

ANON. LAT., *tr.* WILLIAM MERCER.

53

BETHLEHEM-EPHRATAH. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.



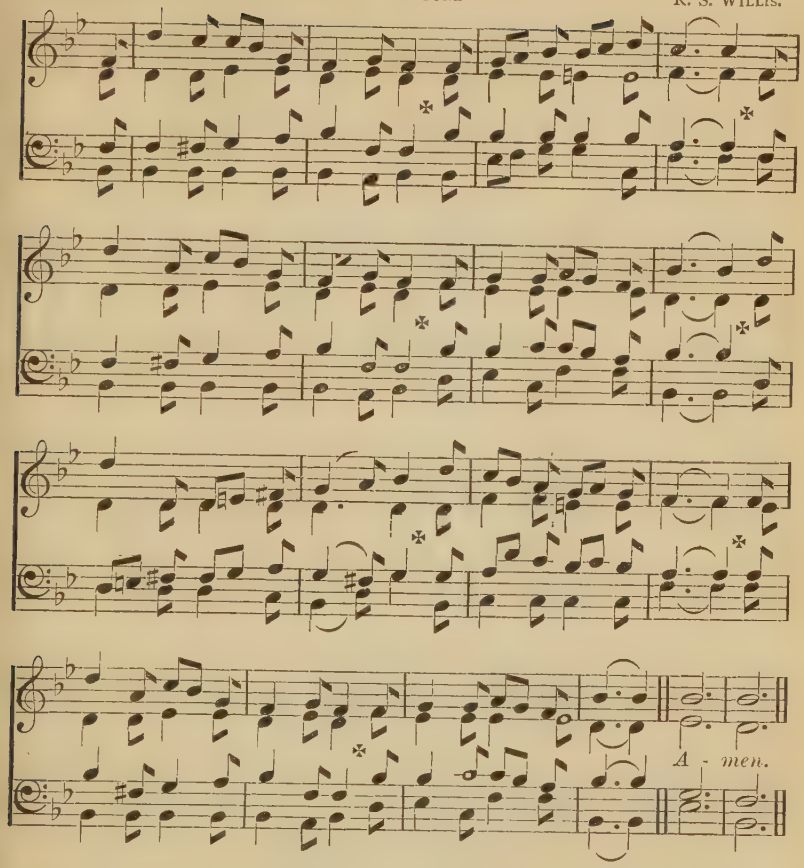
Immanuel—God with us.

mp 1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by:
mf Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

m 2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gather'd all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
mf O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

53

IMMANUEL. SECOND TUNE R. S. WILLIS.



mp 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven:
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

m 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel. *Amen.*

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

54

NOEL.

Traditional Melody.

A - men.

Unto us a Child is born; and His name shall be called the Prince of Peace.

m 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
mf 'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
mp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

m 2 Still thro' the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
m Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

mp 3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffer'd long;
Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The song of love they bring;
m O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

mp 4 [And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
m Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!]

mf 5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing. *Amen.*

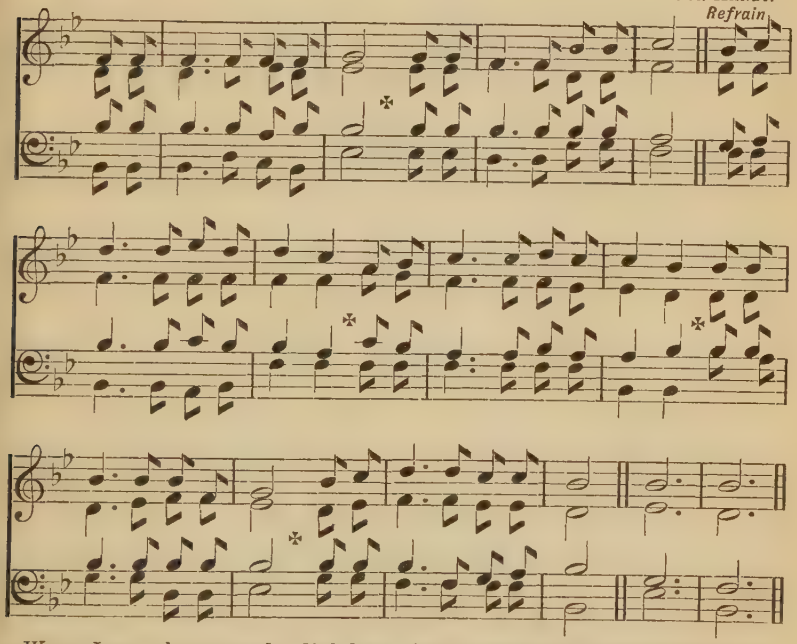
E. H. SEARS.

55

LOWLINESS.

B. R. HANBY.

Refrain



We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour.

Q *mp* 1 WHO is He, in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

A *f* *'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!*
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
m *At His feet we humbly fall;*
mf *Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!*

Q *mp* 2 Who is He, in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

p 3 Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

Q *p* 4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

pp 5 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

p 6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

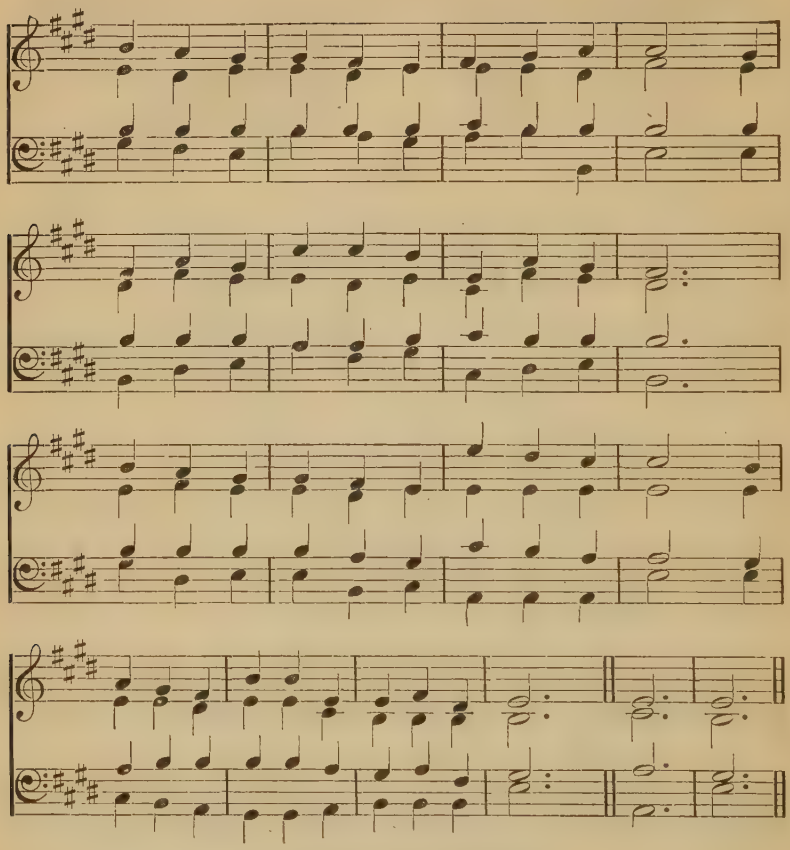
m 7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

mf 8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone? *Amen.*

B. R. HANBY.

56

SPRINGFIELD. FIRST TUNE H. J. GAUNTLETT.



I am the bright and morning Star.

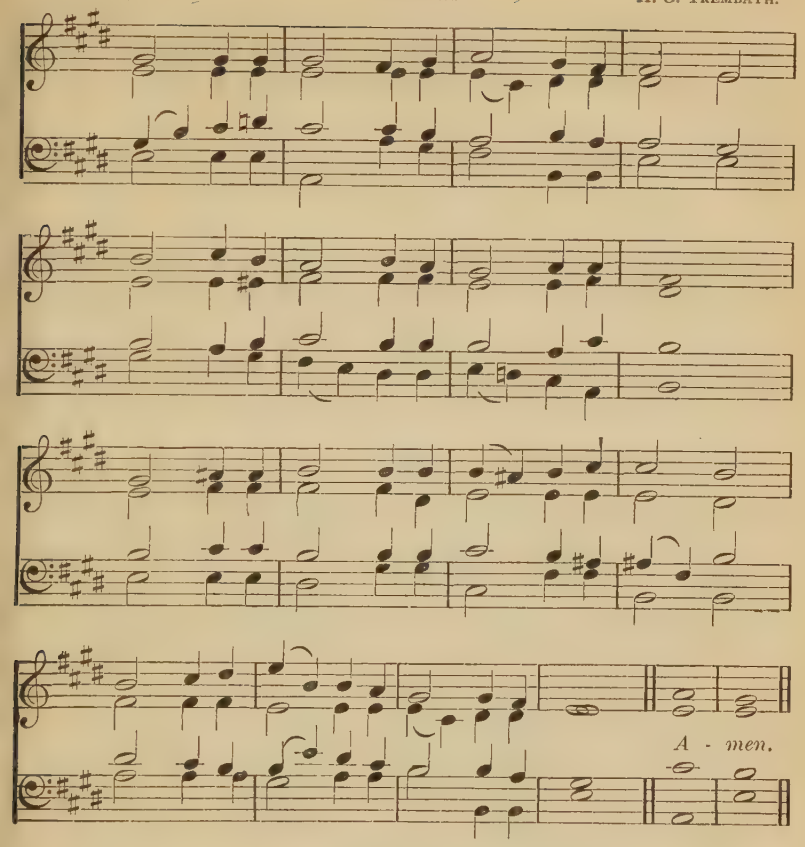
A *m* 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
mp Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
c Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

R *m* 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,

56

LAMORNA. SECOND TUNE H. G. TREMBATH.



R *m* Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

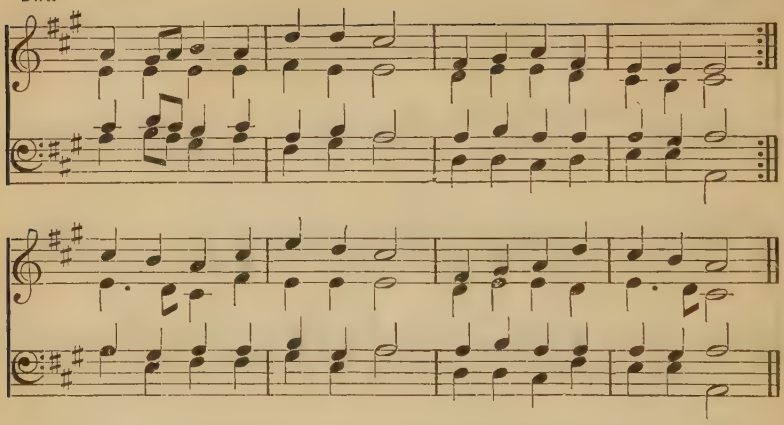
L 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

A *mf* 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. *Amen.*

REGINALD HEBER.

57

DIX. CONRAD KOCHER.



When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

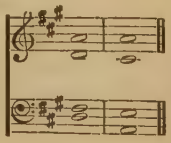
mf 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

m 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

m 3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

mp 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
c Bring our ransom'd souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

f 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.



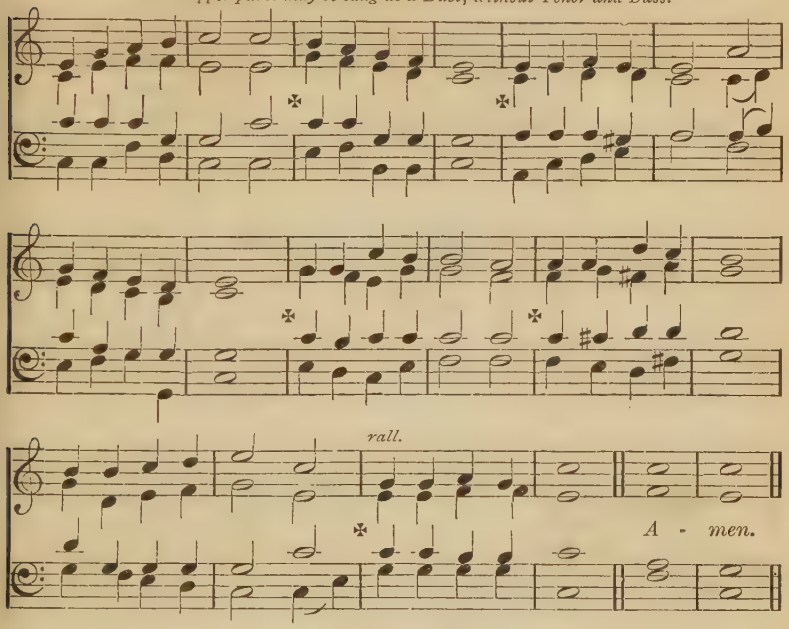
A - men.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

58

COLYTON. W. H. MONK.

The two upper parts may be sung as a Duet, without Tenor and Bass.



I will give Thee for a light to the Gentiles.

m 1 FROM the Eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirr'd by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

mp 2 [There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay—
mf Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way!
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.]

m 3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
m Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

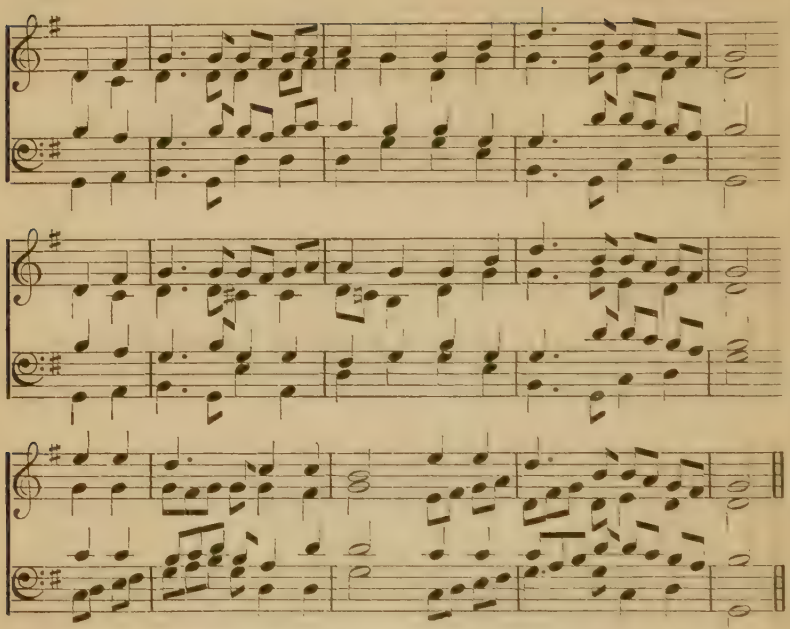
4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who 've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who 've wander'd far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

mf 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star. *Amen.*

GODFREY THRING.

59

IRBY. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and men.

m 1 ONCE, in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

mp 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all.
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

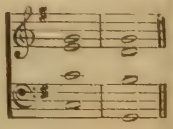
m 3 And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

mf 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

mf 6 [Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When, like stars, His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around.]

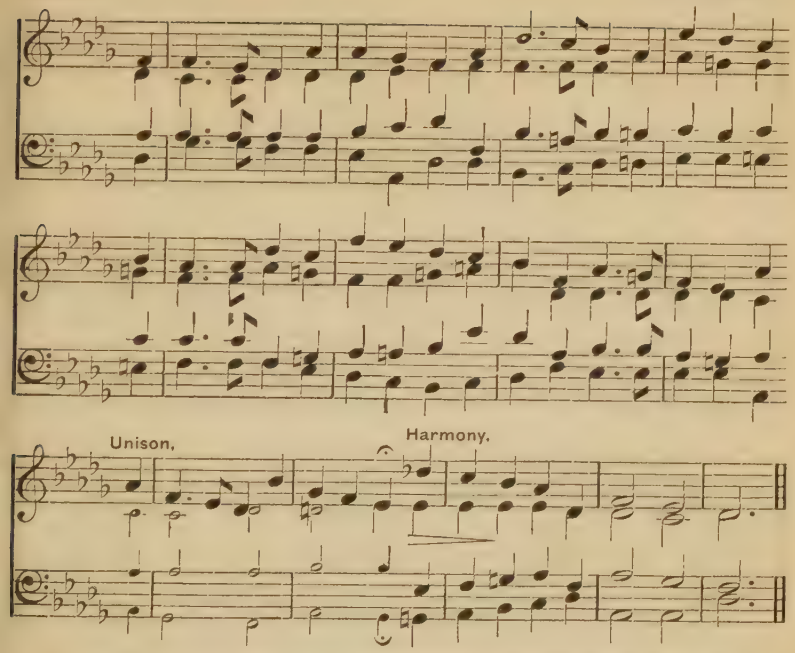
C. F. ALEXANDER.



A - men.

60

REST. JOHN STAINER.

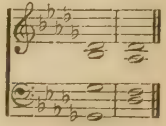


He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.

m 1 YE fair green hills of Galilee,
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He who conquer'd sin and death
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

mp 2 We saw no glory crown His head,
As childhood ripen'd into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
He wrought no sign. (*m*) But meekness, truth,
And duty mark'd each step He trod,
And love to man, and love to God.

mp 3 Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
m While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear.
mf Mine be the path Thy feet have trod,—
Duty, and love to man and God.

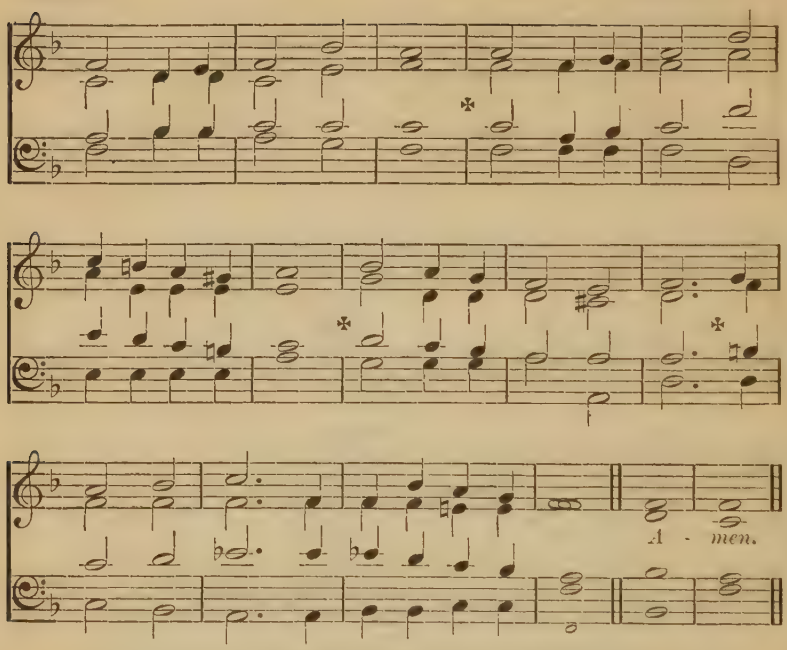


A-men.

E. R. CONDER.

61

MONSELL. CHARLES VINCENT.



The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.

m 1 BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest:
mp But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

m 2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber, on His breast.

mp 3 What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread,—
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head?

p [4 I, who once made Him grieve,
I, who once bid His gentle spirit mourn,
p Whose hand essay'd to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn,]

mp 5 O why should I have peace?
c Why? but for that unchanged, undying love
Which would not, could not cease,
mf Until it made me heir of joys above.

m 6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
mp Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head;

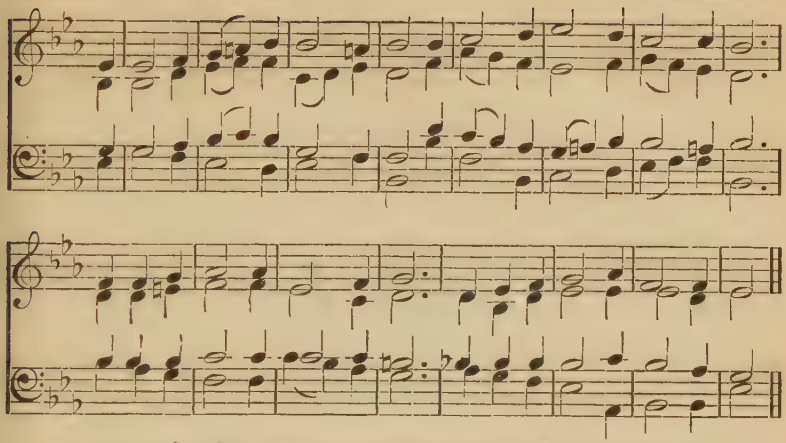
7 Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within
A heart, (*d*) that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

62

ANGELUS. GEORG JOSEPHI.



At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were sick.

m 1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay!
mp O in what divers pains they met!
mf O with what joy they went away!

m 2 Once more 'tis even-tide, and we,
Oppress'd with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

mp 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had,

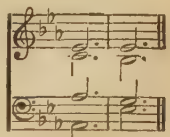
mp 4 [And some are press'd with worldly care, [doubt,
And some are tried with sinful
And some such grievous passions tear, [out;]
That only Thou canst cast them

5 [And some have found the world is vain, [not free;
Yet from the world they break
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee;]

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

mp 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried:
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

m 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

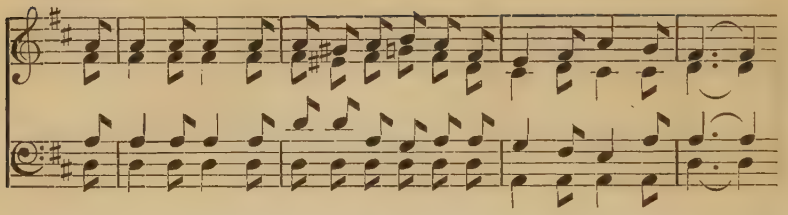


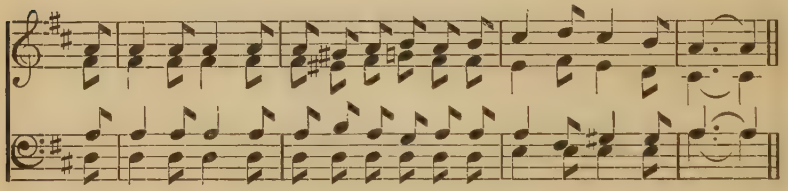
A - men.

HENRY TWELLS.

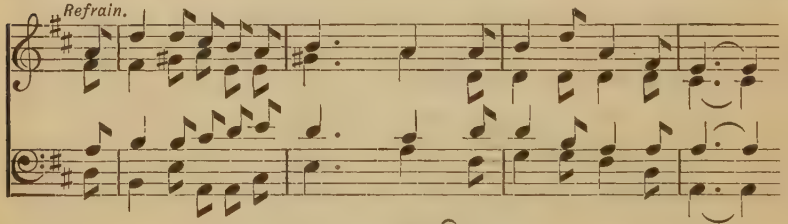
63

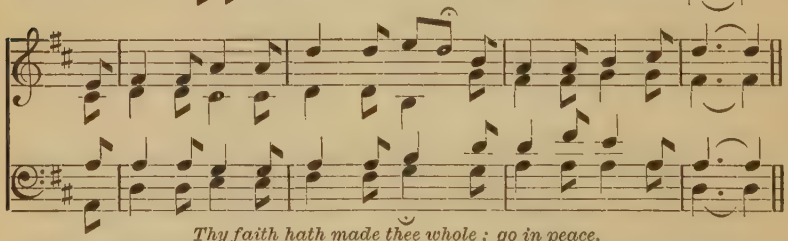
CAPERNAUM. G. F. ROOT.





Refrain.





Thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.

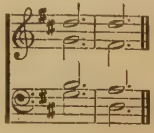
m 1 SHE only touch'd the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole, [Him,
Amid the crowd that gather'd around
And straightway she was whole.

mf *O touch the hem of His garment,*
And thou, too, shalt be free;
His saving power
This very hour
Shall give new life to thee.

mp 2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,
m She knew her Lord had come,
She felt that from Him virtue had heal'd her:
mf The mighty deed was done.

m 3 He turned with 'Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole!'
c And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness fill'd her soul.

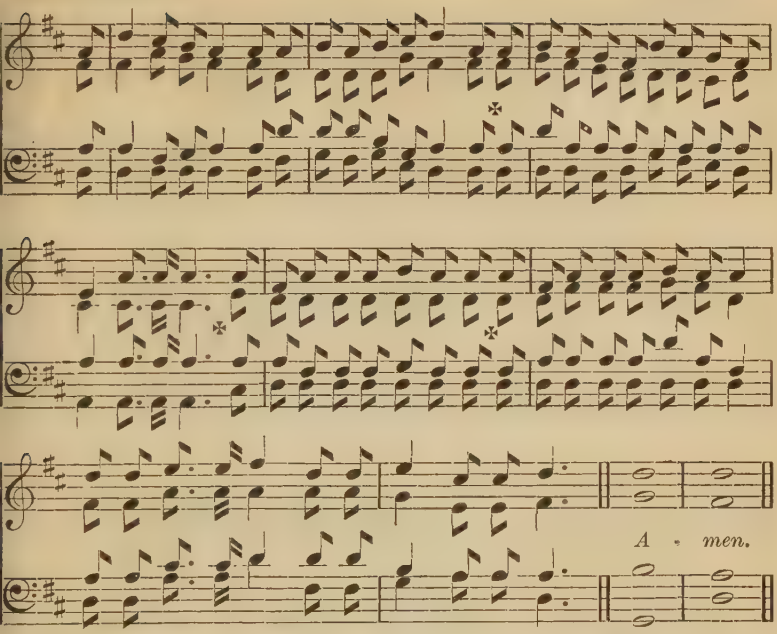
G. F. ROOT.



A - men.

64

SPRINGTIME. *German Melody.*



Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.

m 1 WHEN mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart:
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
'Suffer little children to come unto Me,

2 'For I will receive them, and fold them in My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs; O drive them not away;
For, if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live;
Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

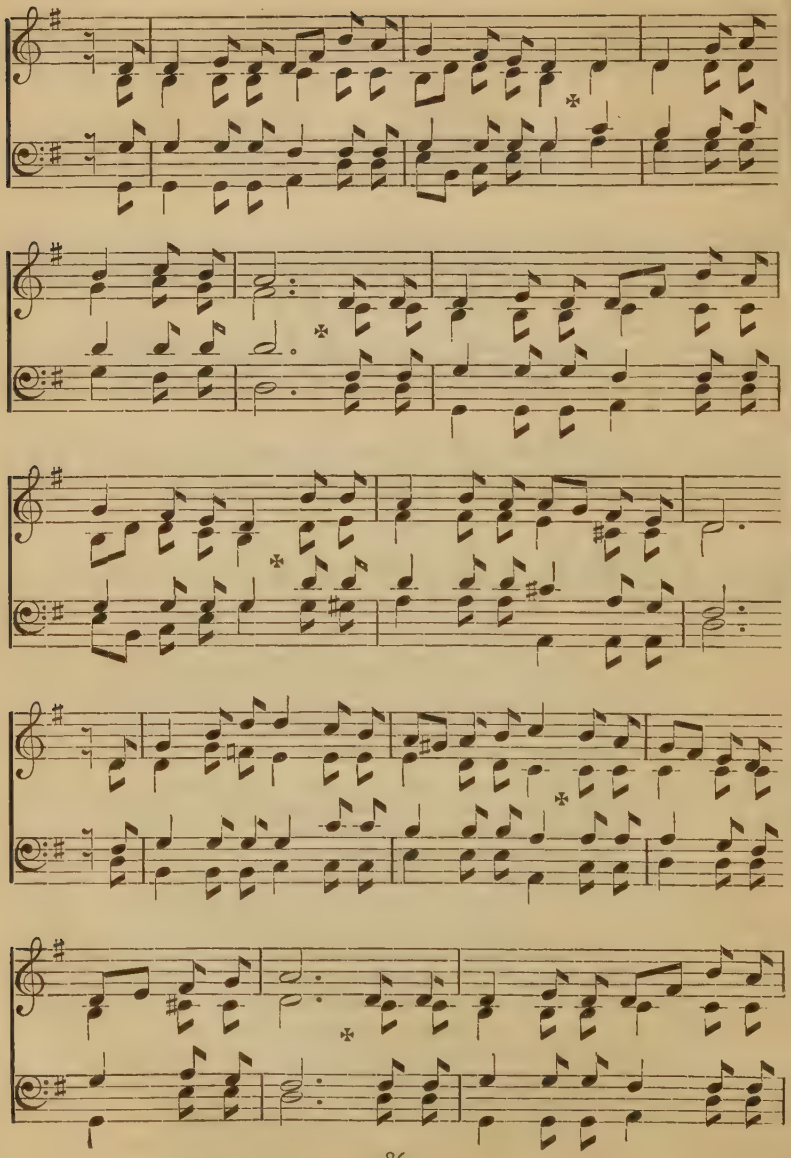
3 How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!
mp But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

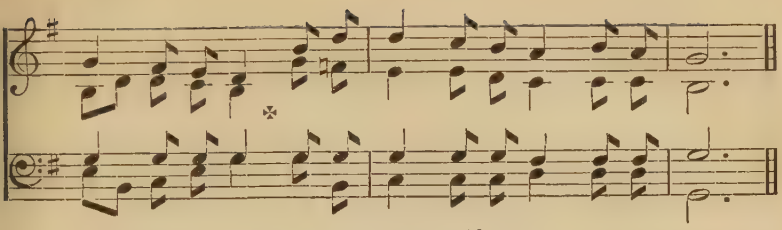
m 4 O soon may the heathen of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessèd word, and cast their idols all away:
O shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the little children to come unto Thee. *Amen.*

W. M. HUTCHINGS.

65

HUDDLESTON. ARTHUR BERRIDGE.



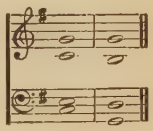


Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

m 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And, if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
mf In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

mp 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
m I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
mf I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

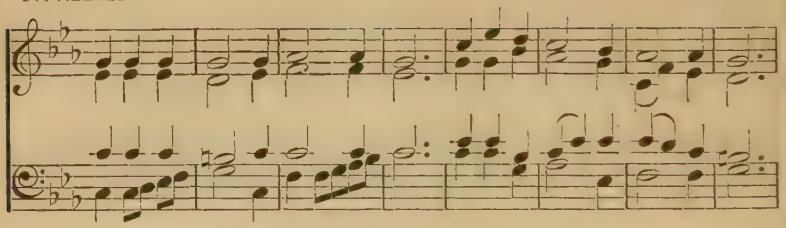


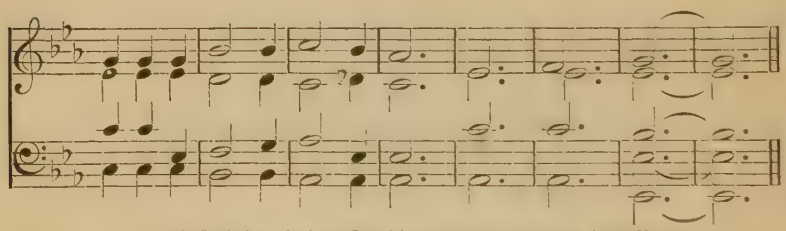
A - men.

JEMIMA LUKE.

66

ST. AËLRED. J. B. DYKES.





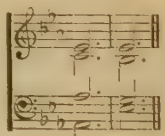
He rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still!

U *m* 1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

H *mf* 2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
m Thy word above the storm rose high,—
mp 'Peace, be still.'

m 3 The wild winds hush'd, the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

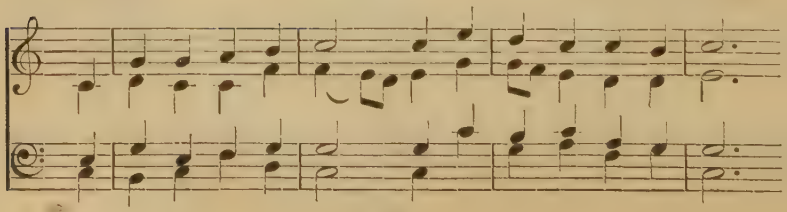
mp 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.'

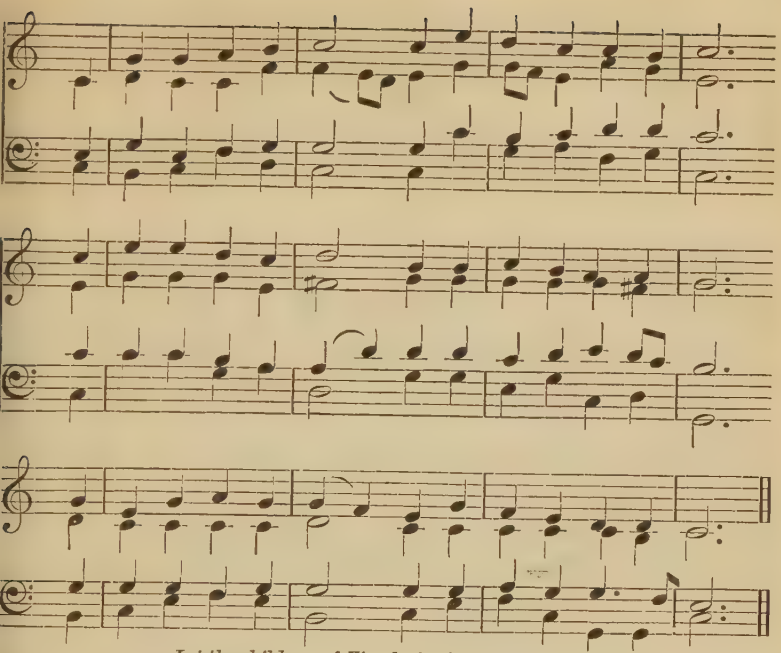


GODFREY THRING.

67

ST. THEODULPH. MELCHIOR TESCHNER.





Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

A *f* 1 ALL *glory, laud, and honour*
To Thee, Redeemer King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

mf Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

f 2 *All glory*, etc.

mf The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

A *f* 3 *All glory*, etc.

L *mf* The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems
Before Thee we present.

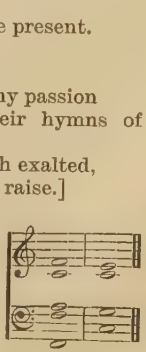
A *f* 4 [*All glory*, etc.

R *mf* To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.]

A *f* 5 *All glory*, etc.

L *mf* Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

A *f* [*All glory*, etc.
Thou art, *etc.*]

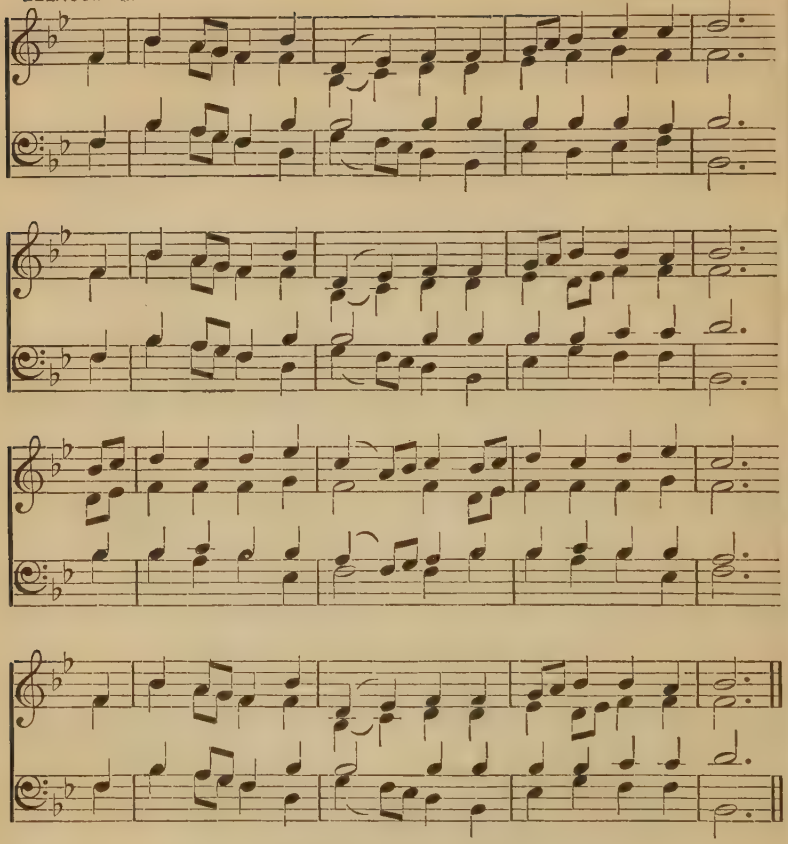


A - men.

THEODULPH, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

68

ELLACOMBE. *Kocher's Zionsharfe*, 1855.



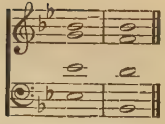
Hosanna to the Son of David.

mf 1 HOSANNA, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillar'd court and temple
The joyful anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had bless'd them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they follow'd,
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
mf Bright angels join'd the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
f 'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

m 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strow'd upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echo'd the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorn'd that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

f 4 'Hosanna in the highest!
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
mf O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.

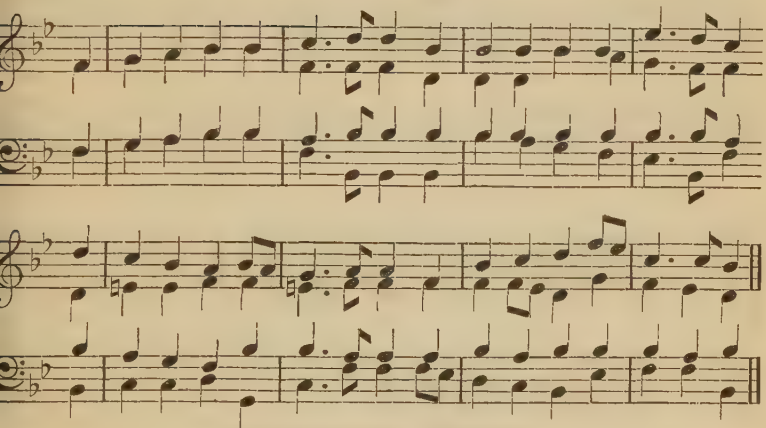


A - men.

JENNETTE THRELFALL.

69

PALMÆ. W. G. CUSINS.



In Thy majesty ride prosperously.

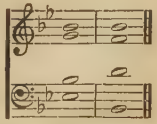
f 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
n O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

f 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
l In lowly pomp ride on to die!
m O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

mf 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
mp The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

mf 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
m The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

mf 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
d In lowly pomp ride on to die!
p Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
mf Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.



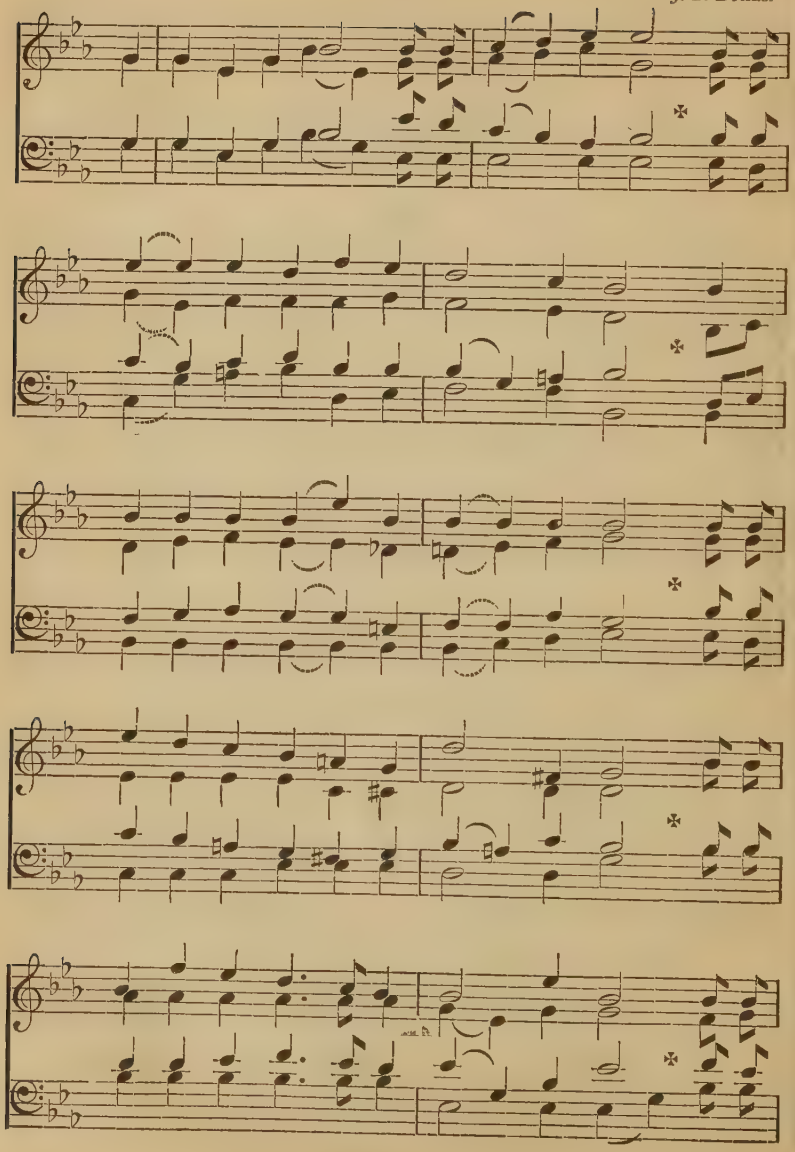
A - men.

H. H. MILMAN.

70

HOSANNA WE SING.

J. B. DYKES.



rall.

Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.

R *m* 1 HOSANNA we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days when the Lord lived here;
He bless'd little children, and smiled on them,
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.

A *mf* 2 Hallelujah we sing, like the children bright
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes
Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

L *m* 3 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.

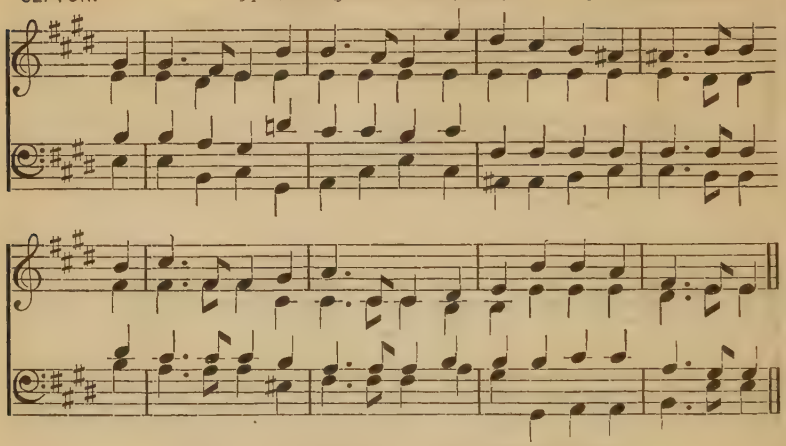
A *mf* 4 Hallelujah we sing in the Church we love,
Hallelujah resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

A · men.

G. S. HODGES.

71

SEFTON. *By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.* J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me.

m 1 THE Son of God in mighty love
Came down to Bethlehem for me;
Forsook His throne of light above,
An infant upon earth to be.

m 2 In love, the Father's sinless Child
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me;
With sinners dwelt the Undefiled,
The Holy One in Galilee.

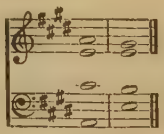
mp 3 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me,
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
c That I through Him enrich'd might be.

mp 4 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
p There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

mp 5 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

6 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
c There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

mf 7 'Tis finished all! The veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now then we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee.

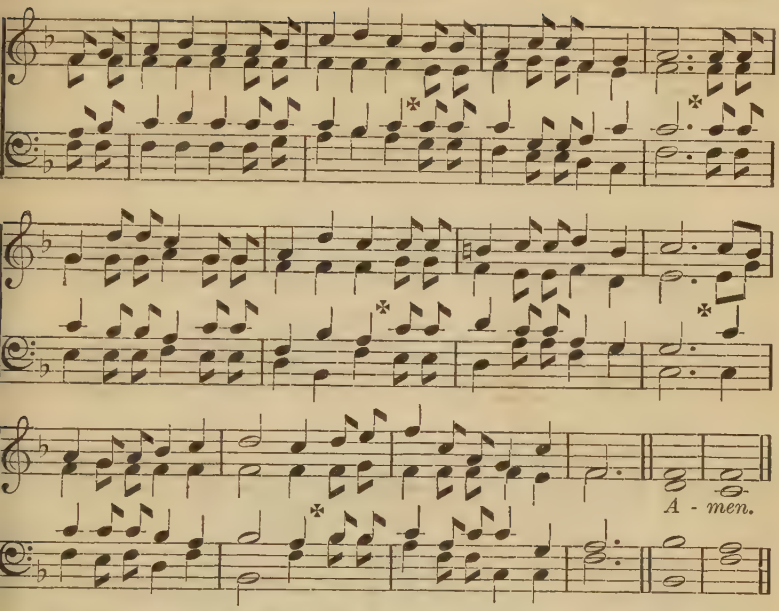


A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR.

72

ELMHAM. FIRST TUNE T. L. HATELY.



For your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.

: *mp* 1 THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

f 2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
mp But of lowly birth
Didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

m 3 The foxes found rest,
And the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
mp But Thy couch was the sod,
R *mp* O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
A *mf* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

L *m* 4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
p But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
A *mp* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea!

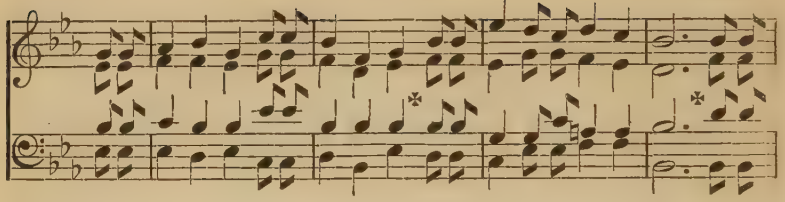
mf 5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, 'Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!
f And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

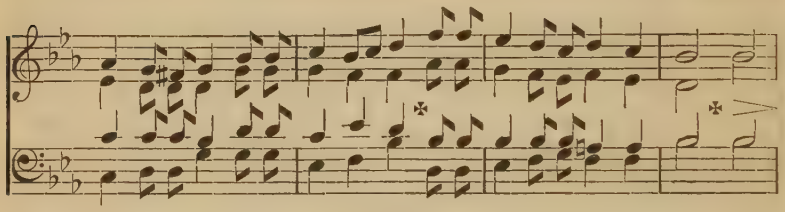
E. E. S. ELLIOTT.

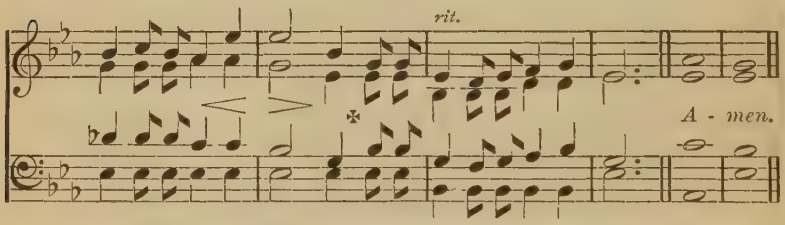
NOTE.—Care should be taken, in the different verses, to adapt the music to the accentuation of the words.

72

VENI, DOMINE JESU. SECOND TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.







For your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.

R *mp* 1 THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
A *mf* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

L *f* 2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
mp But of lowly birth
Didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
A *mf* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

R *m* 3 The foxes found rest,
And the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
mp But Thy couch was the sod,
R *mp* O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
A *mf* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

L *m* 4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
p But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
A *mp* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea!

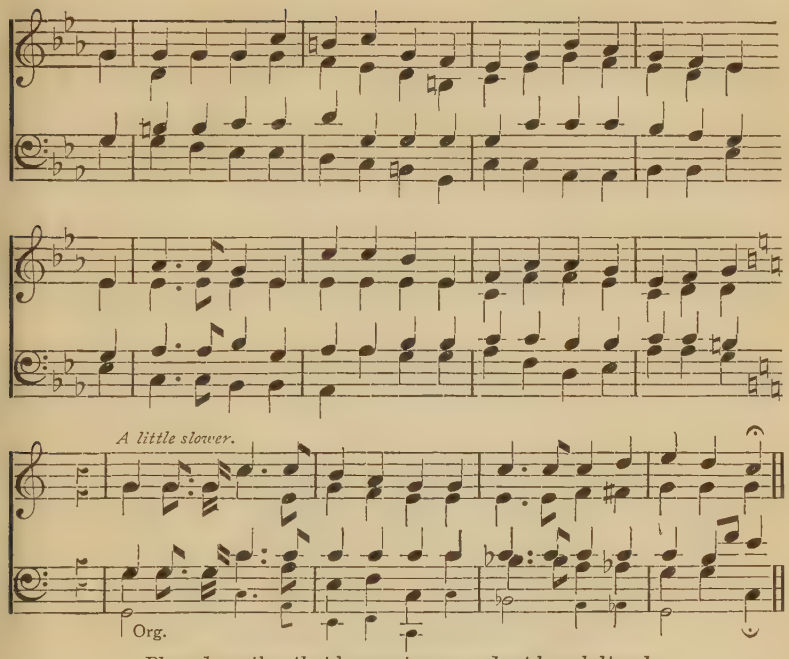
mf 5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, 'Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!'
f And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT.

NOTE.—Care should be taken, in the different verses, to adapt the music to the accentuation of the words.

73

CREDO. JOHN STAINER.



Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

m 1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
mf But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

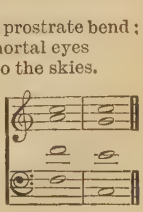
mp 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do;'
mf Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veil'd the sun.

m 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
mf But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

m 4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
mf Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

m 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
f But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord.

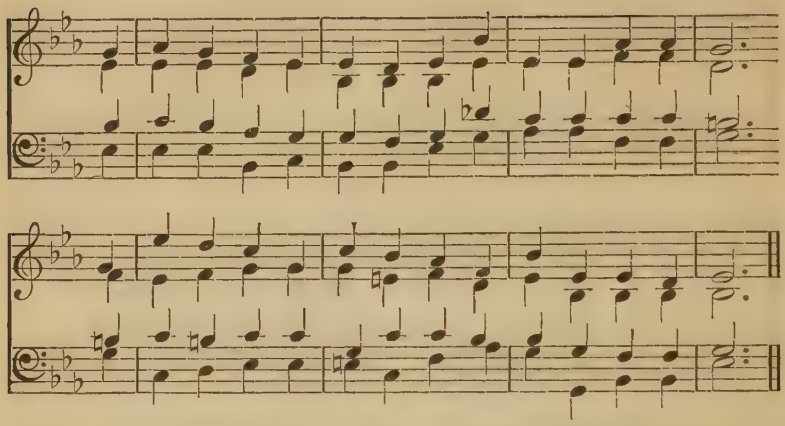
J. H. GURNEY.



A - men.

74

FINGAL. J. S. ANDERSON.



Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

m 1 WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

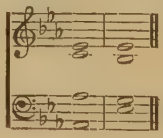
2 And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter, His rebuke.

3 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

c 4 And warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
mf And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

mp 5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
m We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
d The last low whispers of our dead
c Are burden'd with His name.



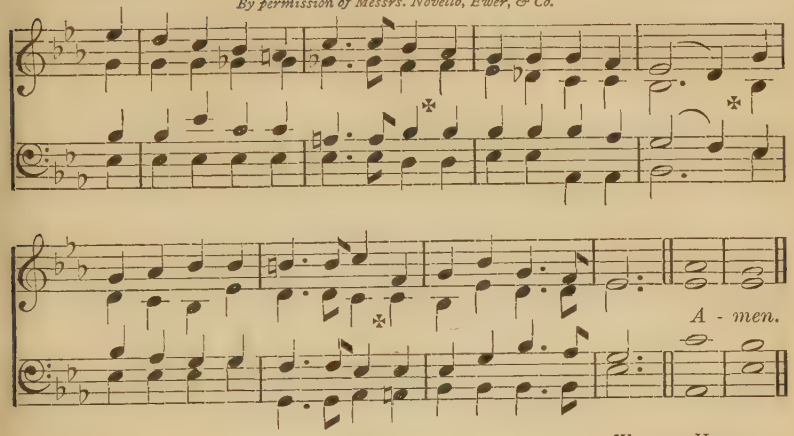
A - men.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

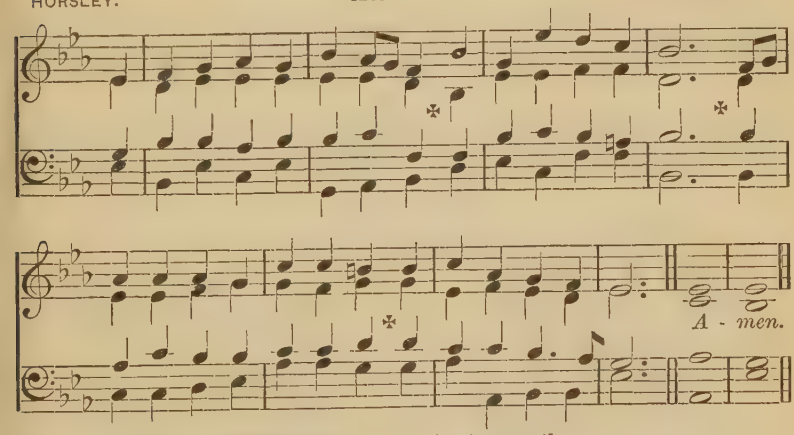
75

HOLY TRINITY. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



HORSLEY. SECOND TUNE WILLIAM HORSLEY.



Neither is there salvation in any other.

mp 1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

p 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
mp But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

m 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
m That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

mf 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. *Amen.*

C. F. ALEXANDER.

76

CAROLUS. FIRST TUNE CHARLES VINCENT.

sight, When Je - sus died for me.

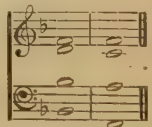
Who His own self bare our sins in His body upon the tree.

mp 1 O DARK and dreary day,
When Jesus died to pay
Sin's awful penalty!
The sun kept back its light,
To hide that mournful sight,
When Jesus died for me.

p 2 O who can tell His pangs
As on that cross He hangs,
My dearest Lord, for me!
p For me He died that death,
For me He yields His breath,
My sinful soul to free.

mp 3 And, as He bows His head,
Have I no tears to shed,
When I look back and see
His loving arms spread wide
To draw me to His side,
My ransom thus to be?

m 4 O Jesus, may Thy love
My strength and succour prove
That I to Thee may live:
Thou gavest all for me,
May I devote to Thee
What little I can give.



A - men.

S. CHILDS-CLARKE.

76

ST. ANSTELL. SECOND TUNE H. G. TREMBATH.

Slowly, and with expression.

Who His own self bare our sins in His body upon the tree.

mp 1 O DARK and dreary day,
When Jesus died to pay
Sin's awful penalty!
The sun kept back its light,
To hide that mournful sight,
When Jesus died for me.

p 2 O who can tell His pangs
As on that cross He hangs,
My dearest Lord, for me!
p For me He died that death,
For me He yields His breath,
My sinful soul to free.

mp 3 And, as He bows His head,
Have I no tears to shed,
When I look back and see
His loving arms spread wide
To draw me to His side,
My ransom thus to be?

m 4 O Jesus, may Thy love
My strength and succour prove,
That I to Thee may live:
Thou gavest all for me,
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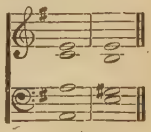
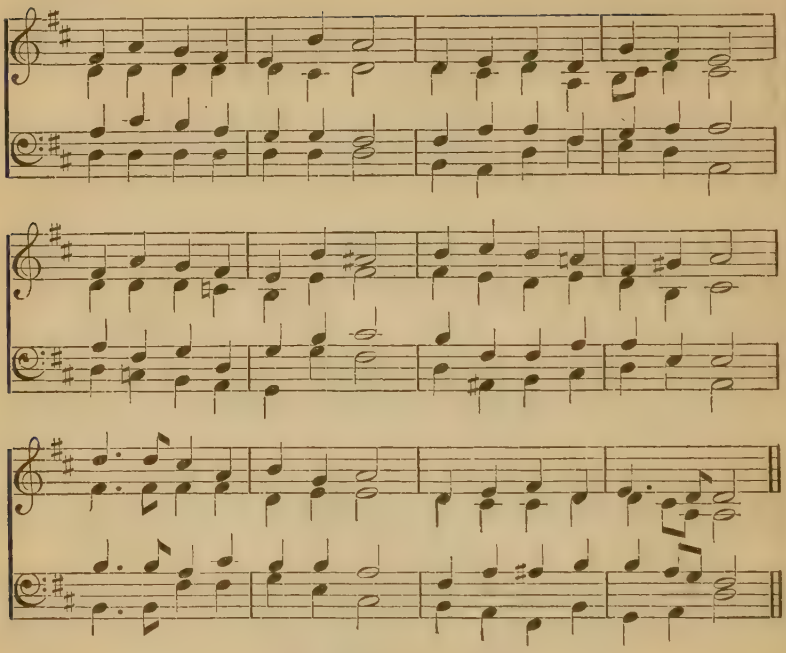


A - men.

S. CHILDS-CLARKE.

77

ST. BRUNO. JOHN HULLAH.



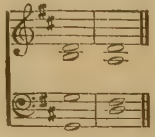
Jesus, which was crucified.

mp 1 Lo! at noon, 'tis sudden night,
Darkness covers all the sky,
Rocks are rending at the sight;
m Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
p Jesus dies at Calvary!

p 2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold
How His tender limbs are torn;
For a royal crown of gold [thorn.
They have made Him one of
mp Cruel hands that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

p 3 See! the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and His side;
Hark! He now has breathed His last,
With a mighty groan He died.
mp Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

m 4 You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved His holy frown:
But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hasten'd down.
Listen! children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.



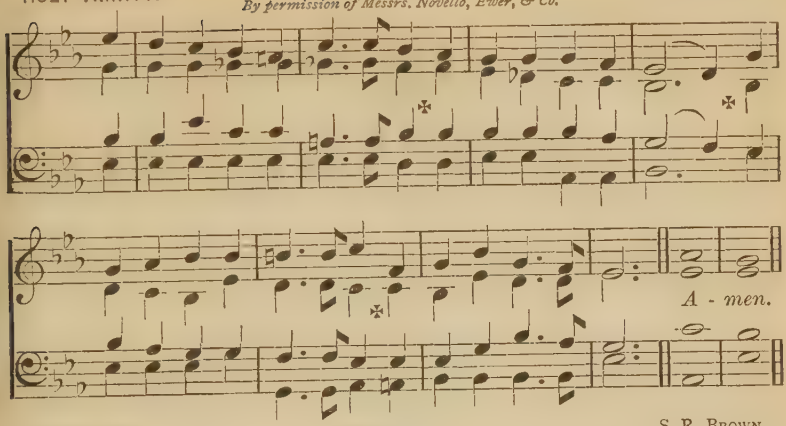
A - men.

ANN GILBERT.

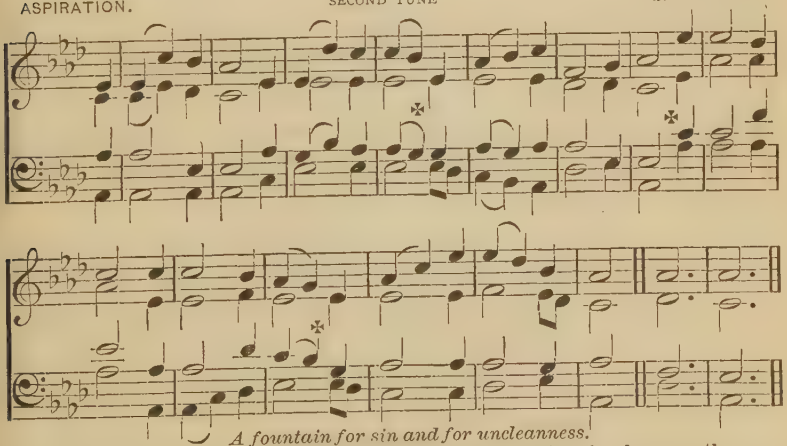
78

HOLY TRINITY. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



ASPIRATION. SECOND TUNE S. R. BROWN.



A fountain for sin and for uncleanness.

m 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

mf 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

m 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
mf Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

f 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
d When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

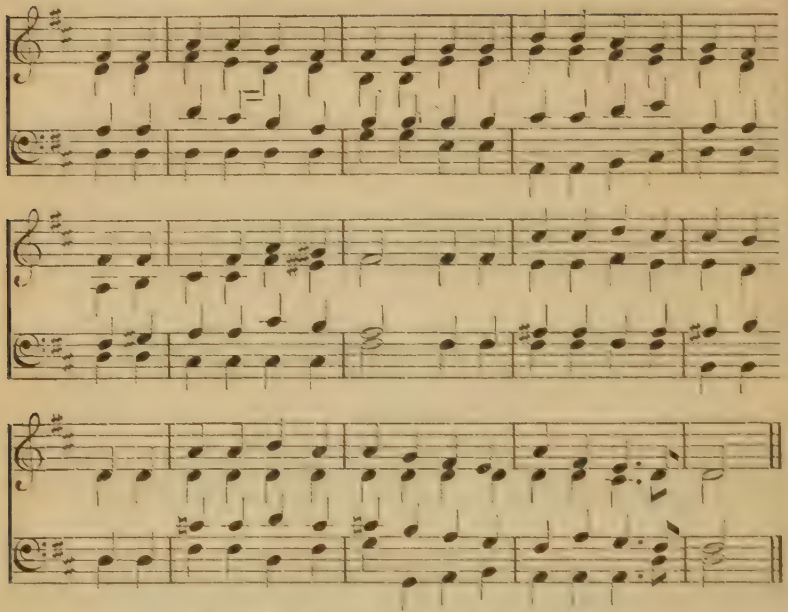
m 6 [Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.]

7 ['Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd, by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.] *Amen.*

WILLIAM COWPER.

79

NEAR THE CROSS. JOSEPH BARNBY.



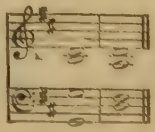
The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

mp 1 NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son: [ing.
p There in speechless anguish groan-
Yearning, trembling, sighing,
moaning: [gone.
Through her soul the sword had

mp 2 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn.
f 'Twas our sins brought Him from
heaven,
These the cruel nails had driven;
All His griefs for us were borne.

mp 3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
m He His love and power display'd.
By His stripes He wrought our healing,
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve.
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.

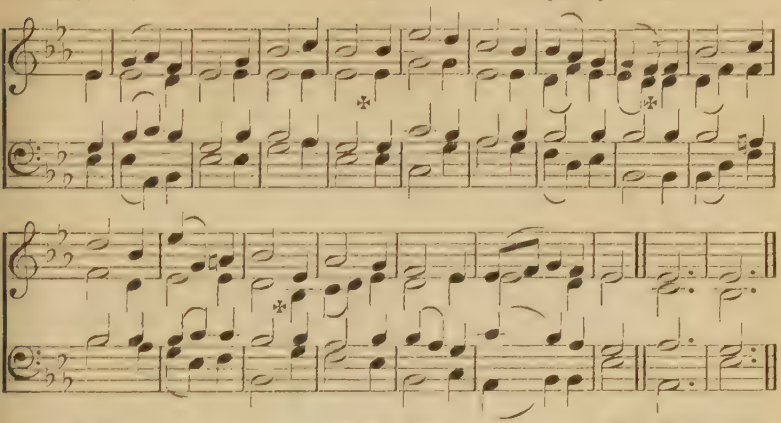


A - men.

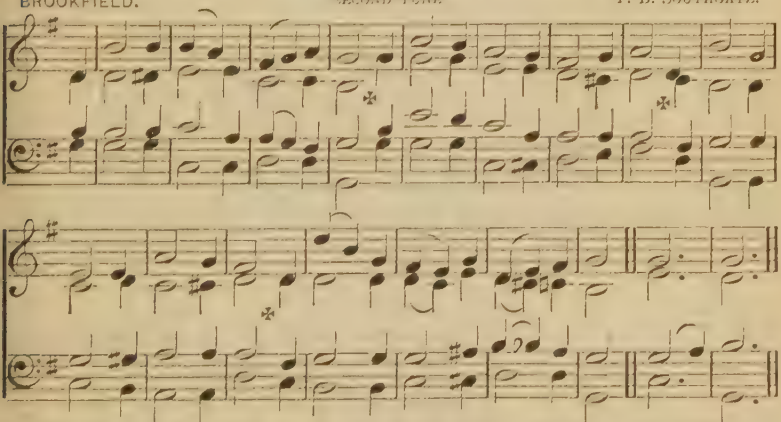
JACOPONE (*v.* 1, *tr.*), J. W. ALEXANDER.

80

COMMUNION. FIRST TUNE Adapted by EDWARD MILLER.



BROOKFIELD. SECOND TUNE T. B. SOUTHGATE.



Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

mp 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

mf 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God; [most,
All the vain things that charm me
I sacrifice them to His blood.

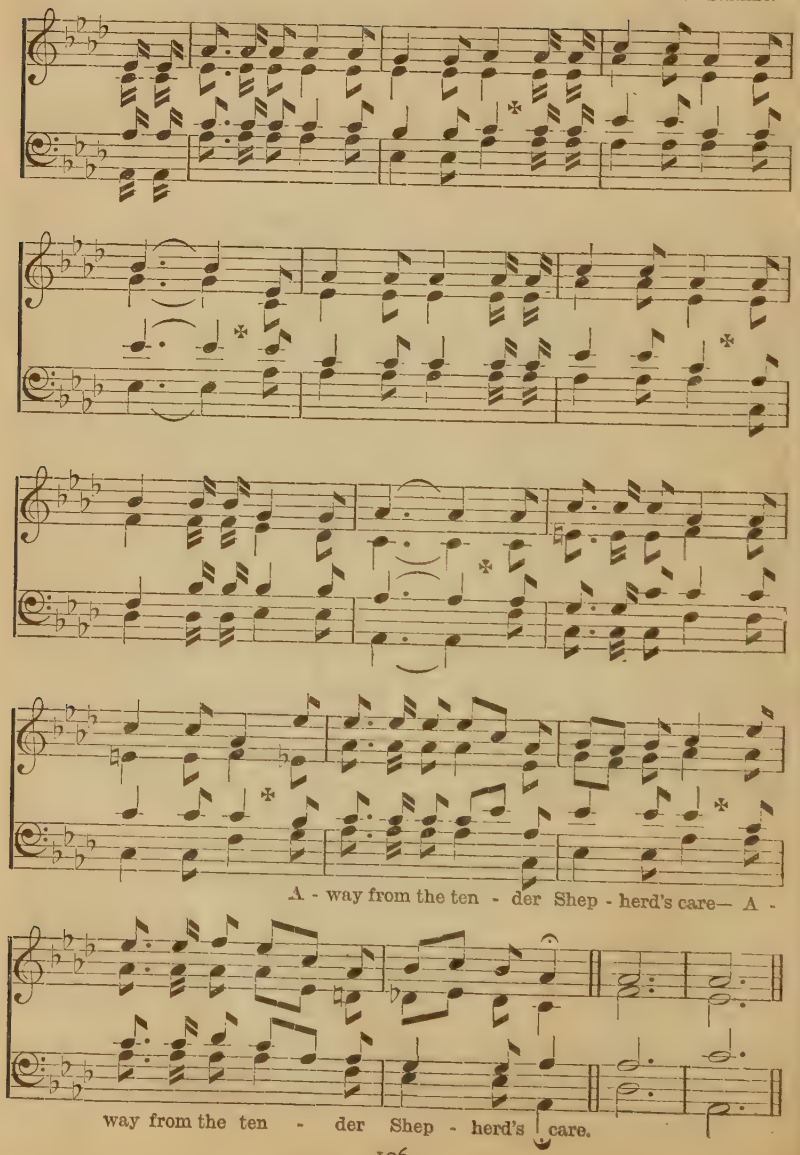
p 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, [down!
Sorrow and love flow mingled
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

81

THE NINETY AND NINE. FIRST TUNE IRA D. SANKEY.



Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

m 1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
mp But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
d Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

m 2 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer:—(*mp*) 'This of Mine
Has wander'd away from Me;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'

p 3 But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
d Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

mp 4 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?'
p 'They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
mp 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
p 'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

m 5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice, I have found My sheep!'
mf And the angels echo'd around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!' *Amen.*

E. C. CLEPHANE.

NOTE.—Care should be taken in the different verses to adapt the music to the accentuation of the words.

81

THE NINETY AND NINE. SPECIAL SETTING JOSIAH BOOTH.

Andante con moto. SOLO. Verses 1-2.

mf

There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold; But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— Far off from the gates of gold, A -

'Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e-nough for Thee?' But the Shep-herd made an-swer: 'This of Mine Has wan-der'd a-way from Me— Has wan - der'd a - way from Me; And, al-

Andante con moto.

mf

cres.

cres.

f

più lento. D.S. Verse 3.

way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
though the road be rough and steep, I go to the de - sert to find My sheep.' But

D.S.

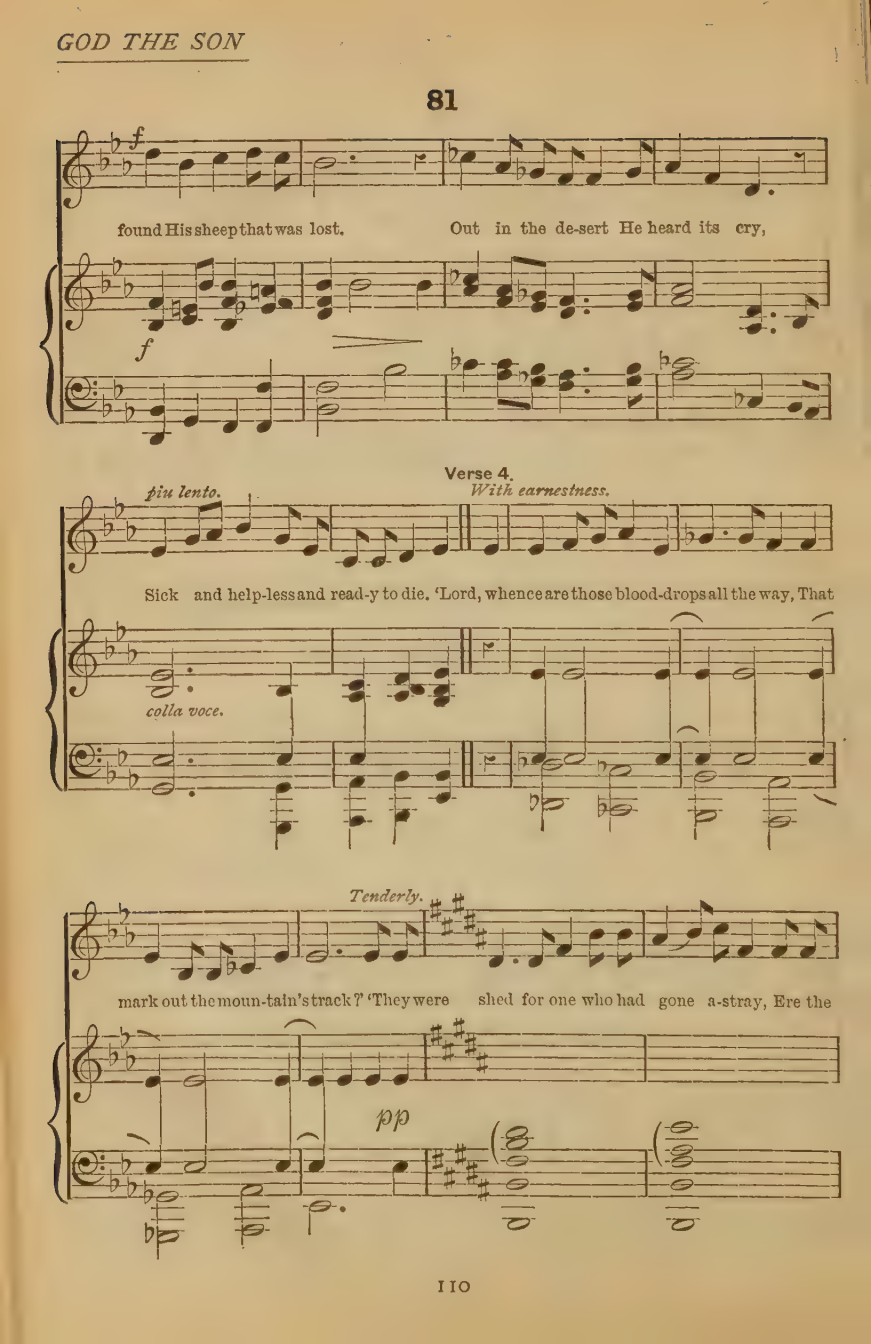
colla voce.

none of the ran-som'd e - ver knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd, Nor how

cres.

dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro', Ere He found His sheep that was lost— Ere He

cres.


81
f
found His sheep that was lost. Out in the de-sert He heard its cry,
f
Verse 4.
piu lento.
With earnestness.
Sick and help-less and read-y to die. 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way, That
colla voce.
Tenderly.
mark out the moun-tain's track?' 'They were shed for one who had gone a-stray, Ere the
pp

81

Passionately. *mf* *sf* *sf*

Shep-herd could bring him back.' 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'

cres.

Tenderly.

'They are pierc - ed to-night by ma - ny a thorn.'

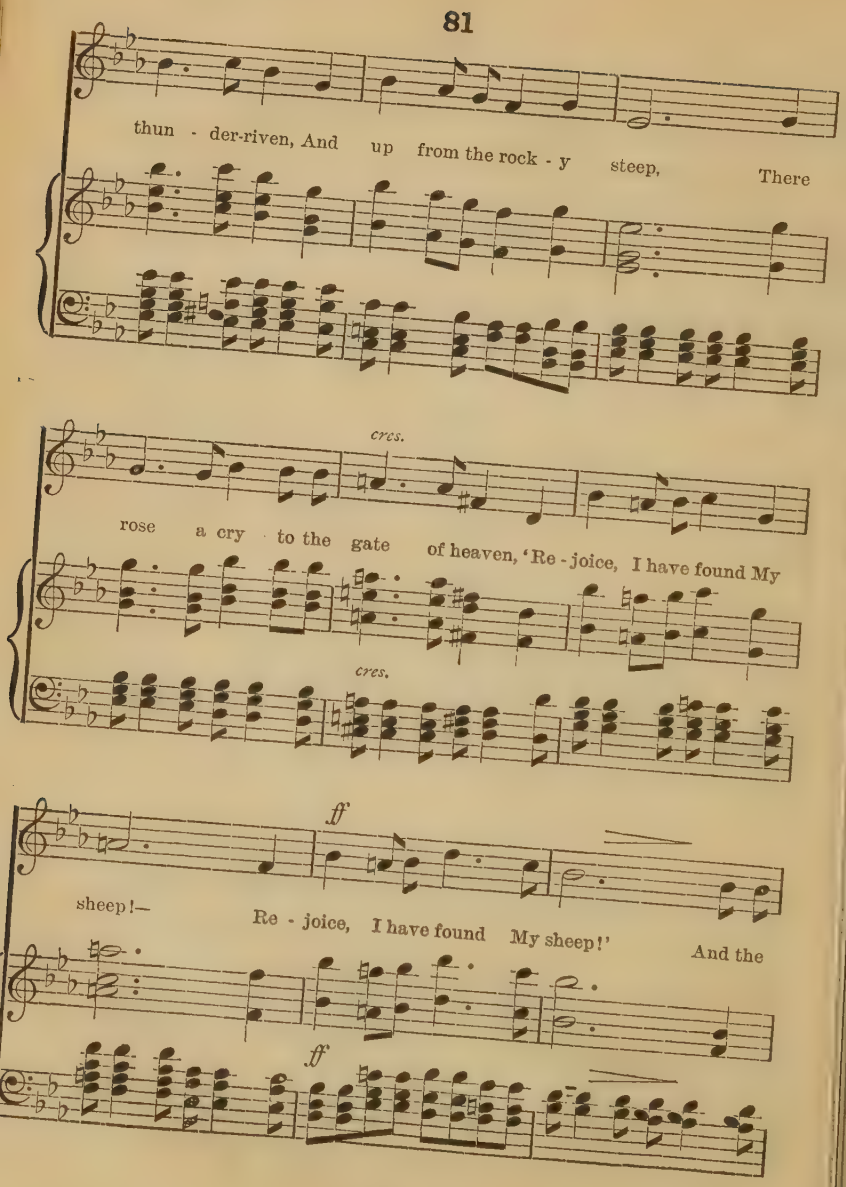
sf *sf* *p*

CHORUS. Verse 5.

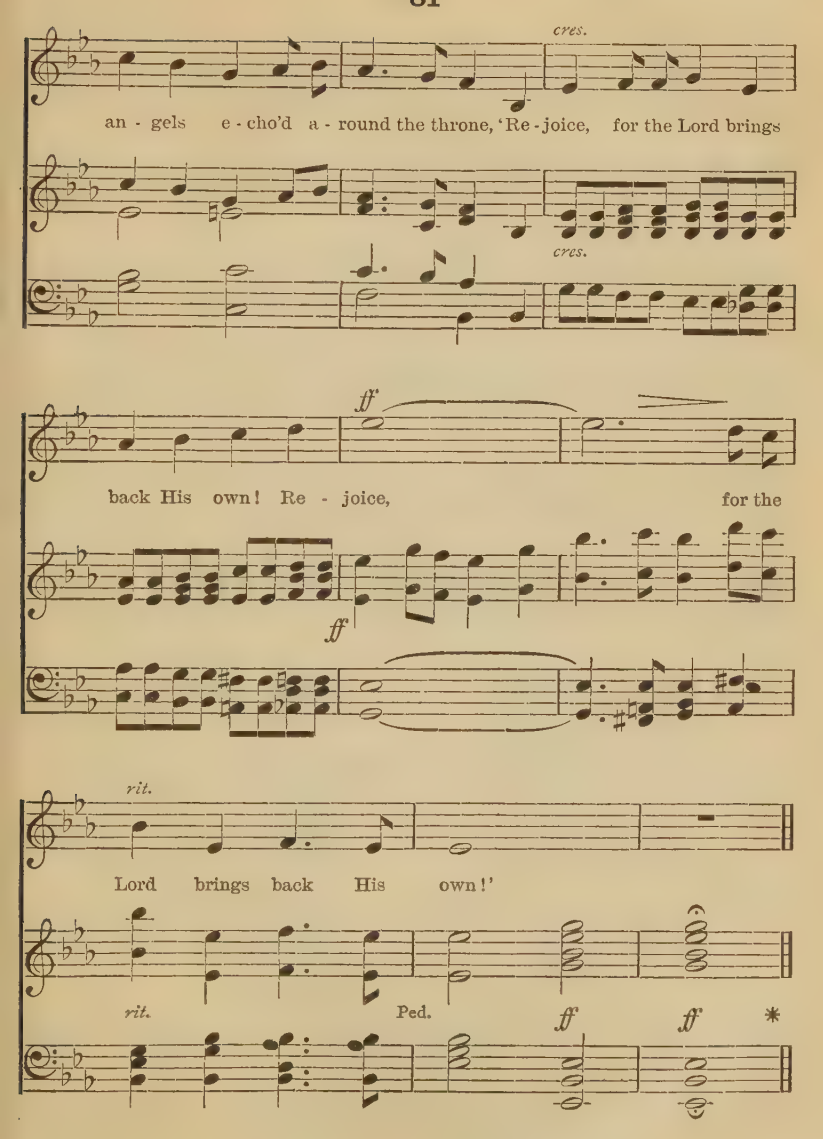
f *With animation.*

And all through the moun-tains,

Slowly. *p* *cres.* *f*

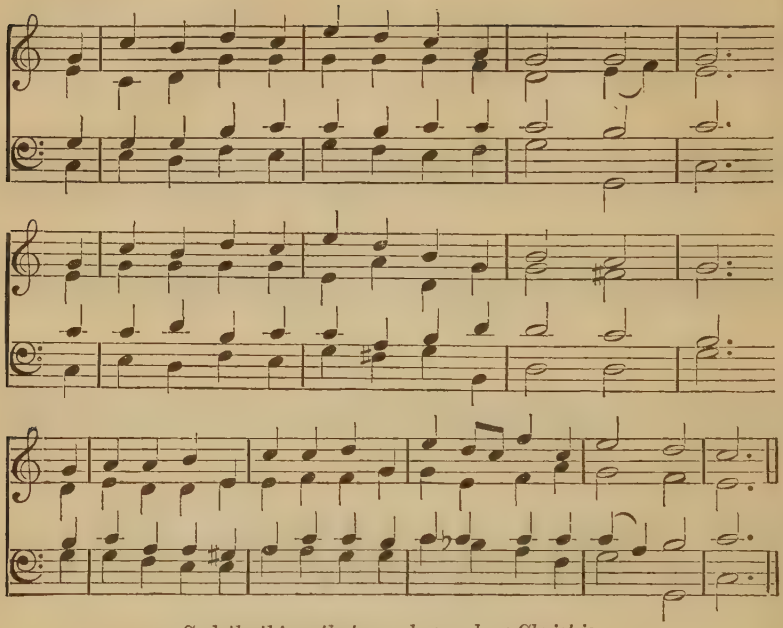

81
thun - der-riven, And up from the rock - y steep, There
cres.
rose a cry to the gate of heaven, 'Re - joice, I have found My
cres.
ff
sheep!— Re - joice, I have found My sheep!' And the
ff

81


cres.
an - gels e - cho'd a - round the throne, 'Re - joice, for the Lord brings
cres.
ff
back His own! Re - joice, for the
ff
rit.
Lord brings back His own!'
rit.
Ped.
ff
ff
*

82

MANSFIELD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



Seek the things that are above, where Christ is.

mf 1 ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And roll'd the stone away.

f *Your voices raise*
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord.

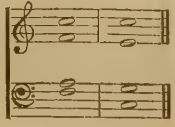
mp 2 [The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
mp Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men to the ground.]

mf 3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.

4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise!
See, how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies!

m 5 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things pass'd away;
Buried with Him in death,
O live with Him to-day.

mf 6 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.



A - men.

W. W. HOW.

83

WEST HEATH. E. J. HOPKINS.

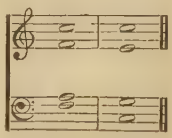
I am the Living One; and I was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore.

H *m* 1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,—
'He lives who once was slain;
Why seek the living midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again.'

U *mf* 2 O joyful sound, O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death [and hell,
And ever lives to save.

U *mf* 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring.
What though the saints like Him shall die!
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

H 4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust.
m O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.



A - men.

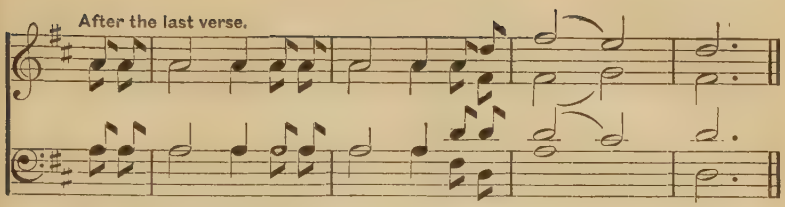
THOMAS KELLY.

84

DAY OF RESURRECTION. J. B. DYKES.

Fast.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - - jah!



Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - - jah!

God raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

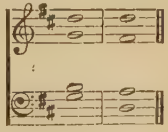
f 1 THE Day of Resurrection!—
Earth, tell it out abroad—
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!
mf From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

m 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents
c May hear, so calm and plain,
His own, 'All hail!' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

f 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

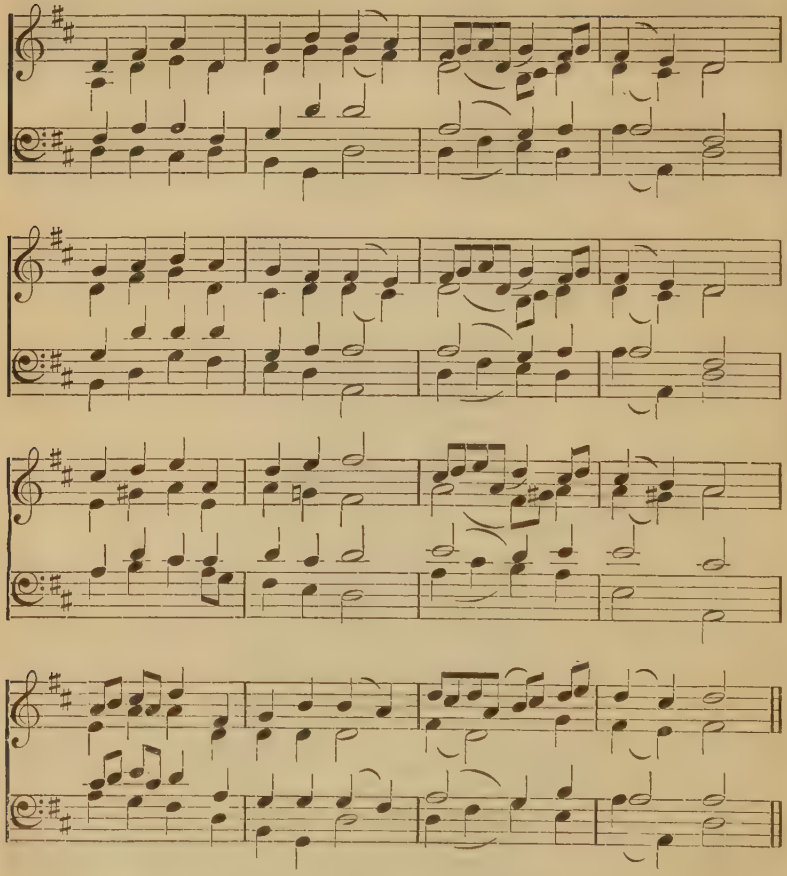


Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! A - men.

JOHN DAMASCENE, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

85

EASTER HYMN. FIRST TUNE—WITH HALLELUJAH. *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.



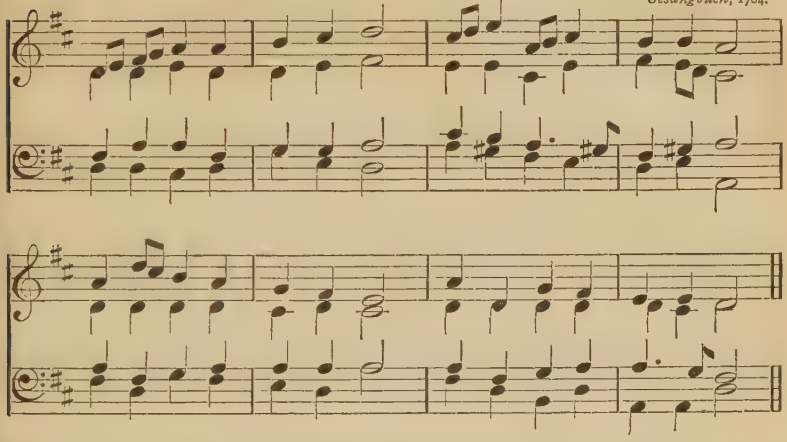
Remember, that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead.

f 1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!' *Hallelujah!*
Sons of men, and angels say. *Hallelujah!*
Raise your joys and triumphs high! *Hallelujah!*
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply! *Hallelujah!*

mf 2 Love's redeeming work is done; *Hallelujah!*
Fought the fight, the battle won: *Hallelujah!*
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er, *Hallelujah!*
Lo, He sets in blood no more. *Hallelujah!*

85

BERLIN. SECOND TUNE—WITHOUT HALLELUJAH. *Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704.*



mf 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; *Hallelujah!*
Christ has burst the gates of hell: *Hallelujah!*
Death in vain forbids His rise; *Hallelujah!*
Christ has open'd Paradise. *Hallelujah!*

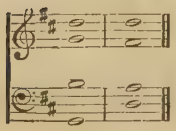
4 Lives again our glorious King; *Hallelujah!*
Where, O death, is now thy sting? *Hallelujah!*
Once He died that He might save; *Hallelujah!*
Where thy victory, O grave? *Hallelujah!*

5 Soar we now where Christ has led, *Hallelujah!*
Following our exalted Head: *Hallelujah!*
Made like Him, like Him we rise; *Hallelujah!*
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. *Hallelujah!*

f 6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven! *Hallelujah!*
Praise to Thee by both be given: *Hallelujah!*
Thee we greet triumphant now; *Hallelujah!*
Hail, the Resurrection Thou! *Hallelujah!* Amen.

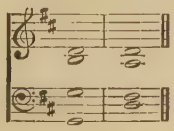
CHARLES WESLEY.

FIRST TUNE



A - men.

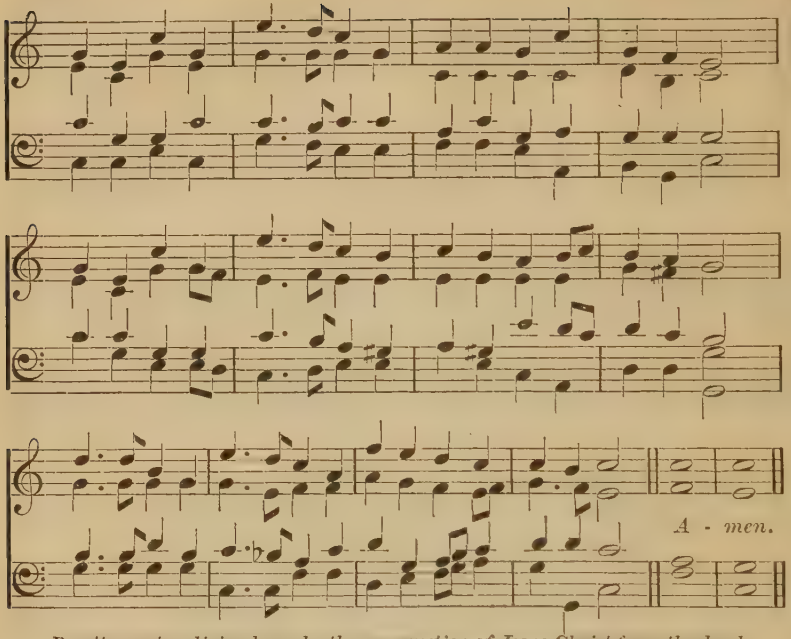
SECOND TUNE



A - men.

86

REGENT SQUARE. HENRY SMART.



Begotten unto a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

mf 1 HALLELUJAH, He is risen!
Jesus has gone up on high,
Burst the bars of death asunder:
Angels, shout, and, men, reply,—
'He is risen!
Living now, no more to die.'

2 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Our exalted Head to be;
Sends the witness of the Spirit
mf That our Advocate is He.
He is risen!
Justified in Him are we.

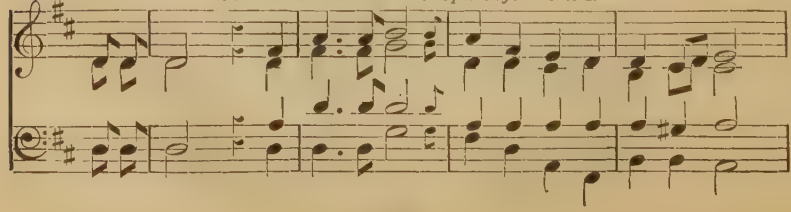
f 3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting;
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring.
He is risen!
Living Lord, and coming King.

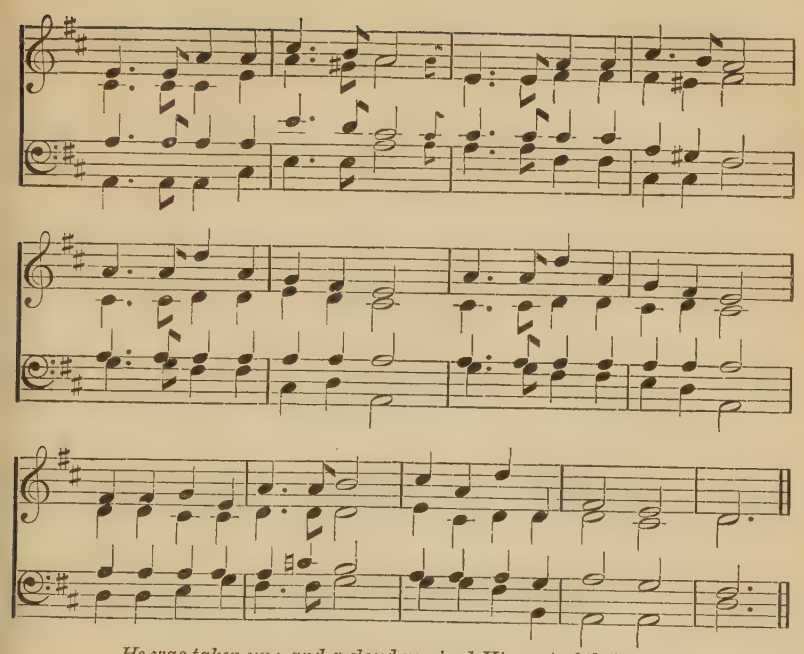
P. P. BLISS.

87

ST. PATRICK. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The chords in small notes are required for Verse 1.





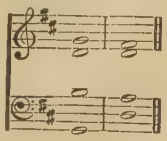
He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

m 1 He is gone—beyond the skies;
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze, or angel's flight;
Through the veils of time and space
Pass'd into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
m We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend or foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone—we heard Him say,
'Good that I should go away.'
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
mf No! His Spirit still is ours, [powers.
Quickening, freshening all our

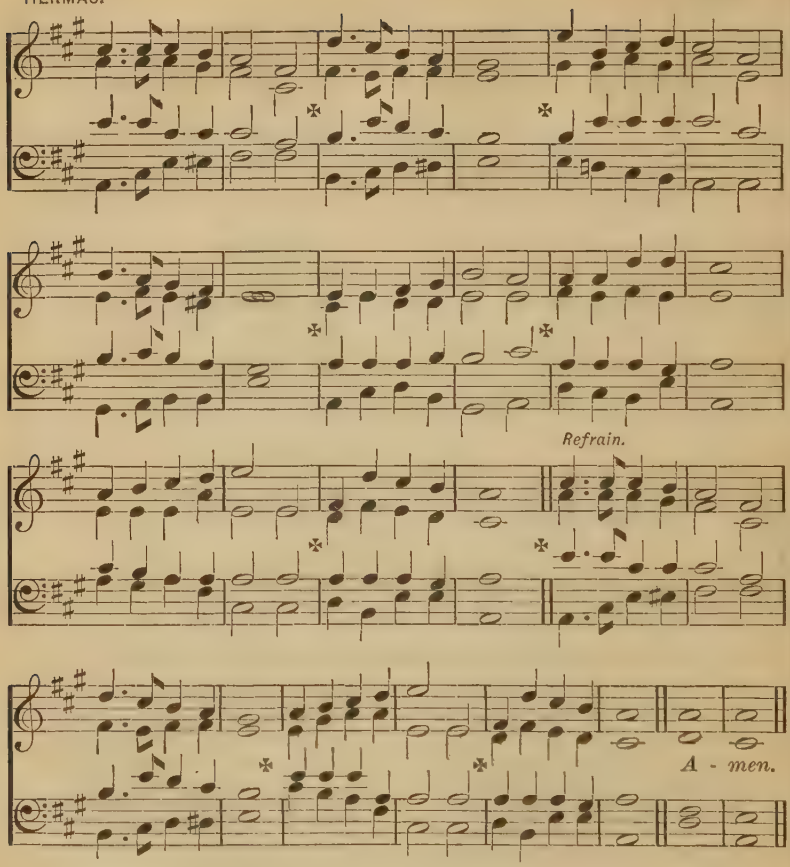
mf 4 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came:
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one. A. P. STANLEY.



A - men.

88

HERMAS. F. R. HAVERGAL.



Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.

mf 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are open'd,
Open'd for the King.
f Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

mf *All His work is ended,*
Joyfully we sing,
f *Jesus hath ascended!*
Glory to our King!

mp 2 He, who came to save us,
He, who bled and died,
mf Now is crown'd with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

m 3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;

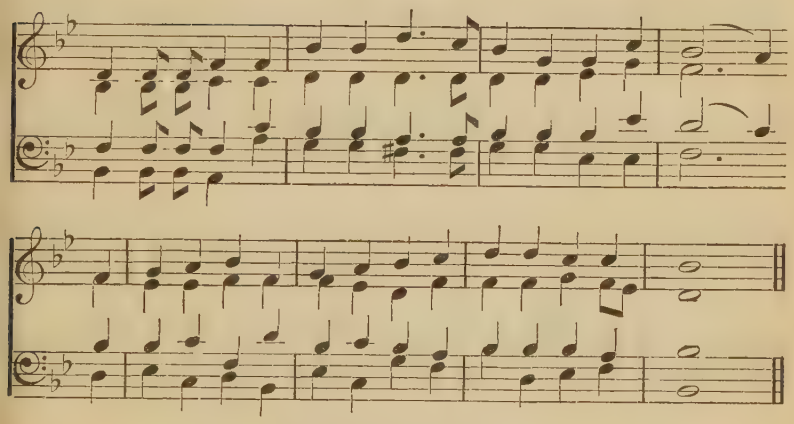
m His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
mf Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too. *Amen.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.

89

NATIVITY.

HENRY LAHEE.



I go to prepare a place for you.

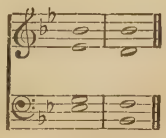
mf 1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open'd wide;
The King of Glory has gone up
Unto His Father's side.

m 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place, [art,
That we may be where now Thou
And see Thee face to face.

m 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veil'd Thee from our eyes.

mf 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

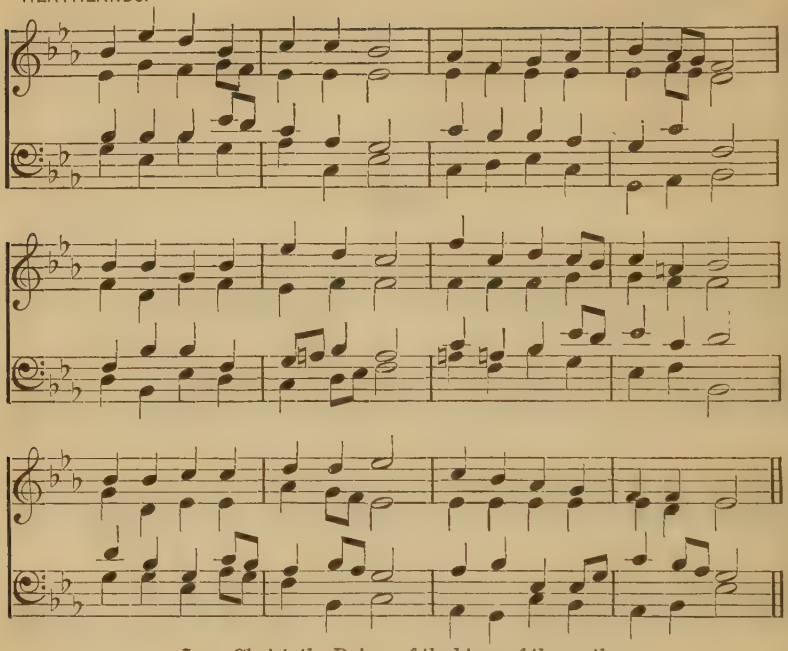


A - men.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

90

HEATHLANDS. HENRY SMART.



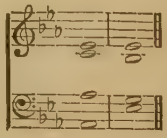
Jesus Christ, the Prince of the kings of the earth.

f 1 GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe His head!
Jesus is the name we sing,
Jesus, risen from the dead,
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave,
Jesus, mighty now to save.

mf 2 Jesus is gone up on high:
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing;—
f 'Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of Glory waits.'

mf 3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels own'd
God of holiness and grace.
c O for hearts and tongues to sing,
'Glory, glory to our King!'

m 4 Jesus, on Thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
c That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss and swell their songs.
f Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore!



A - men.

THOMAS KELLY.

91

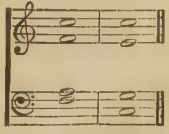
REGENT SQUARE. HENRY SMART.

Thou art worthy, O Lord!

m 1 HOLY Saviour, we adore Thee,
Seated on the throne of God;
All heaven's hosts bow down before Thee,
c And we sing Thy praise aloud:
mf Thou art worthy!
We were ransom'd by Thy blood.

mp 2 Saviour! though the world despised Thee,
Though Thou here wast crucified,
m Yet the Father's glory raised Thee
Lord of all creation wide:
mf Thou art worthy!
We shall live, for Thou hast died.

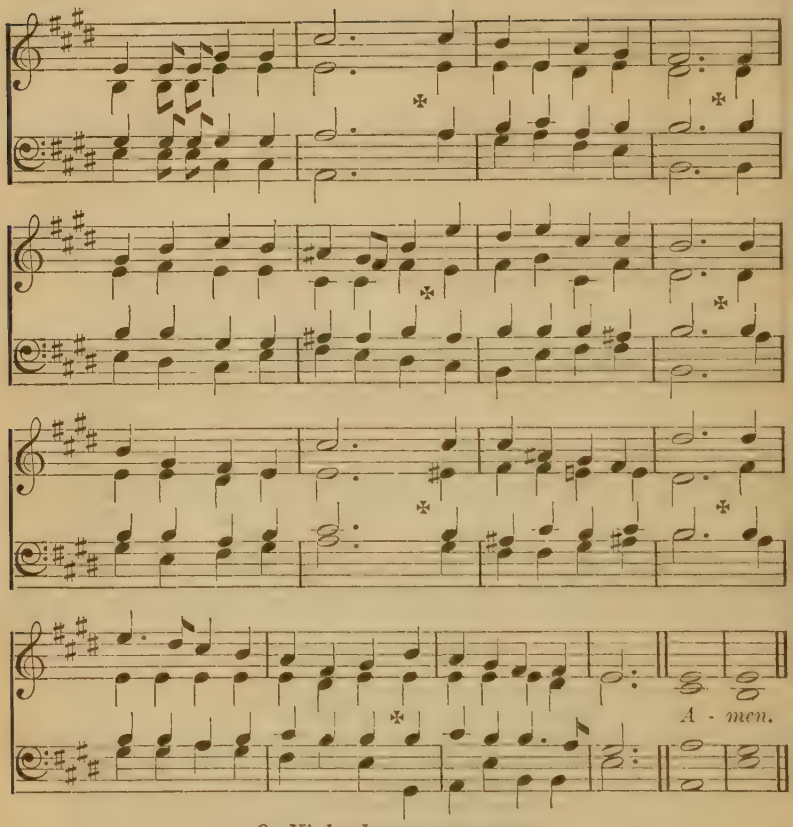
3 Bright the day of Thy returning,
Hence Thy ransom'd Church to bear;
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall meet Thee in the air:
f Thou art worthy!
mf Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.



S. P. TREGELLES.

92

DIADEMATA. G. J. ELVEY.



On His head were many crowns.

mf 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
m Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
mf Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
c And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

mf 2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
mp Behold His hands and side,
His wounds yet visible above,
c In beauty glorified.
p No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

mf 3 Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
Absorb'd in prayer and praise.
m His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

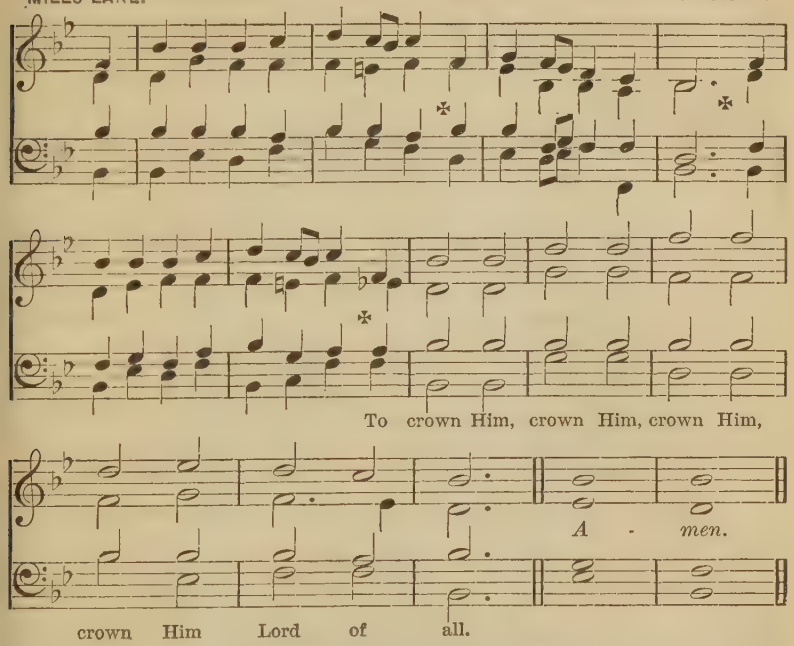
mf 4 Crown Him the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

f All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. *Amen.*

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

93

MILES LANE. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



The Name which is above every name.

mf 1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him whose blood-stain'd path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

mp 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
c Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

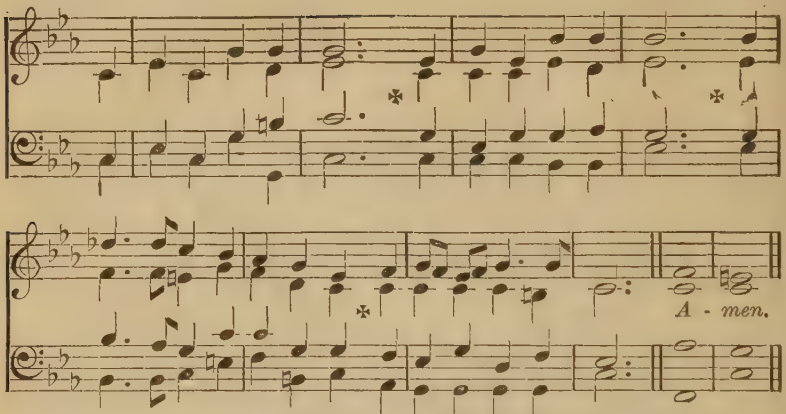
mf 5 Let every tribe and every tongue,
Responsive to the call,
Now shout in universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

m 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, *v.* 6, JOHN RIPPON.

94

DIES ILLA. JOSEPH BARNBY.



Watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.

mp 1 THE Son of Man shall come
With angel hosts around,
'Mid darkening sun, and falling stars,
And trumpet's solemn sound.

mf 2 Awake! ye slumbering souls,
It is no time for rest;

m He comes, as comes the lightning flash
Shining from east to west.

p 3 Thy servants, Lord, prepare
For that tremendous day;

p Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

4 Help us to wait the hour
In toil and holy fear,

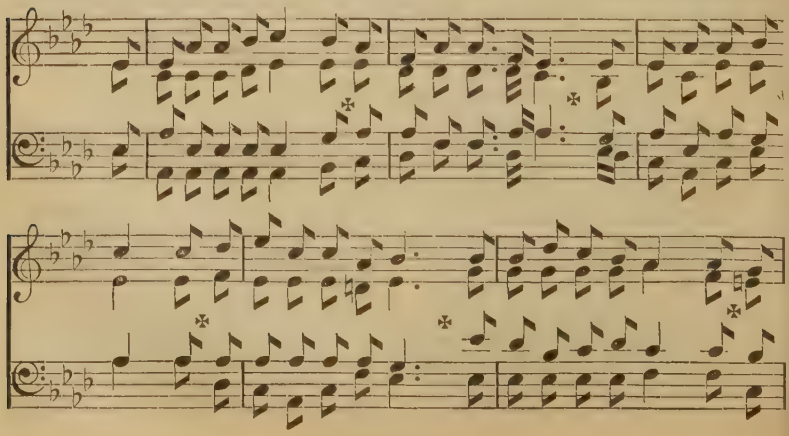
c When, manifested with Thy saints,
Thou shalt again appear.

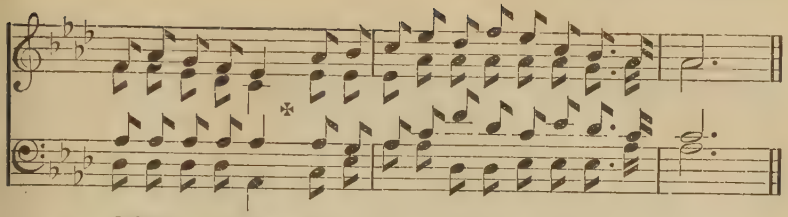
m 5 Then, when the wailing earth
Thy sign in heaven shall see,
Thou shalt send forth Thy angel band,
To gather us to Thee. *Amen.*

H. W. BEADON.

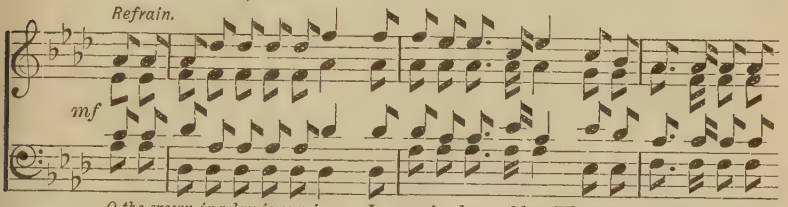
95

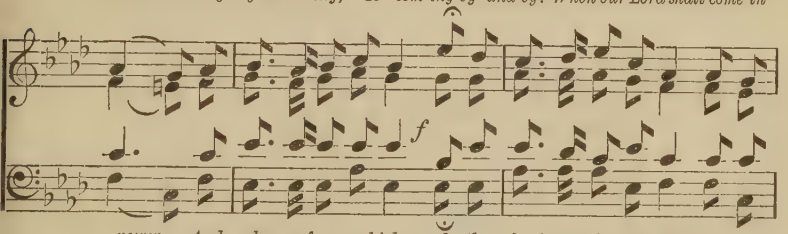
THE CROWNING DAY. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

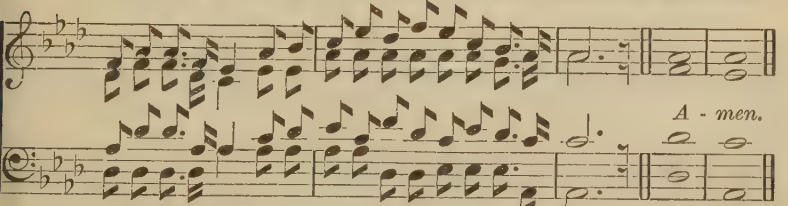




Refrain.







The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints.

mp 1 OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disown'd,
By-the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned.
m But soon He 'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

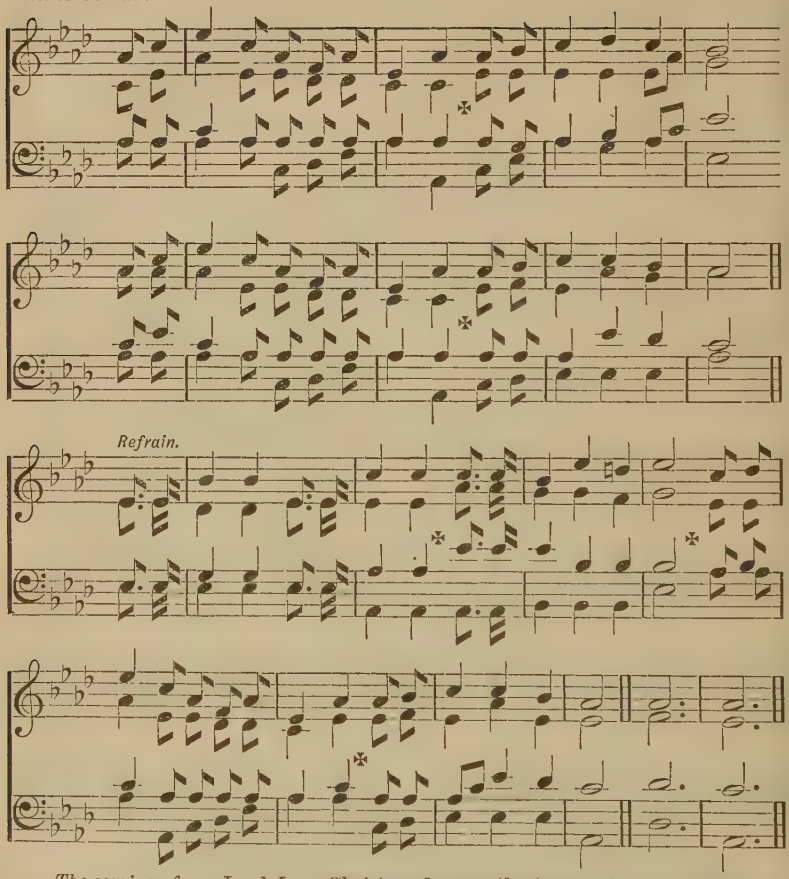
mf 2 The heavens shall glow with splendour;
But, brighter far than they,
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array.
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

mf 3 [Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more;
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.]

m 4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration
To walk the narrow way;
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

96

HE IS COMING. IRA D. SANKEY.



The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him.

m 1 HE is coming! the Man of Sorrows,
Now exalted on high;
He is coming with loud hosannas,
In the clouds of the sky.

mf Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is coming again;
And with joy we will gather round Him,
At His coming to reign.

m 2 He is coming! our loving Saviour,
Blessèd Lamb that was slain;
In the glory of God the Father,
On the earth He shall reign.

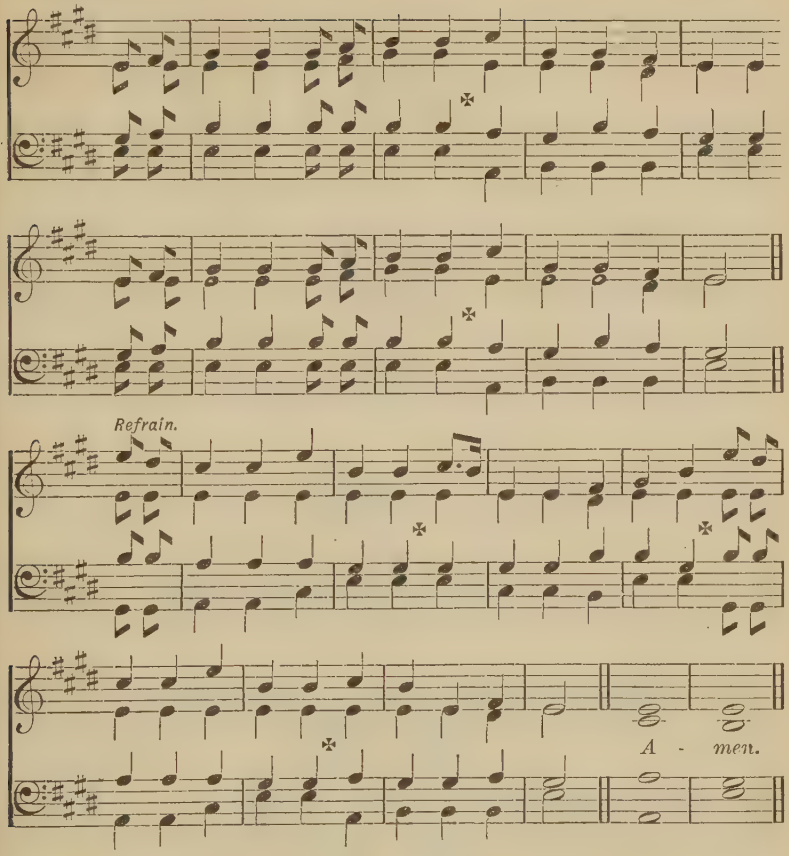
3 He is coming! our Lord and Master,
Our Redeemer and King;
We shall see Him in all His beauty,
And His praise we shall sing.

4 He shall gather His chosen people,
Who are call'd by His name;
And the ransom'd of every nation,
For His own He shall claim. *Amen.*

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

97

CHRIST'S CROWN. G. F. ROOT.



They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels.

m 1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,

mf *Like the stars of the morning,*
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

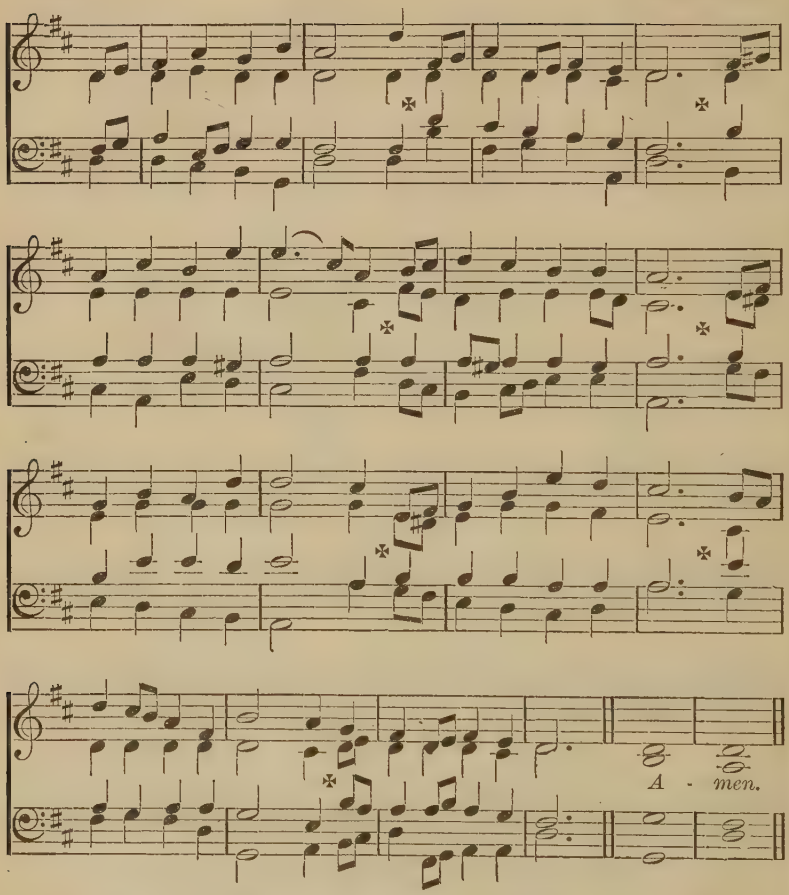
m 2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own:

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own: *Amen.*

W. O. CUSHING.

98

BRADGATE. FIRST TUNE. JOHN ADCOCK.



Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.

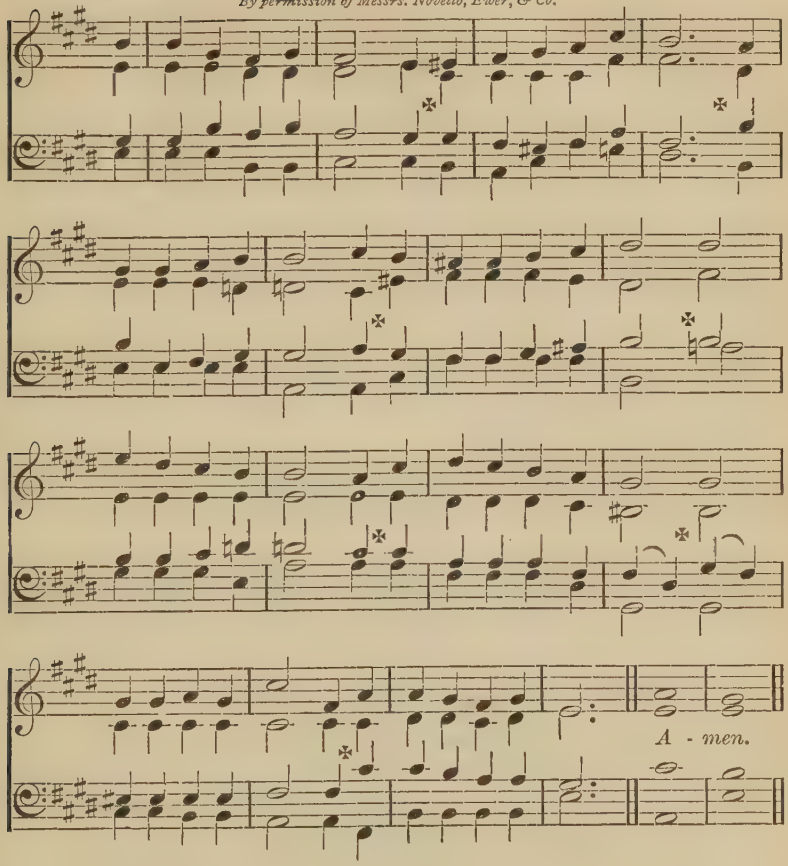
mf 1 THE marriage feast is ready,
The marriage of the Lamb:
He calls the faithful children
Of faithful Abraham;
He calls them from their sojourn
To enter their abode—
The Children of the Promise,
The Israel of God.

mf 2 Nor sigh nor sorrow enter,
Where Jesus leads them in,
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:
f And from the golden portals
The sounds of triumph ring;
The triumph of Immanuel,
The marriage of the King.

98

ST. ANSELM. SECOND TUNE. JOSEPH BARNBY.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



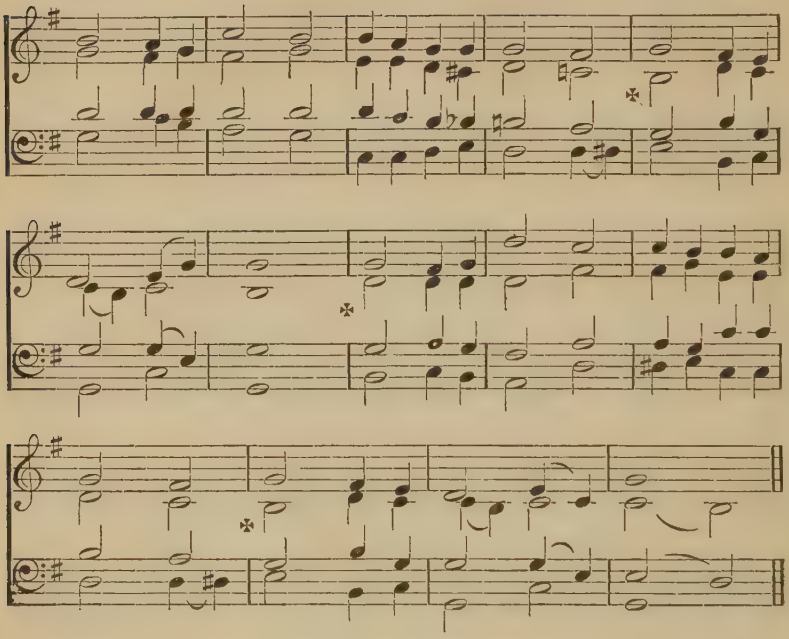
mf 3 And shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away
Before the radiant brightness
Of everlasting day;
The sunlight of the presence,
The bright Shechinah flame,
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of God and of the Lamb.

mf 4 The rainbow of the promise
Around the throne hath gleam'd,
To welcome them for ever
To joys of the redeem'd.
f They enter to their glory,
The feast for them is spread,
The bridal feast of Jesus,
The first-fruits of the dead.
Amen.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

99

LUX ETERNA. H. DE LA HAYE BLACKITH.



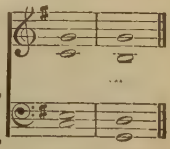
I am the Light of the world.

m 1 LIGHT of the world! for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

mf 2 Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever;
Brightness from first to last.

m 3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue;
c Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

mf 4 Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day.

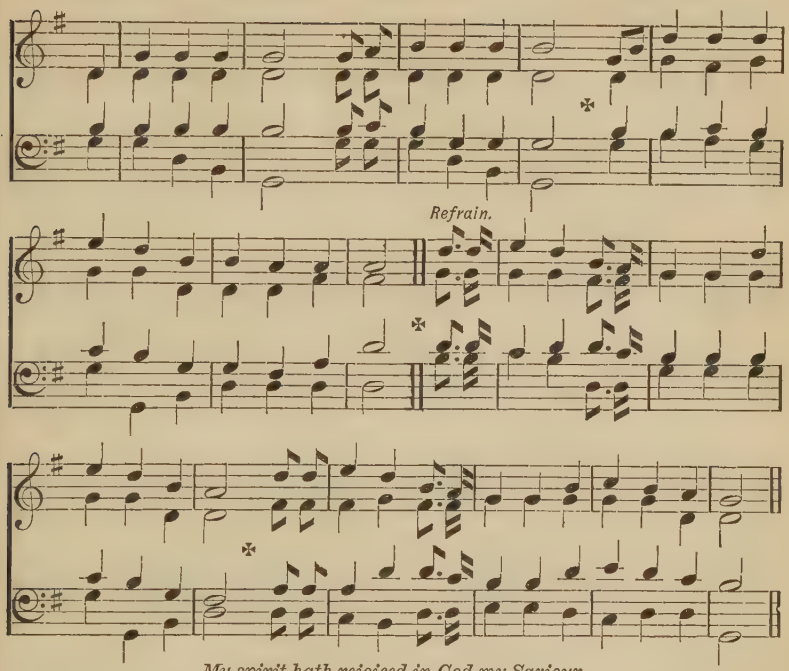


A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR.

100

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.



My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

mf 1 REJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.

f *Sound His praises!* | *Sound His praises!*
Tell the story of Him who was slain. | *Tell with gladness He liveth again.*

mf 2 Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last;
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

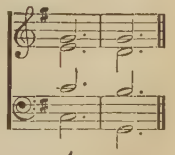
3 Rejoice and be glad! For the blood has been shed;
Redemption is finish'd; the price has been paid.

4 [Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free;
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.]

5 Rejoice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad! For our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

f 7 Rejoice and be glad! For He cometh again,
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.



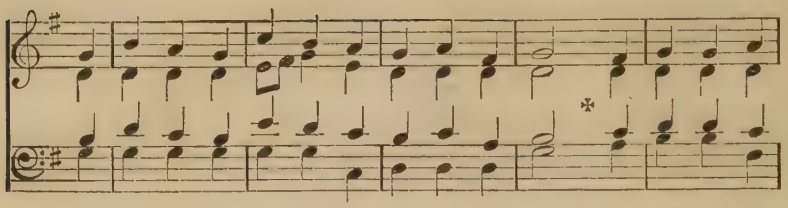
A - men.

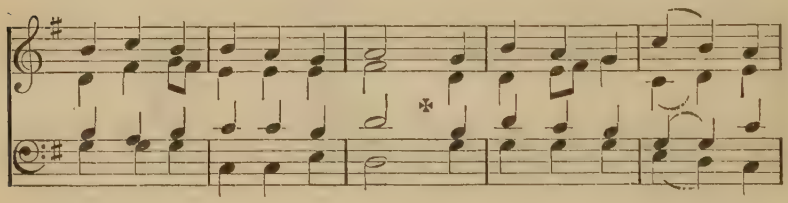
Sound His praises! | Sound His praises!
Tell the story of Him who was slain. | Tell with gladness He cometh again.

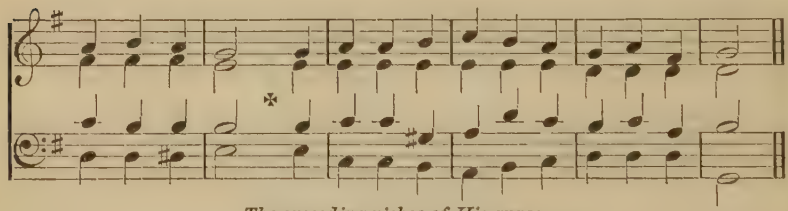
HORATIUS BONAR.

101

ST. LUKE. *Easy Music for Church Choirs*, 1853.







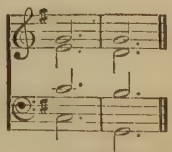
The exceeding riches of His grace.

m 1 How loving is Jesus, (*d*) who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
mp His hands and His feet were nail'd to the tree,
And all this He suffered for you and for me.

mf 2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak, He supports them, when erring, He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

m 4 O give then to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessèd who walk in His ways;
In life and in death He will still be your Friend,
c For whom Jesus loves He loves to the end.

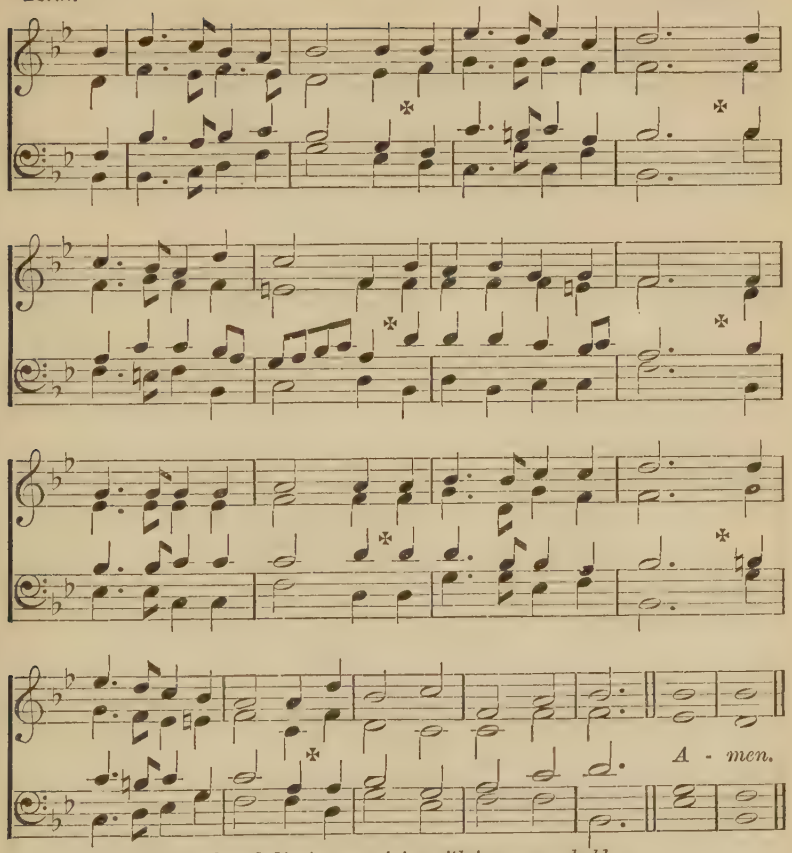


A - men.

R. H. BALLANTYNE.

102

ZOAN. W. H. HAVERGAL.



In whom believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.

Q *m* 1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above,
A *mf* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
Our holy Lord and King!

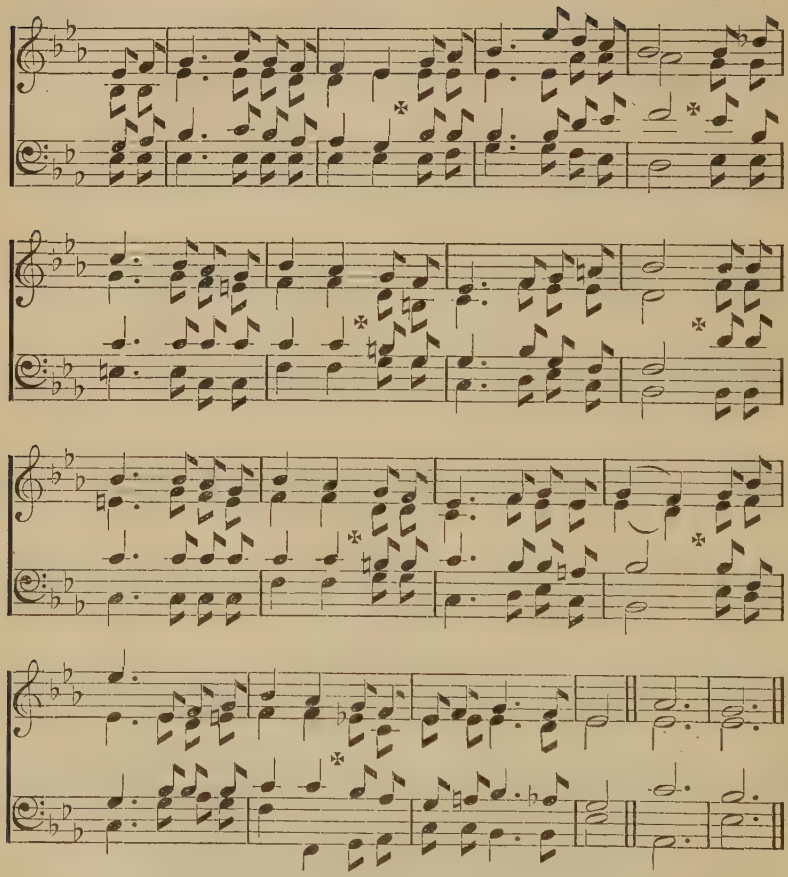
Q *m* 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought,
A *mf* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
Our gracious Lord and King!

Q *mf* 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine:
A *f* We worship Thee, we bless Thee
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
Our glorious Lord and King!

mf 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
f Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!

103

CHAMOUNI. FIRST TUNE GEORGE LOMAS.



They have fled from Me, though I have redeemed them.

m 1 SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

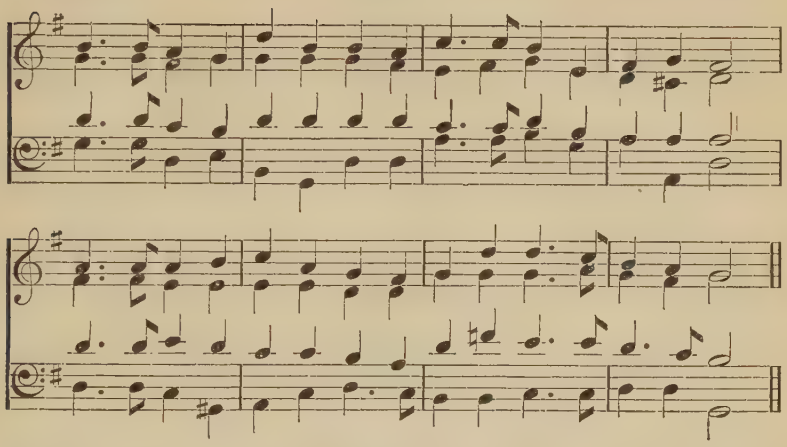
2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

mf 3 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

m 4 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

103

ST. MABYN. SECOND TUNE ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



m 5 [For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.]

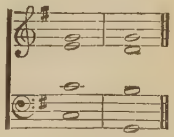
6 [But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.]

mf 7 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

m 8 ['Tis not all we owe to Jesus;
It is something more than all;
Greater good because of evil,
Larger mercy through the fall.]

9 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus,
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

10 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

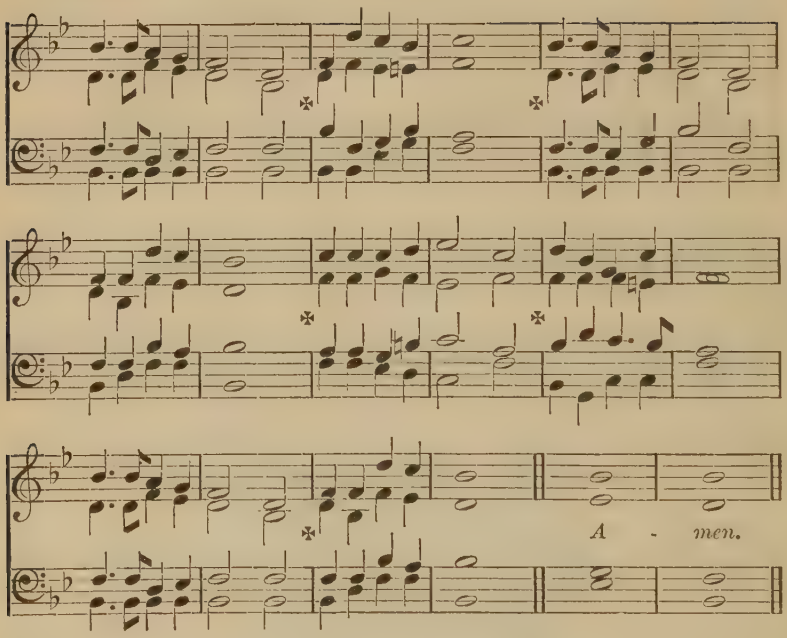


A - men.

F. W. FABER.

104

GOSHEN. FIRST TUNE



The great Shepherd of the sheep, our Lord Jesus.

m 1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

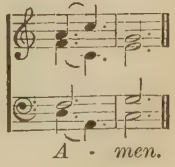
m 2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
mp Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;
m None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

mp 3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
m Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign:—
'They that have My Spirit,
These,' saith He, 'are Mine.

104

OUR SHEPHERD. SECOND TUNE G. A. MACFARREN.

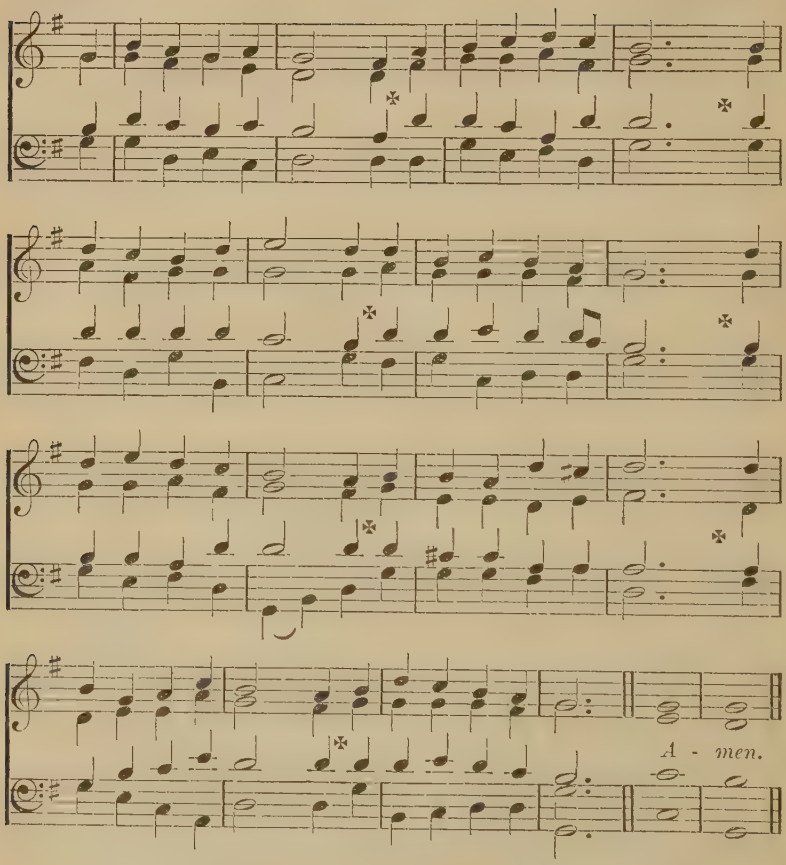
mf 4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
mp When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
c We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.



HUGH STOWELL.

105

PLEASANT PASTURES. FIRST TUNE *French Melody.*



I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine.

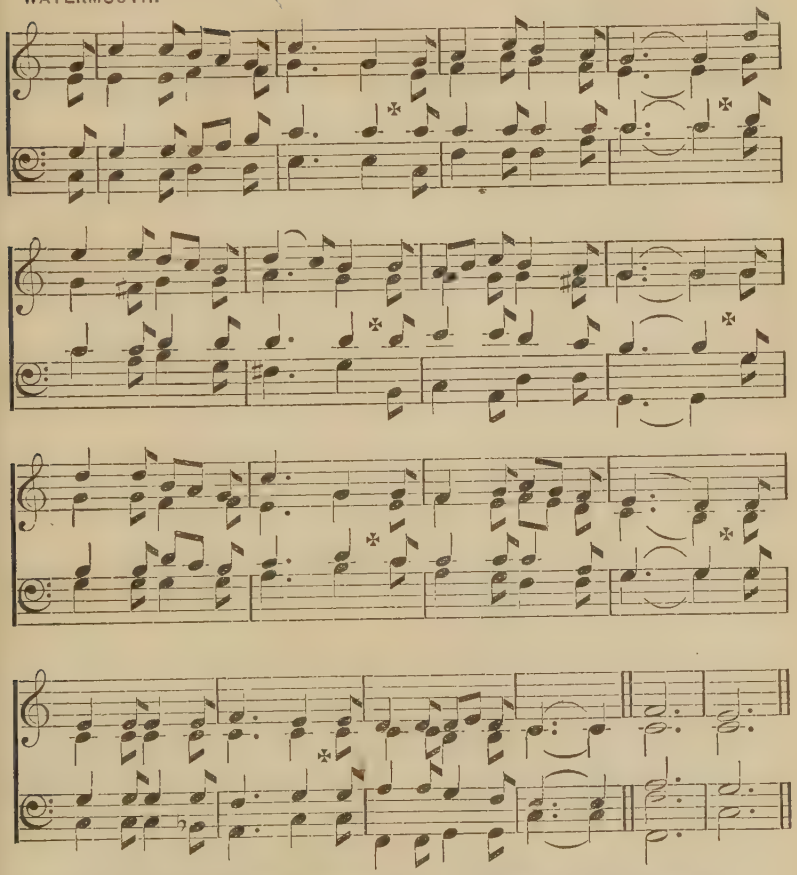
m 1 DOWN in the pleasant pastures,
Beside the waters still,
Behold, the Shepherd leadeth
His little flock at will;
mp Gently, O gently! guiding
c The way His sheep must go,
Still onward to the fountain,
Where living waters flow.

m 2 The stranger's voice they heed not,
When-he seeks their ear to win;
m And never can a robber
To-the sheepfold enter in:
No hireling is the Shepherd,
For He His watch will keep;
'Tis He alone who giveth
His own life for His sheep.

3 And all His own He knoweth,
He calleth them to come;
O'er distant hills they hear Him,
And so He draws them home.

105

WATERMOUTH. SECOND TUNE ROBERT JACKSON.



mp Though-the way be set with briers,
Though-the narrow path be steep,
c They know His word of warning,
And-the Shepherd knows His sheep.

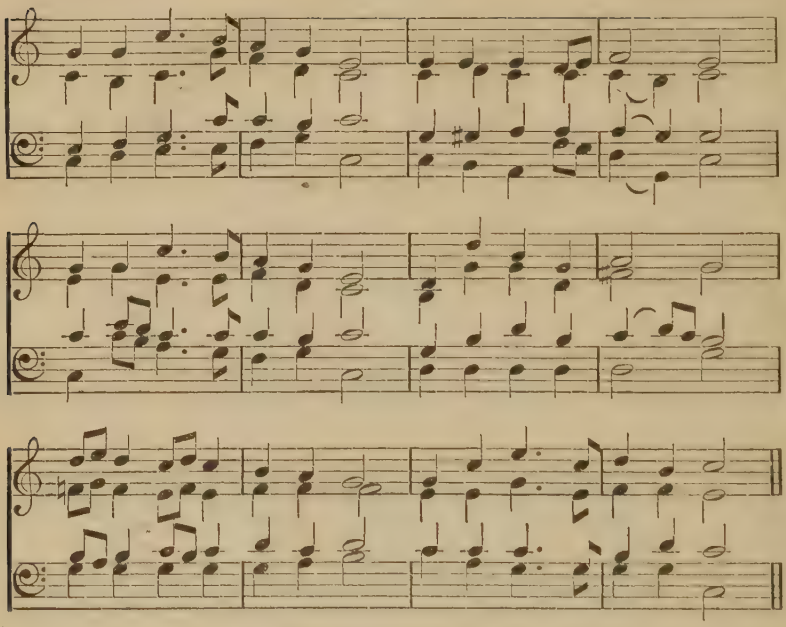
mp 4 [If-a wayward lamb He findeth,
Doth-He coldly stand aloof,
Or meet the little trembler
With voice of stern reproof?
m Nay!-with gentle words of welcome,
Doth the Good Shepherd come,
c And bears it in His bosom,
With fond rejoicing home.]

m 5 And other sheep He owneth,
Wandering from Him afar;
He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth
Where all His loved ones are.
mf The blessèd day is dawning,
That day by Him foretold,
When they shall own one Shepherd,
Safe shelter'd in one fold.
Amen.

ANNA SHIPTON.

106

FAVERHAM. JOSIAH BOOTH.



He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

m 1 JESUS lives, and Jesus leads;
Though the way be dreary,
Morn to darkest night succeeds;
Courage, then, ye weary.
mf Still the faithful Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

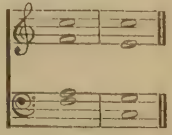
m 2 All the words He ever spoke,
Still to us He speaketh;
All the bread He ever broke,
Still for us He breaketh.
mf Still the faithful Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

mp 3 [Jesus lives, but Jesus died;
Love to death consign'd Him:
m Death the mighty Love resign'd,—
Could not hold nor bind Him.
mf Therefore still He meets our needs;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.]

4 Jesus lives, and every grace
Comes because He giveth;
Life and love in every place
Live, for Jesus liveth.
f All our thoughts His love exceeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

mf 5 Yes, if Jesus lives, He leads;
He will not forsake us;
He will crown His gracious deeds,
And to glory take us.
Till that hour the Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

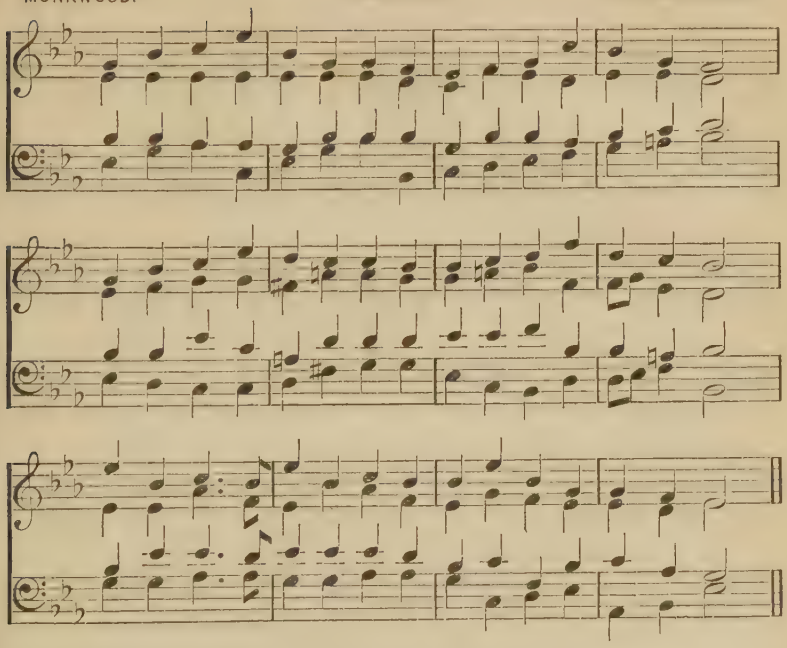
E. PAXTON HOOD.



A - men.

107

MONKWOOD. FIRST TUNE CHARLES STEGGALL.



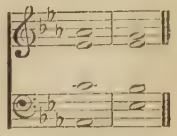
For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

m 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us—
Much we need Thy tender care—
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
mf Blessèd Jesus! [are.
Thou hast bought us, Thine we

m 2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep from ill; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear us children, when we pray.

m 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
mf Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

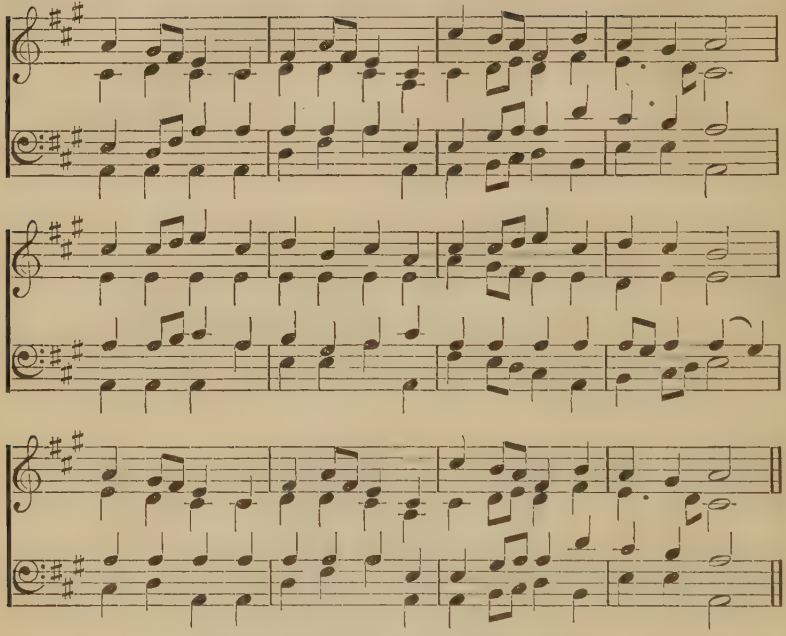


A - men.

H. F. LYTE. (?) D. A. THRUPP. (?)

107

KINGSTOWN. SECOND TUNE W. L. VINER.



For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

m 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us—
Much we need Thy tender care—
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
mf Blessèd Jesus! [are.
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Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
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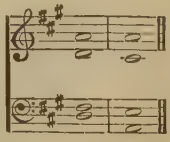
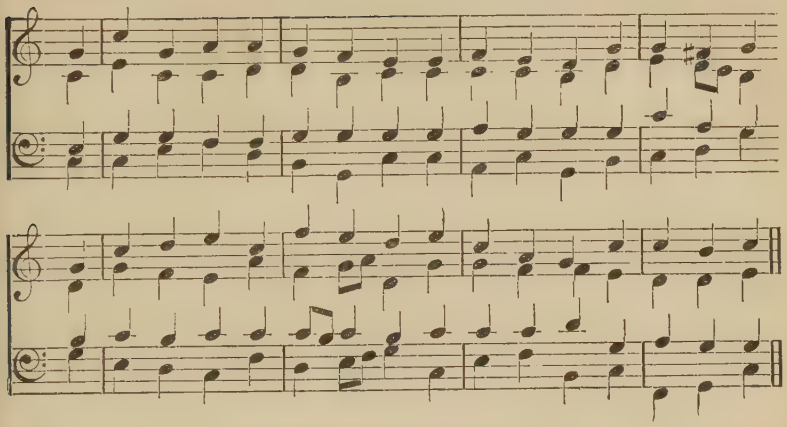


A - men.

H. F. LYTE. (?) D. A. THRUPP. (?)

108

CRASSELIUS. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690.



A merciful and faithful High Priest.

m 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

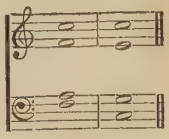
mp 2 He, who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
mf Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

mp 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

mf 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.



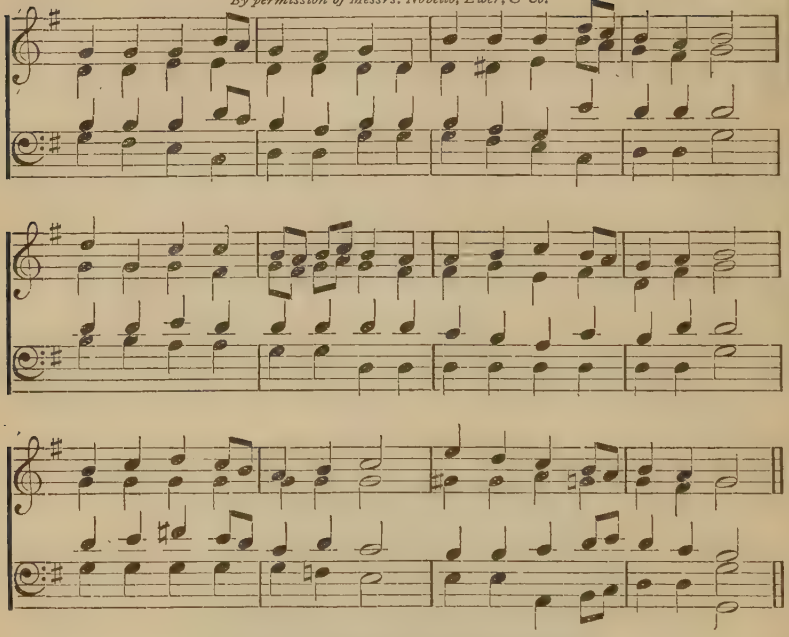
A - men.

MICHAEL BRUCE. (?)

109

GOUNOD. GOUNOD.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

mf 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

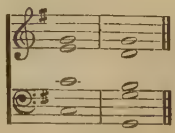
mp 2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
mf This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

m 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
mf Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same; [friends,
Still He calls them brethren,
And to all their wants attends.

mp 4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
m Yet this glorious Friend and Brother [thus;
Loves us, though we treat Him
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

mp 5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
p We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
mf But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

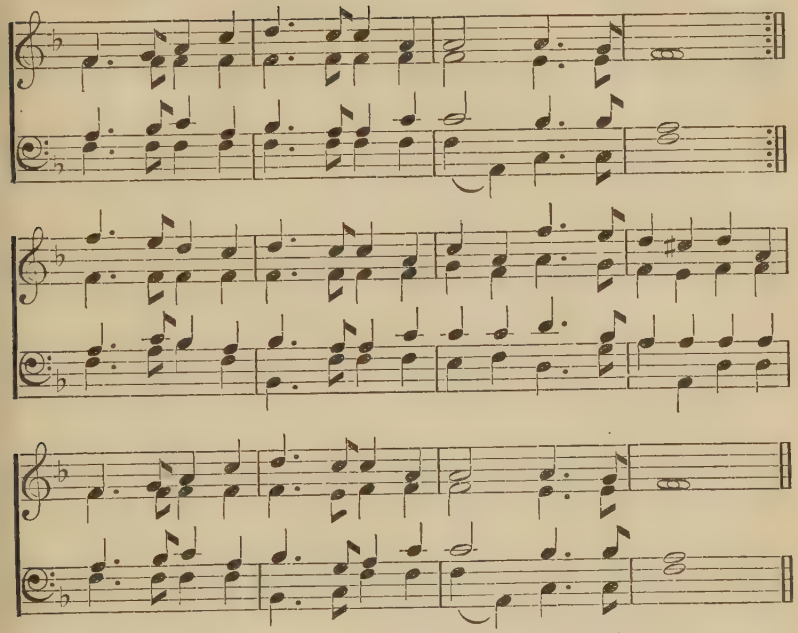
JOHN NEWTON.



A - men.

110

TENDERNESS. R. W. BEATY.



There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

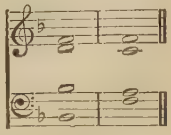
mf 1 ONE is kind above all others;
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how He loves! [us,
mp Earthly friends may fail and leave
This day soothe, the next day
grieve us, [us;
m But this Friend will ne'er deceive
O how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him;
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe
O how He loves! [Him;

mp With His precious blood He bought
us,
c In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us;
O how He loves!

m 3 We have found a friend in Jesus;
O how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us;
O how He loves! [Him
mf How our hearts delight to hear
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!
Why should we distrust or fear
O how He loves! [Him?

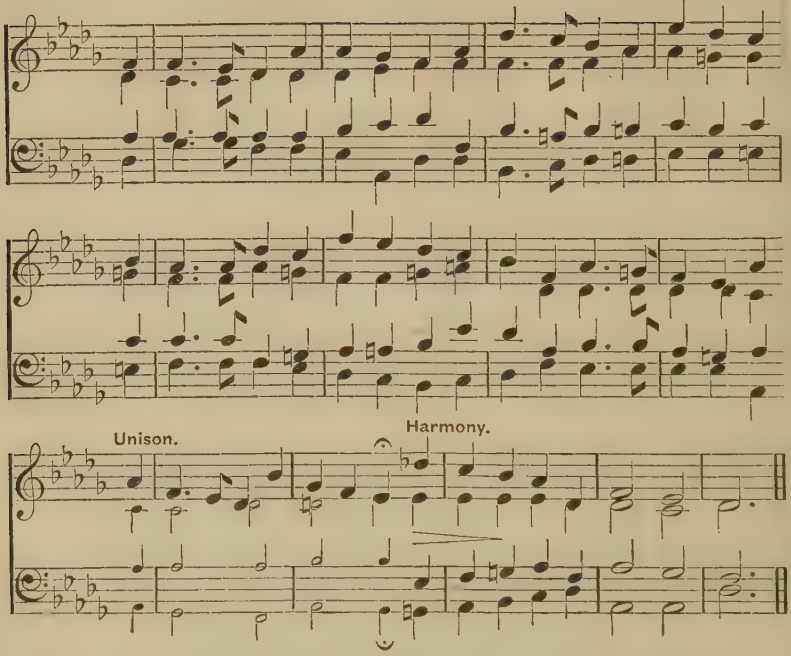
f 4 All our sins shall be forgiven;
O how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven;
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us;
O how He loves! MARIANNE NUNN.



A - men.

111

REST. JOHN STAINER.



In all their affliction He was afflicted.

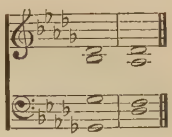
m 1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet!—
Christ trod this very path before;
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

mp 2 Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The sweet remembrance will remain—
More deeply did He suffer here!
His life how truly sad and brief,
Fill'd up with suffering and grief!

m 3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When, worn, and in a feeble hour,
The Tempter came with all his power.

m 4 Just such as I this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now so He has been.
c My God, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

JAMES EDMESTON.



112

LOWTON. ALBERT LOWE.

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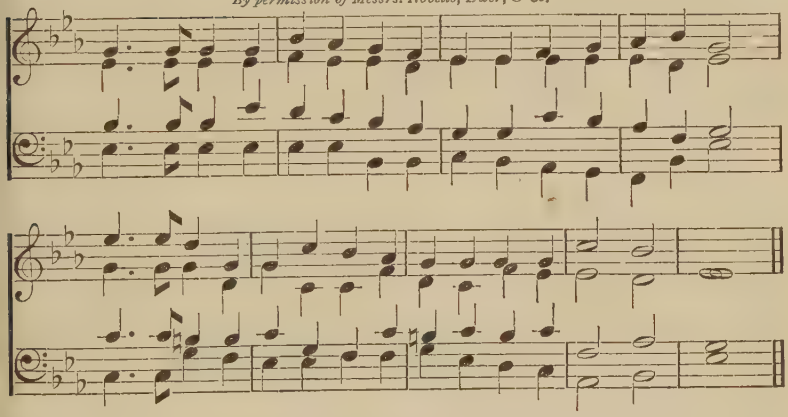
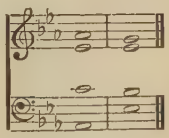


The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me.

m 1 ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy breast to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

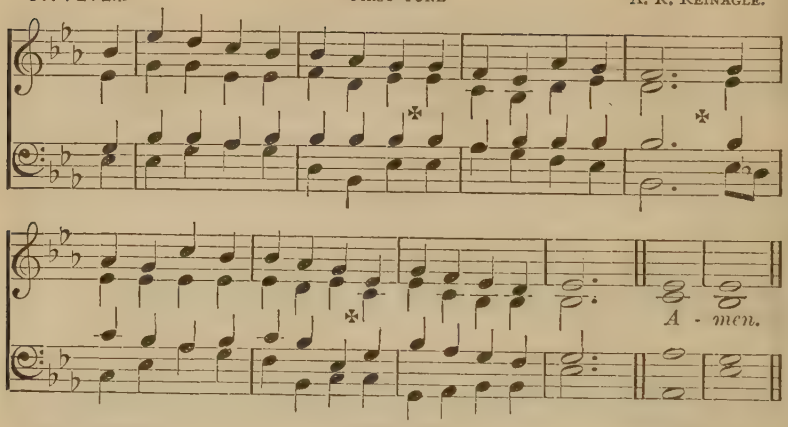
mf 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen;
Long endurance wins the crown;
d When the evening shadows lengthen,
c Thou shalt lay the burden down.



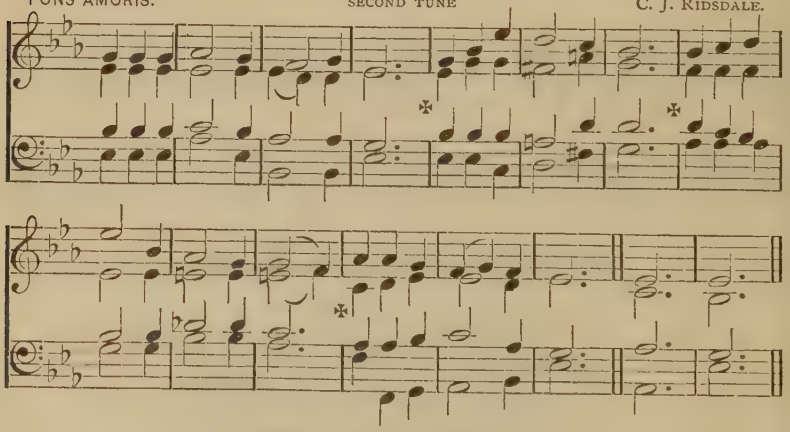
THOMAS MACKELLAR.

113

ST. PETER. FIRST TUNE A. R. REINAGLE.



FONS AMORIS. SECOND TUNE C. J. RIDSDALE.



Blessed be His glorious Name for ever.

m 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

mf 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

m 4 [By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.]

mf 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

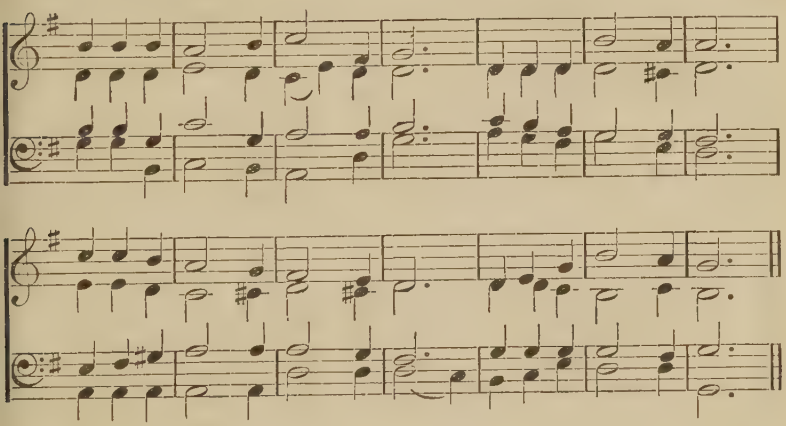
p 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
c But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

m 7 [Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!] *Amen.*

JOHN NEWTON.

114

ST. AGNES, DURHAM. J. B. DYKES.



Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.

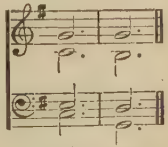
mp 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
c But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

m 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find [name,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Saviour of mankind!

mf 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

f 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

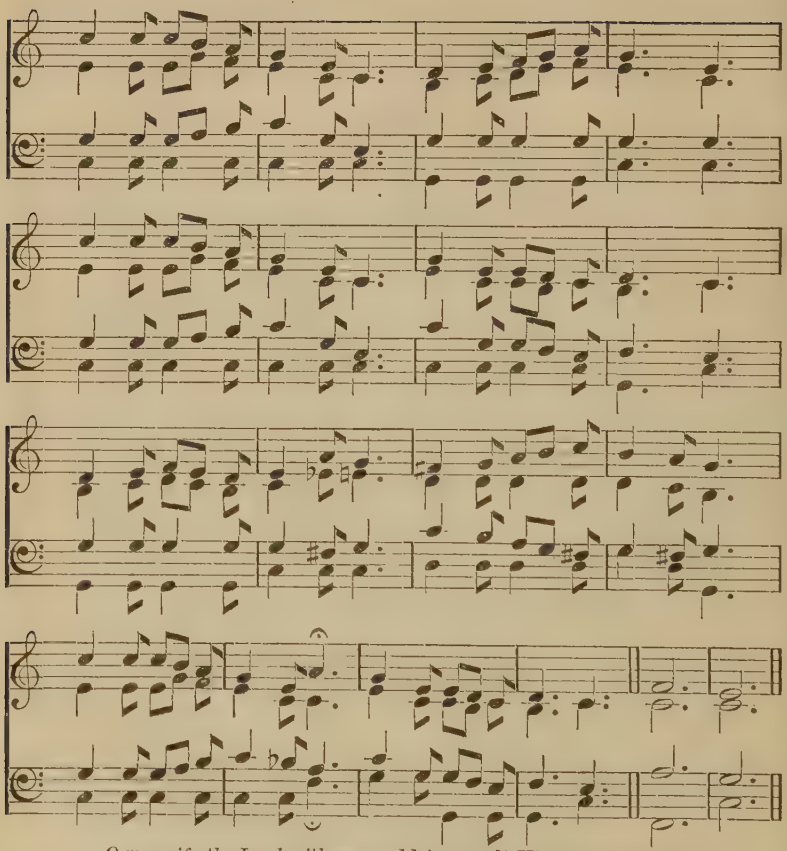


A - men.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (?), *v.* 5, ANON.,
tr. EDWARD CASWALL.

115

JOYFUL SONG.



O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.

mf 1 Be our joyful song to-day,
'Jesus, only Jesus!
He who takes our sins away,
Jesus, only Jesus!'
Name with every blessing rife,
Be our joy and hope through life,
Be our strength in every strife,
Jesus, only Jesus!

mp 2 Once we wander'd far from God,
Knowing not of Jesus,
Treading still the downward road
Leading far from Jesus;
m Till the Spirit taught us how
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
c And we fain would follow now
Jesus, only Jesus.

mf 3 Be our trust through years to come,
Jesus, only Jesus!
Password to our heavenly home,
Jesus, only Jesus!
c Then from sin and sorrow free,
On through all eternity,
f This our theme and song shall be,
Jesus, only Jesus! *Amen.*

S. P. PEARCE.

116

LAUDES DOMINI. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

In quick time.

Daily shall He be praised.

mf 1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

m 2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

p 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
c A solace here I find,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
c My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

mf 4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

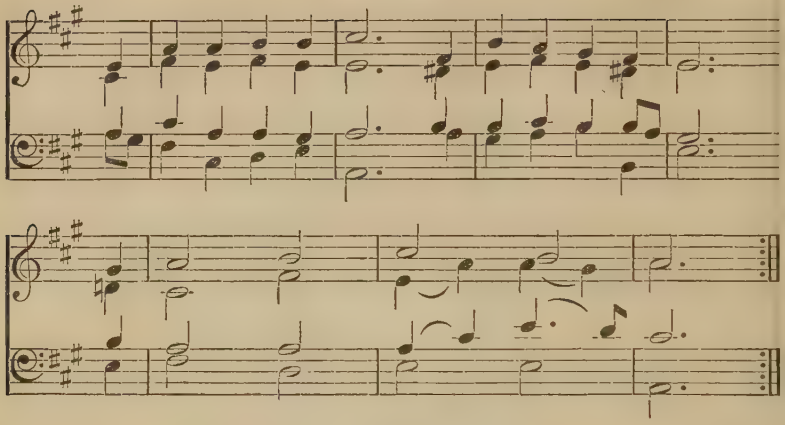
f 5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

A - men.

ANON. GER., *tr.* EDWARD CASWALL.

116

ST. ODE. SECOND TUNE R. R. CHOPE.



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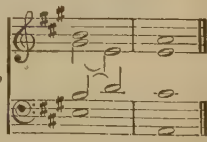
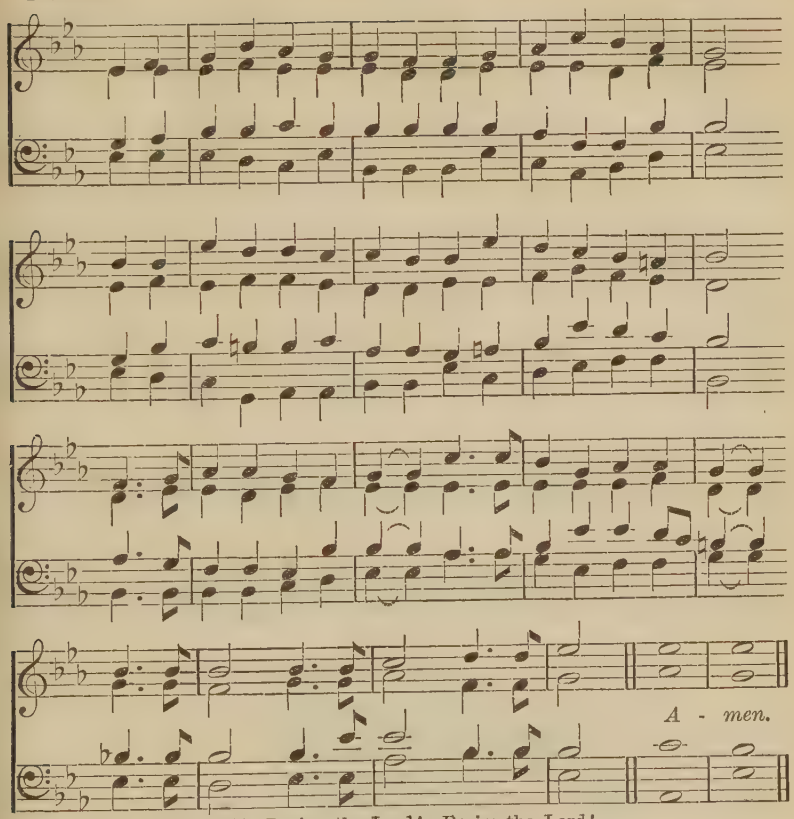


A - men.

ANON. GER., *tr.* EDWARD CASWALL.

117

LYONESSE. H. J. FOSTER.



Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
I will praise Thy name for Thy loving-kindness.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, for Thy love we praise Thee,
Love that brought Thee down to earth;
Like the angels we would praise Thee,
Singing welcome at Thy birth.
m Let Thy star, through all our gloom,
Guide us to Thy lowly home.
mf Praise the Lord!

2 Saviour, for Thy life we praise Thee,
Life that brings us from the dead;
Like the children we would praise Thee;
m Lay Thine hands upon our head;
Call us, as Thou didst of old,
Little lambs into Thy fold.
mf Praise the Lord!

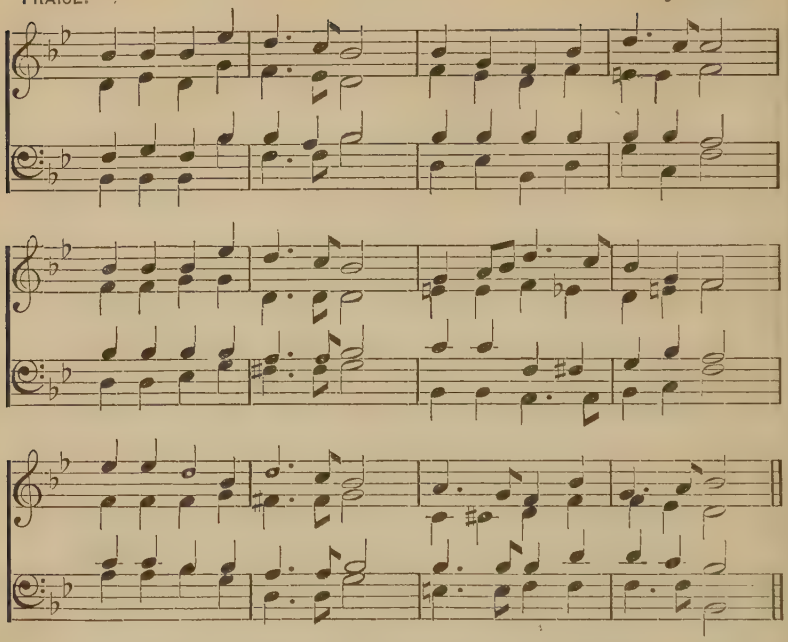
mf 3 Saviour, for Thy death we praise Thee,
Death that is our hope of life;
Like the ransom'd we would praise Thee
Who have pass'd beyond the strife.
m Wash us in Thy cleansing blood,
Make us kings and priests to God.
mf Praise the Lord!

4 Saviour, for Thy love we praise Thee,
Love that lifts us up to Thee;
With the angels let us praise Thee,
Joining in their minstrelsy,
f All our love for ever telling,
And the mighty chorus swelling.
Praise the Lord! *Amen.*

MARK GUY PEARSE.

118

PRAISE. FIRST TUNE E. J. HOPKINS.



By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.

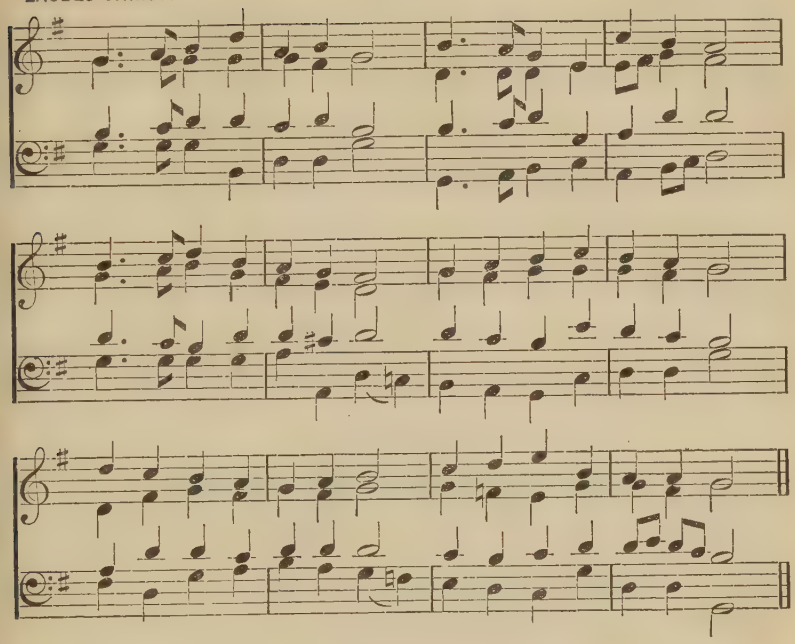
m 1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

m 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

m 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

118

LAUDES CHRISTI. SECOND TUNE R. RIACH THOM.

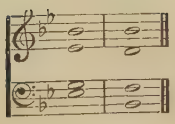


m 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise. *Amen.*

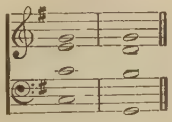
F. S. PIERPOINT.

FIRST TUNE.



A - men.

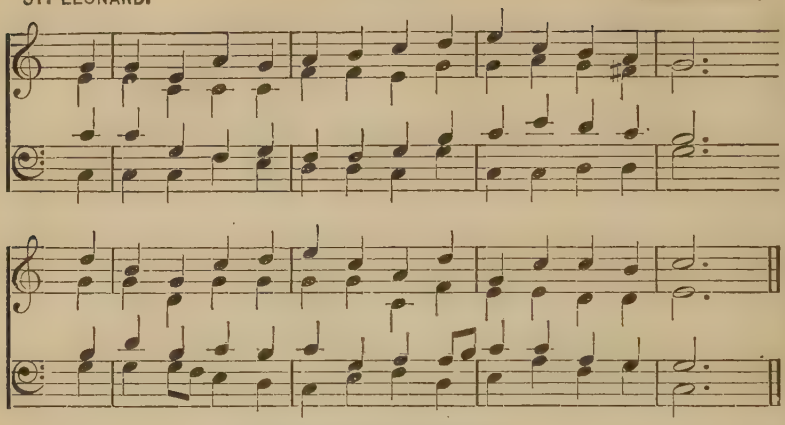
SECOND TUNE.



A - men.

119

ST. LEONARD. HENRY SMART.



The Promise of the Father.

m 1 THIS day the Lord's disciples met
According to His word,
And waited for the promised Gift
Of their ascended Lord.

m 2 All Israel that happy morn,
From furthest West to East,
With gladness for the ripen'd corn
Kept their great harvest feast.

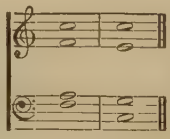
m 3 They press'd along the city streets,
And up the holy hill,
And pass'd that upper chamber where
The faithful waited still.

mf 4 But louder than the noise without
Came down the Wind Divine;
And brighter than the morning sun
Shone out the Fiery Sign.

m 5 [Wondering, the strangers gather'd round
From Parthia, Libya, Rome;
For each one heard the praise of God
In the dear tongue of home.]

mp 6 That mighty wind is silent now,
Those fires not seen to-day;
m But that great Gift our Master gave
Shall never pass away.

7 O greatest Teacher, surest Guide,
True Comforter, be here;
Make all Thy children feel and know
That Thou indeed art near.

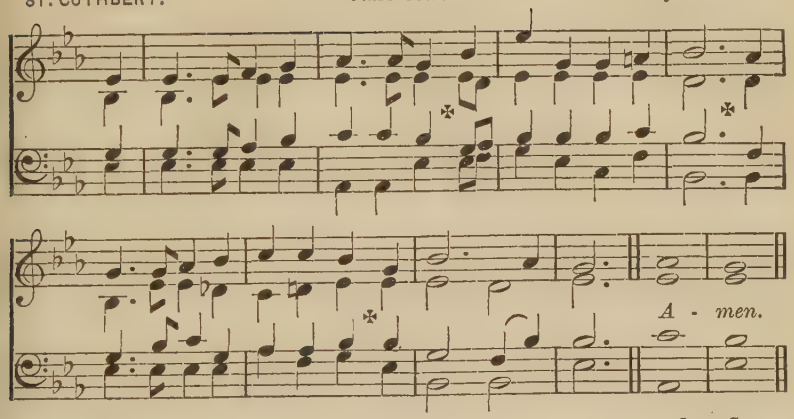


A - men.

JOHN ELLERTON.

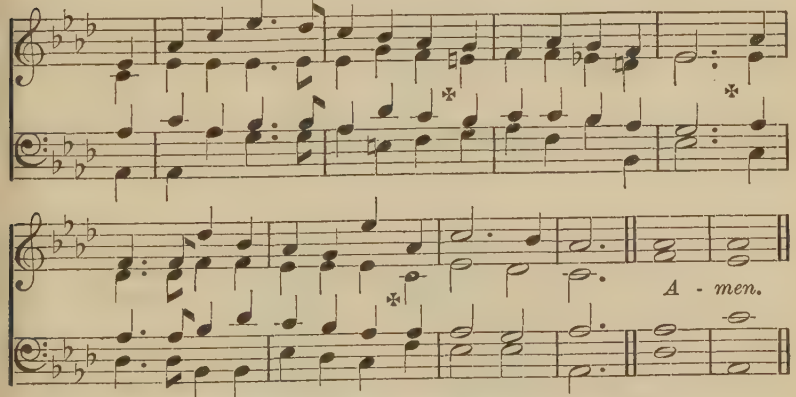
120

ST. CUTHBERT. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.



ROTHLEY. SECOND TUNE JOHN GOSS.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



The Comforter, whom I will send unto you from the Father.

mp 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeath'd.
With us to dwell.

m 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

mp 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

m 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

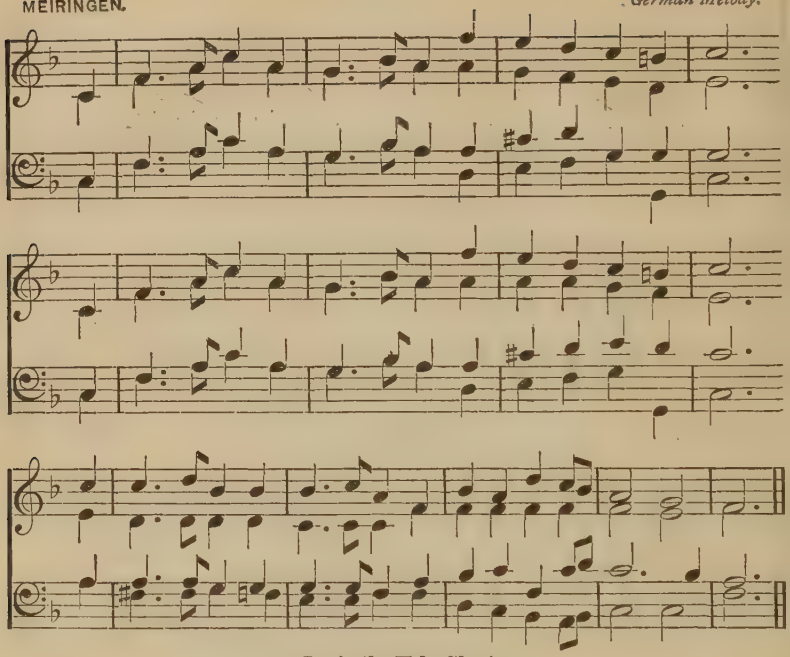
mp 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
c O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

mf *O praise the Father; praise the Son;*
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER.

121

MEIRINGEN. *German Melody.*



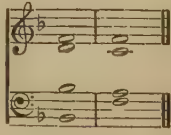
Joy in the Holy Ghost.

mf 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky:
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word:
f All hail, the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

m 2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:
f All hail, the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

m 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul His temple makes;
God's image stamps again:
f All hail, the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

m 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire:
mf Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

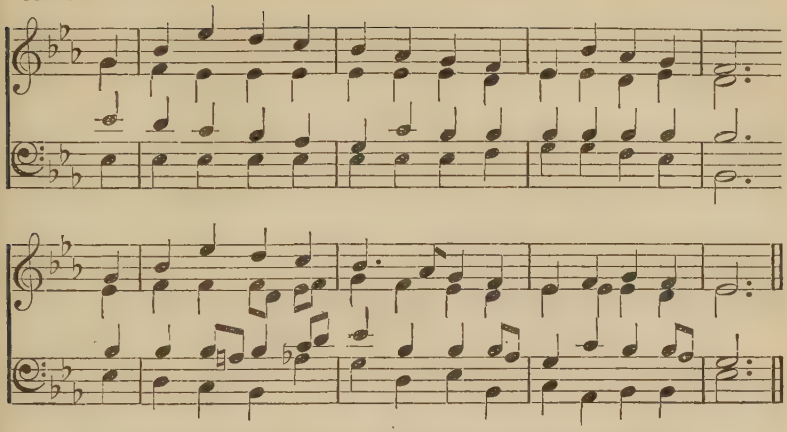


A - men.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

122

SUAVITAS. G. H. GREGORY.



The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.

m 1 O FIRE of God, the Comforter,
O Life of all that live,
Holy art Thou to quicken us,
And holy, strength to give,

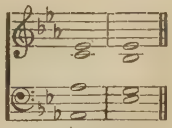
2 To heal the broken-hearted ones,
Their sorest wounds to bind,
O Spirit of all holiness,
O Lover of mankind.

3 O sweetest Taste within the breast;
O Grace upon us pour'd,
That saintly hearts may give again
Their perfume to the Lord.

4 O purest Fountain, we can see,
Clear mirror'd in Thy streams,
That God brings home the wanderers,
That God the lost redeems.

mf 5 And Thou dost ever teach the wise,
And freely on them pour
The inspiration of Thy gifts,
The gladness of Thy lore.

f 6 All praise to Thee, O Joy of life,
O Hope and Strength, we raise,
Who givest us the prize of light,
Who art Thyself all praise.

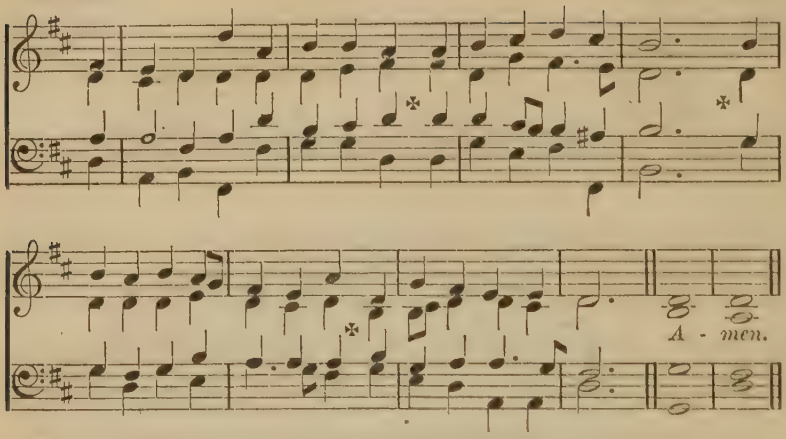


A - men.

HILDEGARDE (?), *tr.* R. F. LITTLEDALE.

123

METZLER. RICHARD REDHEAD.



The Spirit of truth, whom ye know, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

m 1 BLEST Spirit, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To guide so gently, day by day,
A sinful one like me!

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God I know
The sweetness is from Thee;

m 4 And when, Blest Spirit, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

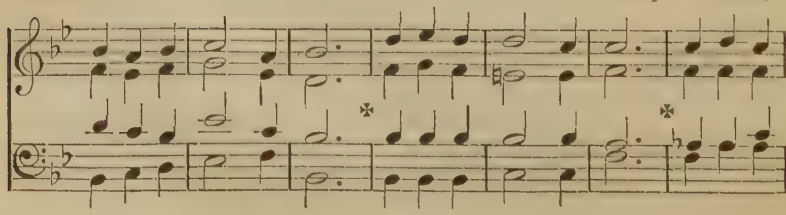
5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
But, when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

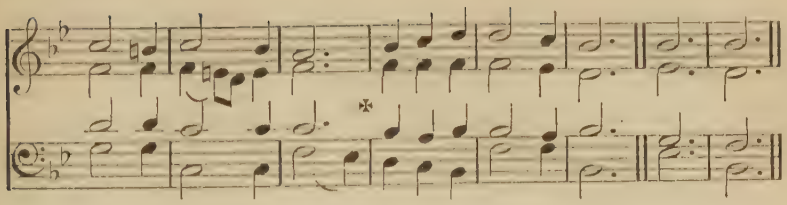
mf *Praise to the Father, and the Son,*
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee,
For all the kindness of the love
Wherewith Thou lovest me.

F. W. FABER.

124

SORREL HILL. H. J. E. HOLMES.





I will put My Spirit within you.

m 1 BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

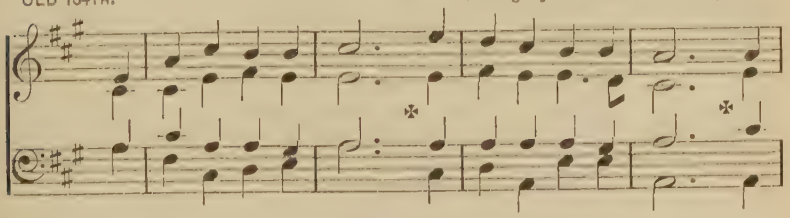
m 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

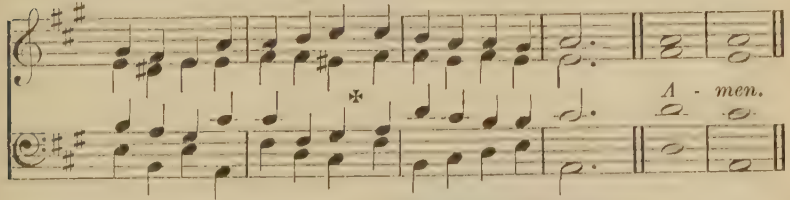
4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity. *Amen.*

EDWIN HATCH.

125

OLD 134TH. *Abridged from Genevan Psalter*, 1543.





The Spirit of truth will guide you into all truth.

m 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

mp 3 Convince us of our sin;
c Then lead to Jesus' blood,
c And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

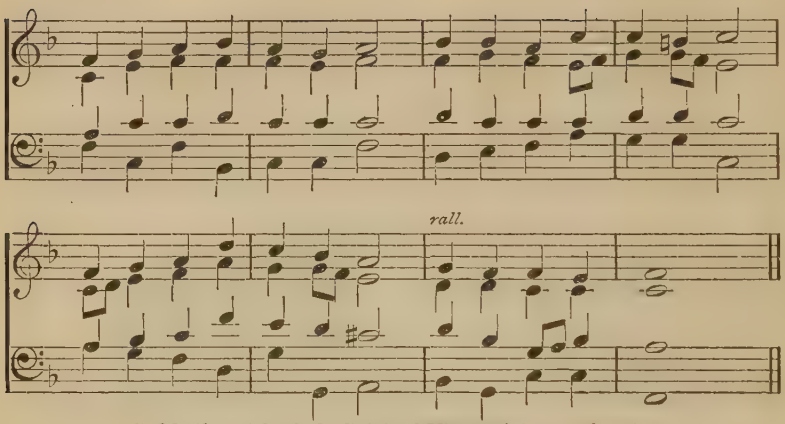
m 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
mf Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. *Amen.*

JOSEPH HART.

126

ST. AGATHA. FREDERIC SOUTHGATE.



God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts.

m 1 COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

mp 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

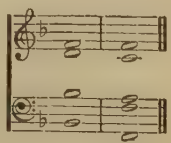
m 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

mp 4 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
m Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confess'd,
Comforter Divine.

mp 5 With us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

m 6 In us 'Abba, Father' cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

mf 7 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

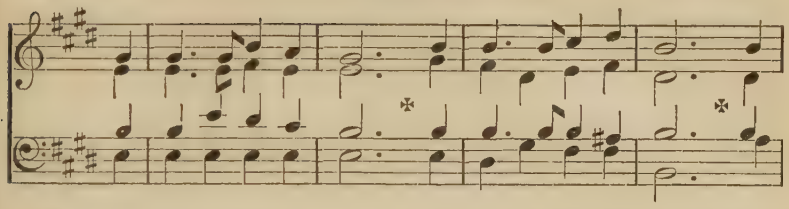


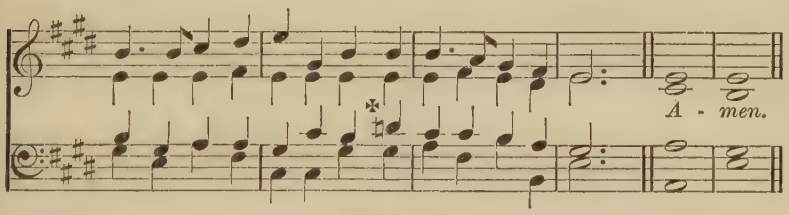
A - men.

GEORGE RAWSON.

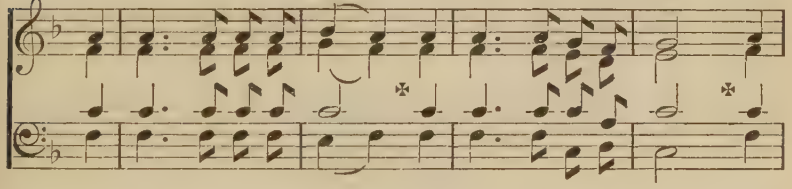
127

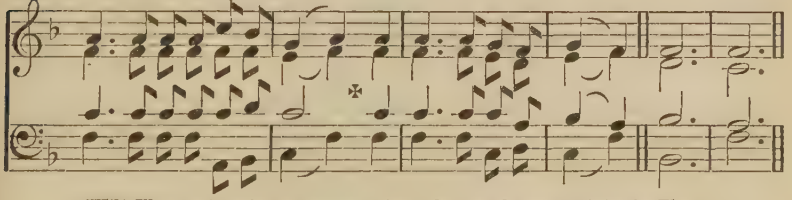
ALDERSGATE. FIRST TUNE G. P. MERRICK.





PEACE. SECOND TUNE RICHÁRD REDHEAD.





Wilt Thou not revive us again; that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?

m 1 O HOLY Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
O tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
O work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

mf 3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

m 4 We know Thou hast the power,
O let that power be shown!
We know that this is mercy's hour,
O make Thy mercy known!

5 We now besiege Thy throne,
We fall before Thy face;
Our only hope, Thy love alone;
Our only trust, Thy grace.

mf 6 We bless Thee for Thy grace,
And Thine almighty power;
We bless Thee for Thy holy place,
And this accepted hour. *Amen.*

OSWALD ALLEN.

128

MOUNT OF OLIVES. EDWARD BUNNETT.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

Refrain.

A - men.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth.

m 1 COME, O Holy Spirit,
While we meet for prayer,
Breathe Thy life within us,
Banish every care.

m *Come, O Holy Spirit,*
Fill us now, we pray;
Shed Thy beams around us,
Beams of perfect day.

m 2 Come, O Holy Spirit,
Gifts of grace impart,
m Comfort every mourner,
Bind each broken heart.

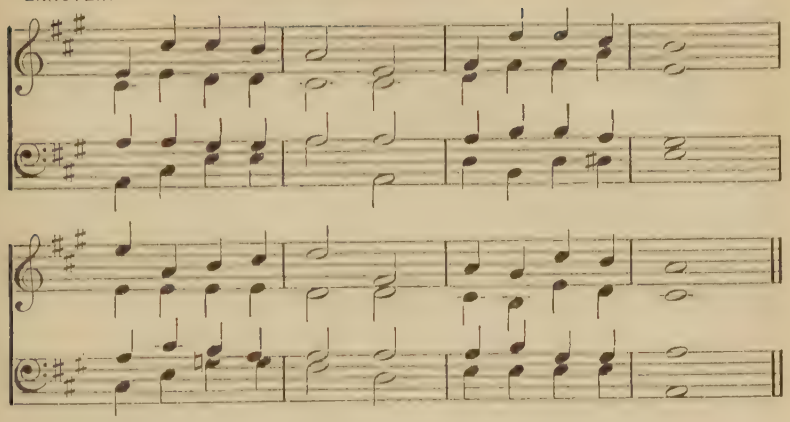
p 3 Some perhaps have wander'd
From the path of right;
mp Blessèd Holy Spirit,
Bring them home to-night.

m 4 Come, O Holy Spirit,
From our Saviour's throne;
With the blood He offer'd,
Seal us all His own. *Amen.*

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

129

ERNSTEIN. FIRST TUNE J. F. SWIFT.



Led by the Spirit.

m 1 HOLY Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing,
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

mp 2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

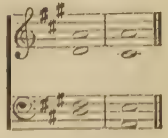
m 3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit, brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

mp 6 Holy Spirit, keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

m 7 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily by Thy might
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.



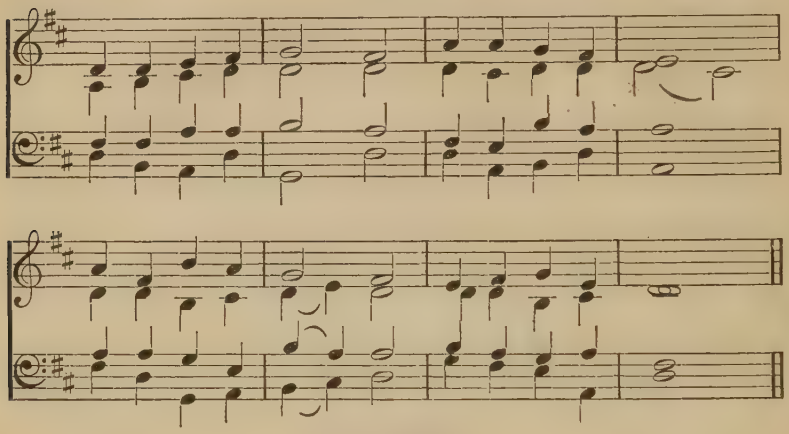
A - men.

W. H. PARKER.

NOTE.—'Ernstein' may also be sung to Hymn 128, with Refrain after last verse.

129

CLEWER. SECOND TUNE *Filitz's Vierstimmiges Choralbuch*, 1847.



Led by the Spirit.

m 1 HOLY Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing,
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

mp 2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

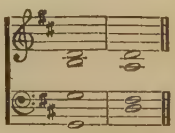
m 3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit, brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

mp 6 Holy Spirit, keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

m 7 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily by Thy might
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

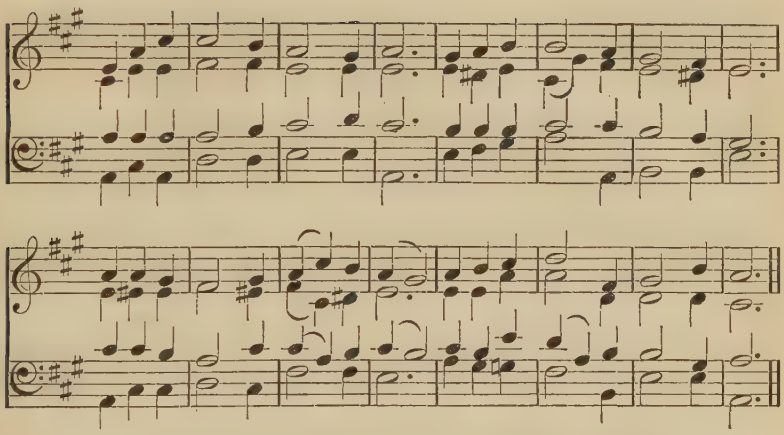


A - men.

W. H. PARKER.

130

HUMILITY. W. D. MACLAGAN.



I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.

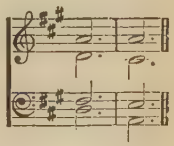
m 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

mf 4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

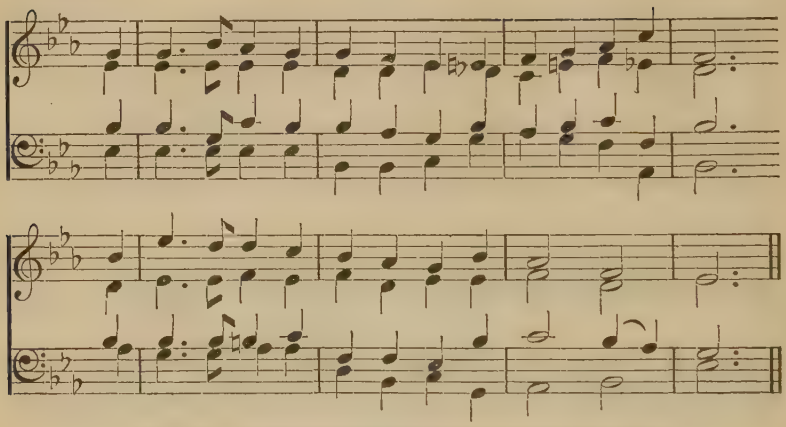


A - men.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

131

WREFORD. E. S. CARTER.



Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

mf 1 WE render thanks to Thee, O God,
That Thou to us hast given
A light that shineth on our road,
A light from heaven.

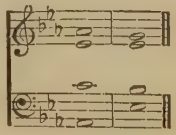
m 2 That Thou into the hearts of men
Didst breathe Thy Breath Divine,
From whence, as from a fount, again
Flow'd words of Thine.

3 The words that speak of lives that live,
And life beyond the grave;
Of Him who came that life to give,
Those lives to save;

4 Of Him who came as man to die,
To come as man again
On clouds of glory throned on high,
As Judge of men;

5 Who lived on earth, on earth who died,
To set His brethren free,
And left this message as their guide,—
'Remember Me.'

6 Then teach us humbly here to tread
The path that Saviour trod,
Till, by His quickening Spirit led,
We meet our God.

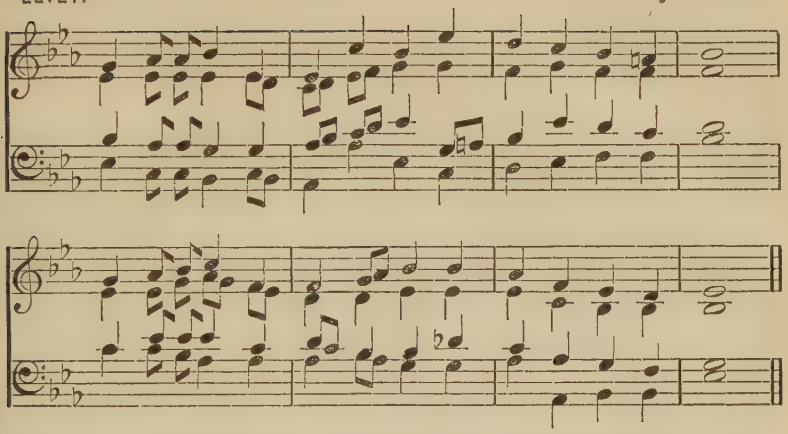


A - men.

GODFREY THRING.

132

ELVET. J. B. DYKES.



Thy words were unto me a joy and the rejoicing of mine heart.

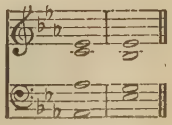
m 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

mf 4 Word of the ever-living God!
Will of His glorious Son!
m Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant that we aright may learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

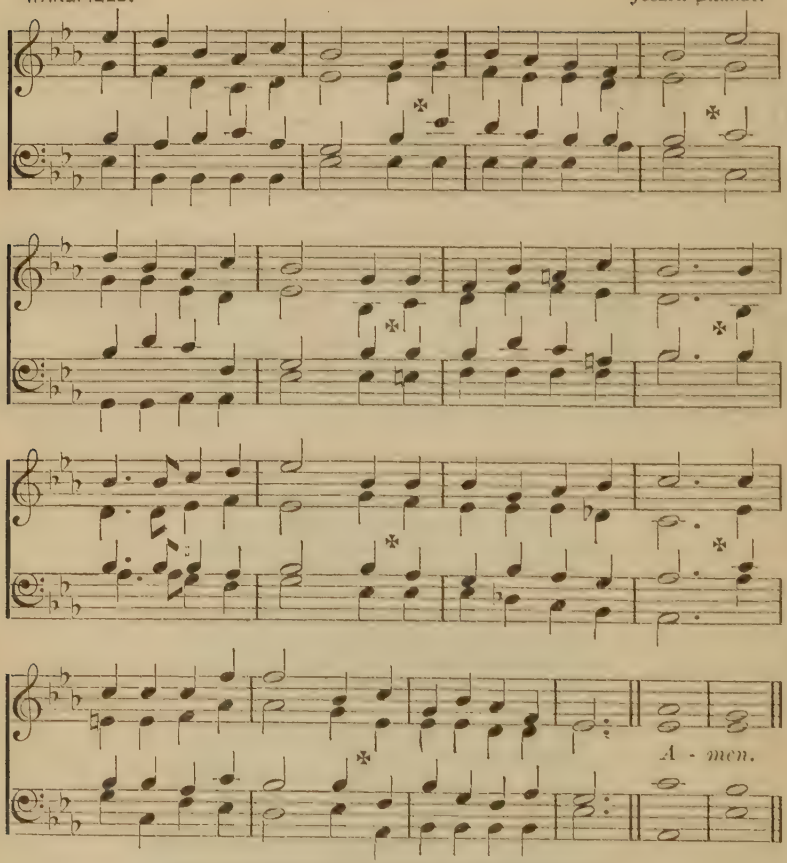


A - men.

BERNARD BARTON.

133

WAKEFIELD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light.

m 1 O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!

mf We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallow'd page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

mf It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word;

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurl'd;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

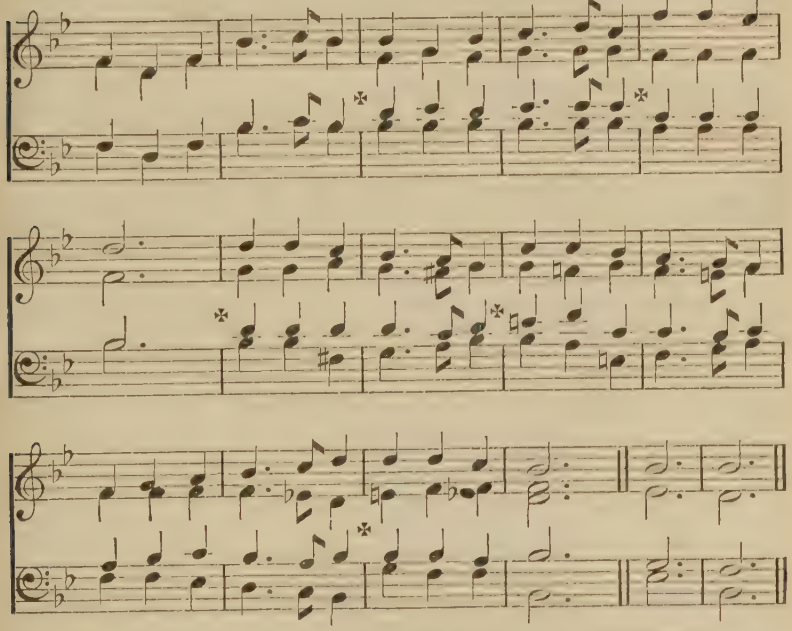
m 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old!

m O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face!

W. W. HOW.

134

DORCHESTER. *Waite's Hallelujah*, 1853.



Pray that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.

mf 1 LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy Word;
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed His Word.

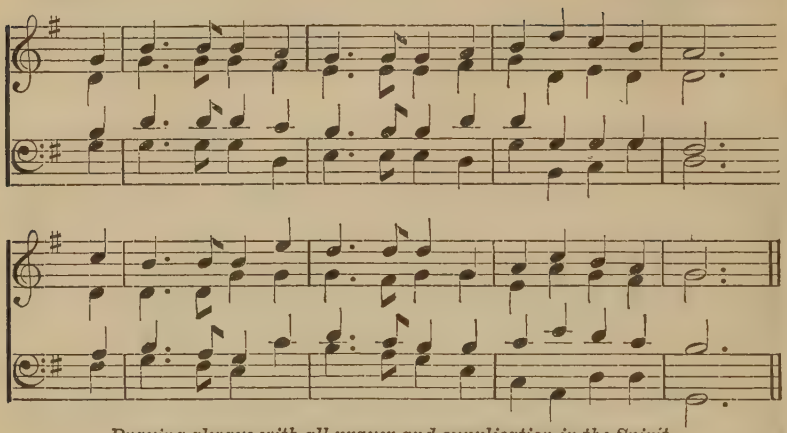
m 2 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy Word;
f One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His Word.

mf 3 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before;
His Word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His Word. *Amen.*

HUGH STOWELL.

135

ARTAXERXES. From T. A. ARNE.



Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.

R *m* 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere de-
Utter'd or unexpress'd; [sire,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

L *mp* 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

R *m* 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

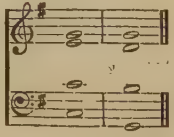
L *mp* 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
m While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

R 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

L 6 [The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.]

R 7 [Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.]

A *mf* 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

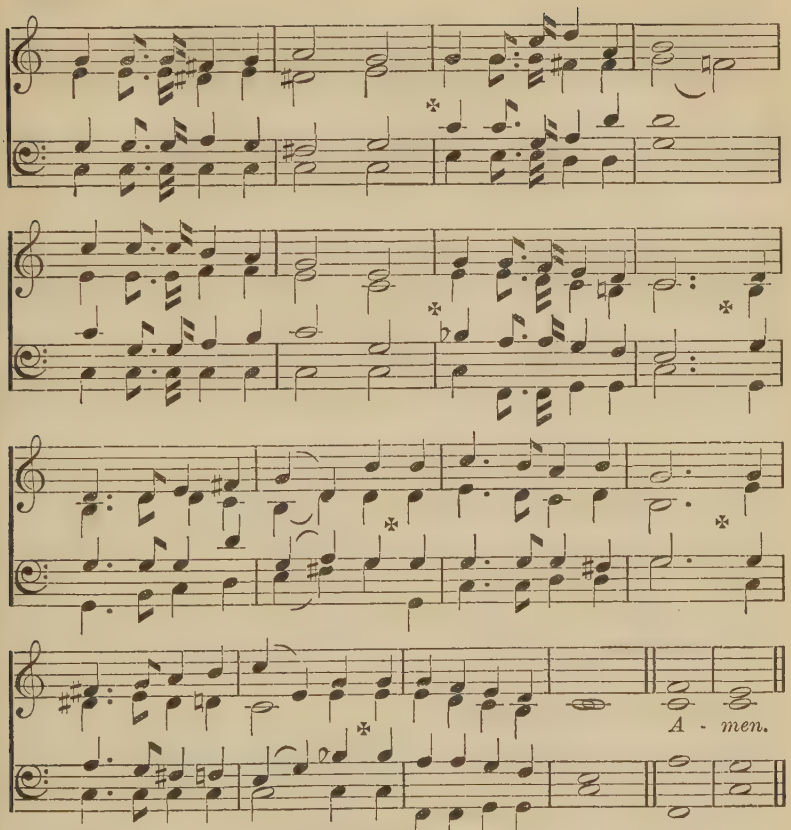


A - men.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

136

ALPHA. H. J. LESLIE.



Pray without ceasing.

m 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
mp Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
m Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.

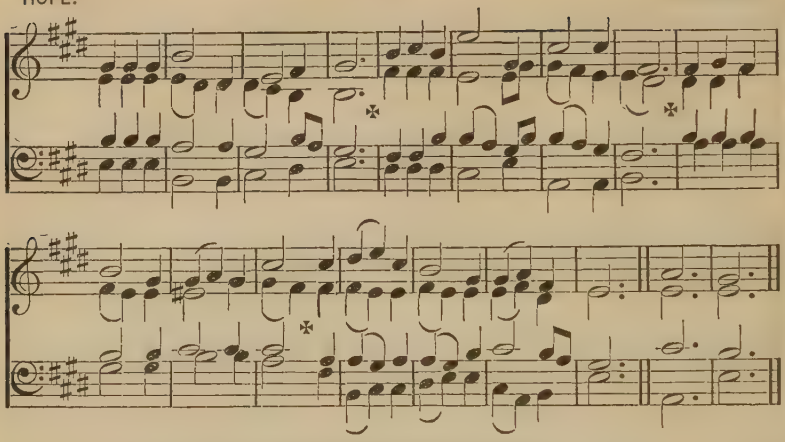
mp 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
m Even then the silent breathing
Of-thy spirit raised above
Shall reach His throne of glory,
Who-is mercy, truth, and love.

mf 4 O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He hath given us
To pour our heart in prayer.
m Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
And-remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all. *Amen.*

J. C. SIMPSON.

137

HOPE. H. S. IRONS.



They brought young children to Him.

m 1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His name;
And angels worshipp'd, as He lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He, who a little child began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to Me.'

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
m Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

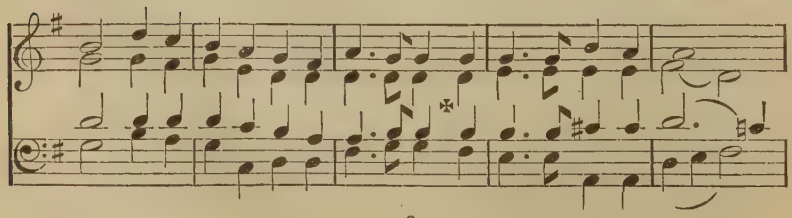
4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy [hand.

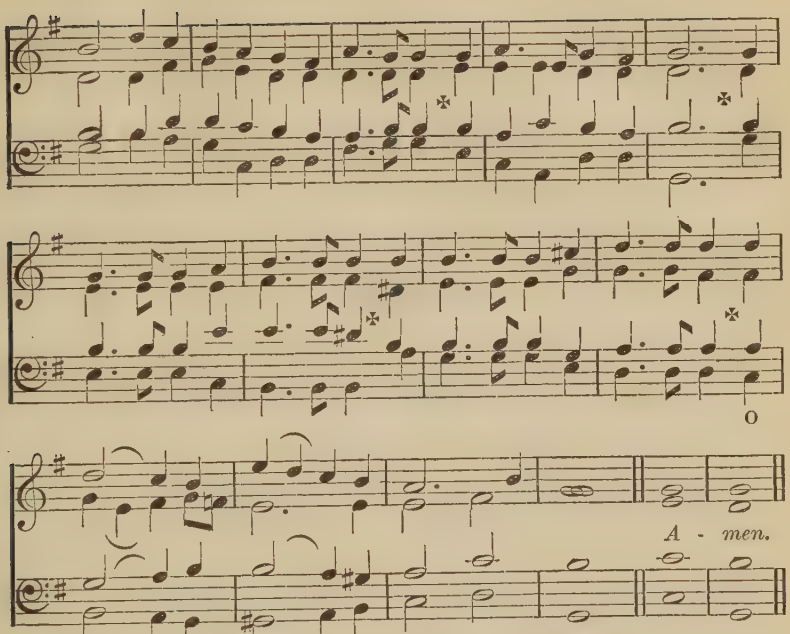
5 O Thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
mf May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

138

CHERITON. JOHN STORER.





The promise is unto you, and to your children.

m 1 O FATHER, Thou who hast created
In wisest love, we pray, [all
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er *him in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on his soul impress;
O Father, hear!

**or her.*

mp 2 O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take him to Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend him through this earthly strife,
And lead him on the path of life,
O Son of God!

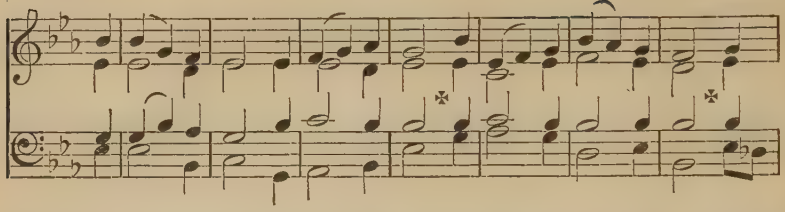
m 3 O Holy Ghost, who broodedst o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give him undying life, his spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant him, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

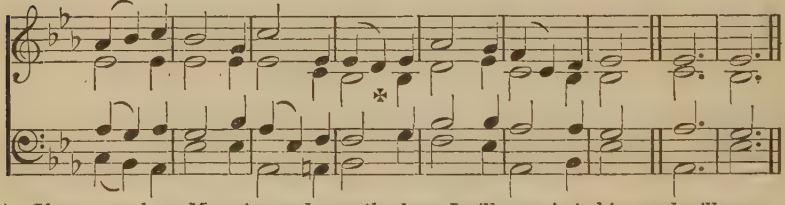
mf 4 O Triune God, what Thou command'st is done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on him Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God! *Amen.*

ALBERT KNAPP, *tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

139

LEICESTER. WILLIAM HURST.





If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.

mp 1 I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
m Speak but the word; one gracious [word
Can set the sinner free.

mp 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul; [there?
How canst Thou deign to enter
m Lord, speak, and make me whole.

mp 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay,
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and [blood
My ransom-price to pay?

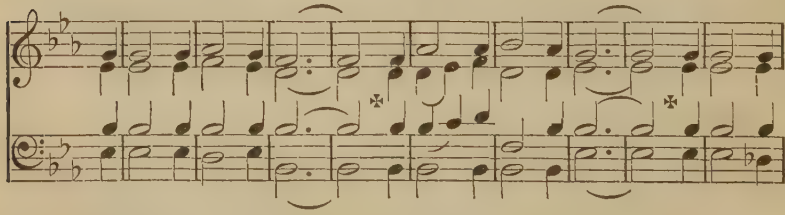
m 4 O come! in this sweet * morning
Feed me with food divine; [hour
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.
Amen.

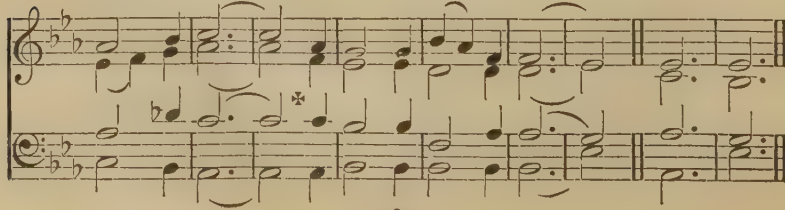
* *or* evening.

H. W. BAKER.

140

DOLOMITE CHANT.





My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee.

m 1 I HUNGER and I thirst;
Jesus, my manna be;
Ye living waters burst
Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
m Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

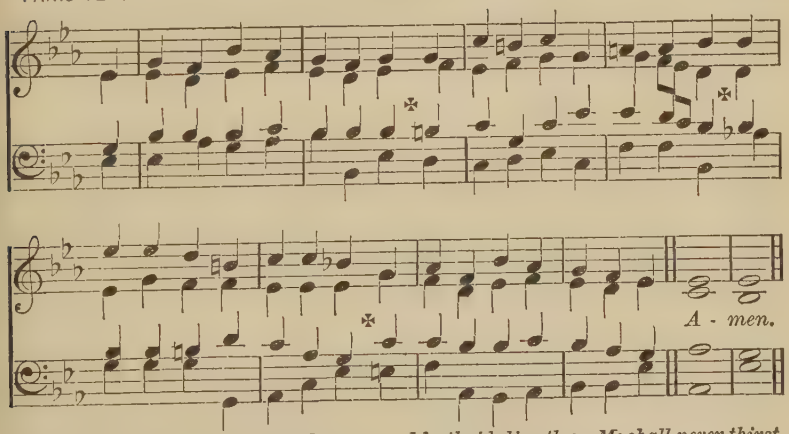
mp 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
m Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man;

mp 5 For still the desert lies
My fainting soul before;
m O living Waters rise
Within me evermore. *Amen.*

J. S. B. MONSELL.

141

PANIS VERUS. FIRST TUNE H.



He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

m 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
m We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
c Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

m 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
mf Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (?), *tr.* RAY PALMER.

141

CLAIRVAUX. SECOND TUNE G. J. ELVEY.

Verses 1-2.

Light of men! on Thee call; To

From the best bliss that them that seek Thee

Verses 3-5.

A - men.

He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst

m 1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

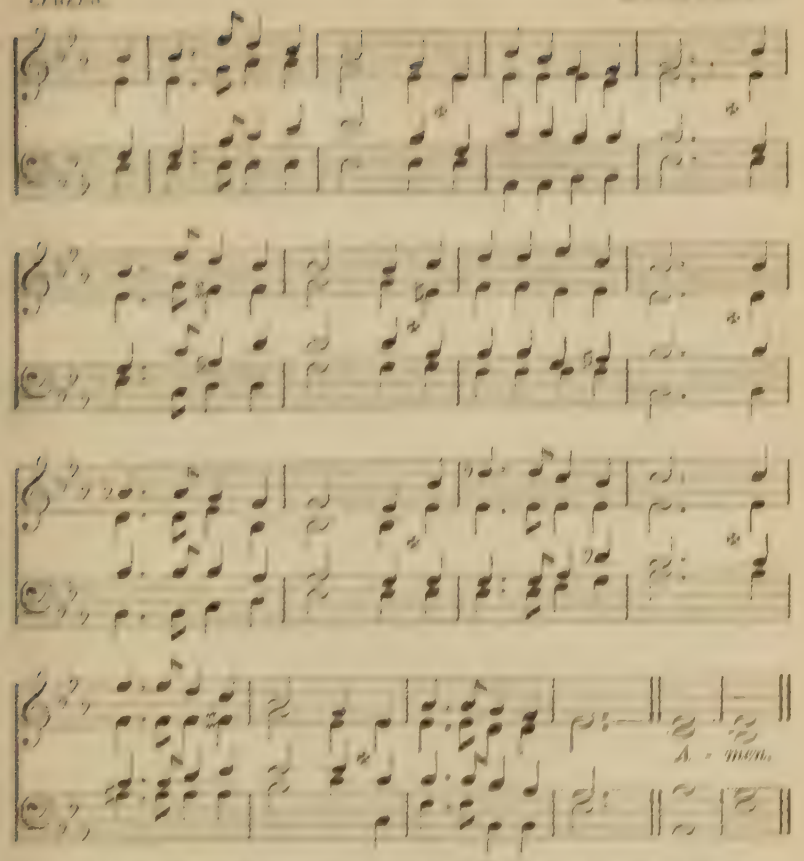
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
m We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
c Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

m 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
mf Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (†), *tr.* RAY PALMER



He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.

m f Sit down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

mf Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

m f 2 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy-laden,
And gives them kind relief.

mf His righteousness all glorious
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

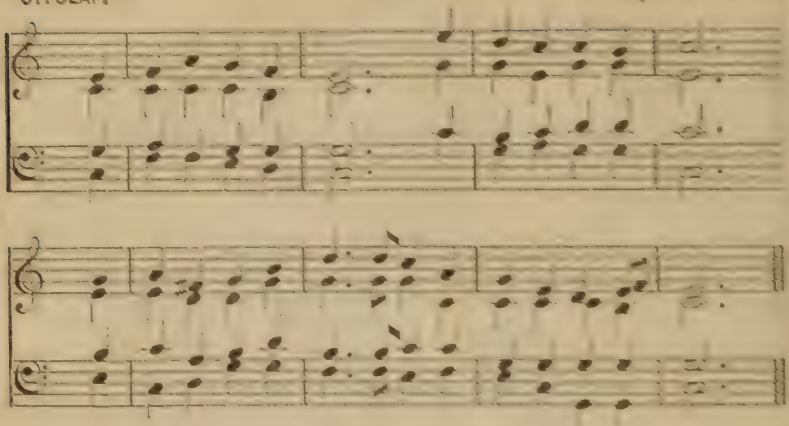
m f 3 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
c Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above;

mf Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

143

ST. OLAF. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



My flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.

m 1 SWEET feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

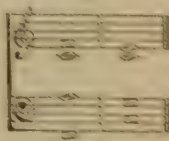
mp 2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

4 That blood that flow'd for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.

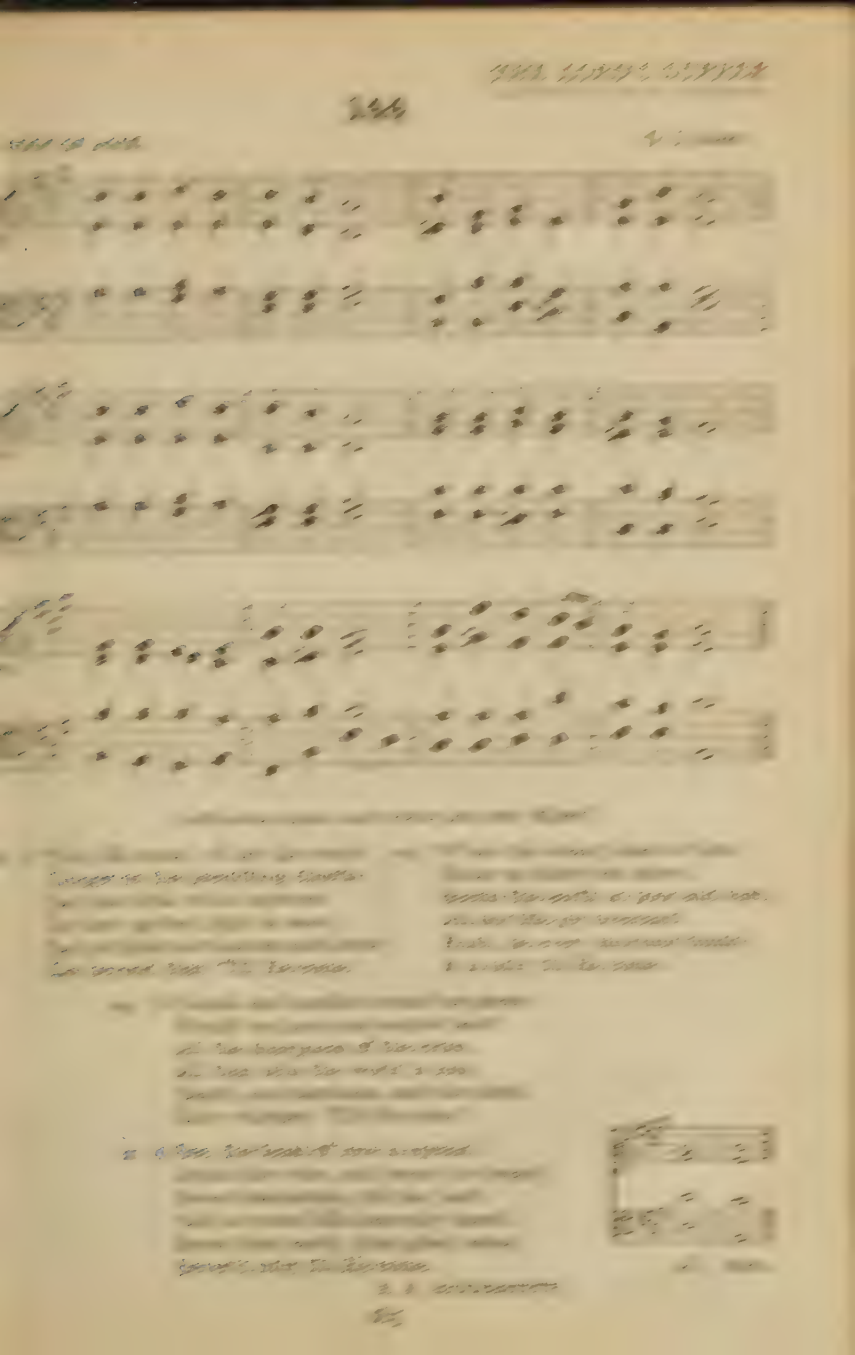
m 5 O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
mf What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet,

6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!



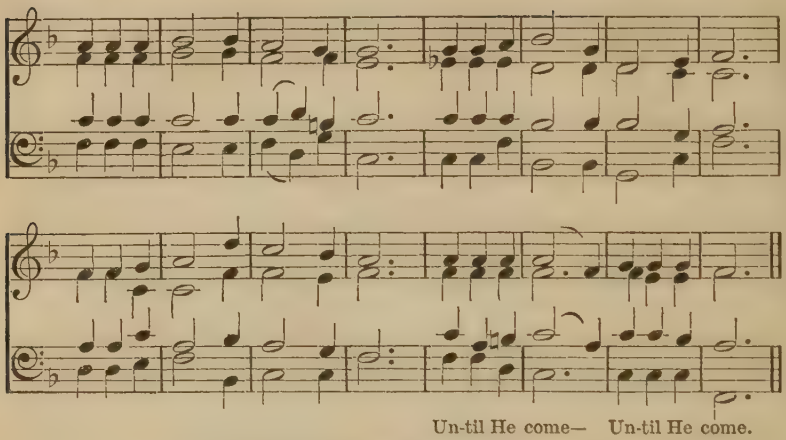
A - men.

EDWARD DENNY.



145

CALM. *Leeds Tune Book*, 1868.



Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.

mp 1 By Christ redeem'd, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

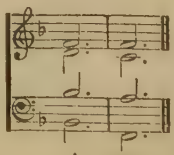
p 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

pp 3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

mp 4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come;

m 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirr'd,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come!

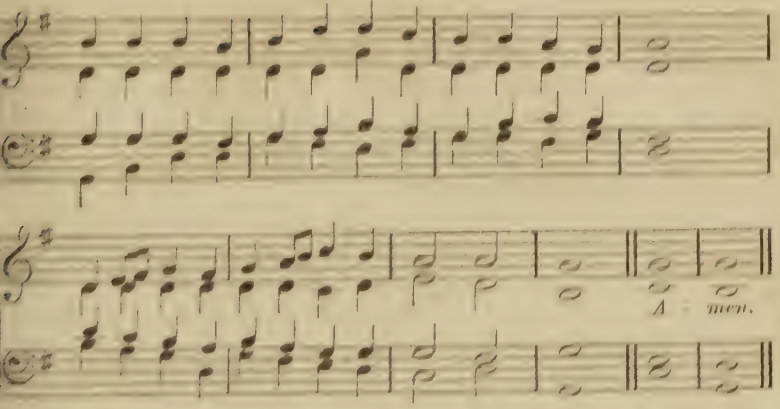
mf 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come.



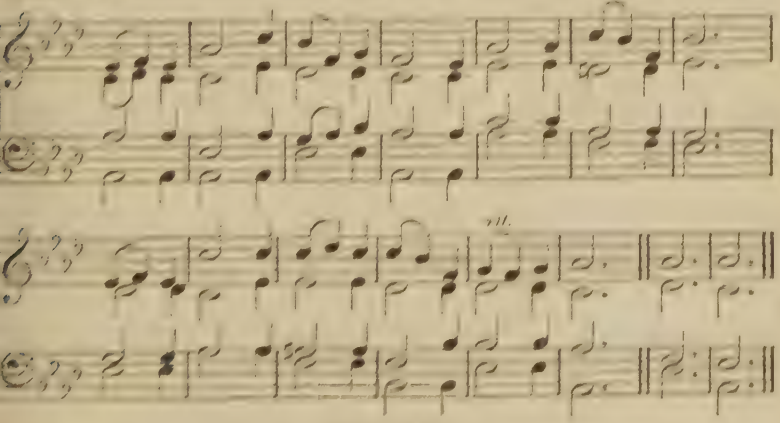
GEORGE RAWSON.

146

STEPHANOS. FIRST TUNE. H. W. BAKER.



BULLINGER. SECOND TUNE. E. W. BULLINGER.



Come unto Me.

mp 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
m 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and, com-
Be at rest.' ling,

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
p 'In His feet and hands are wound
And His side.' prints,

m 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
'Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

q m 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
h p 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

q m 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
h mf 'Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd.'

q m 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
h f 'Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.' *Amen.*

J. M. NEALE.

147

COME UNTO ME. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.

p

rall.

A - men.

Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.

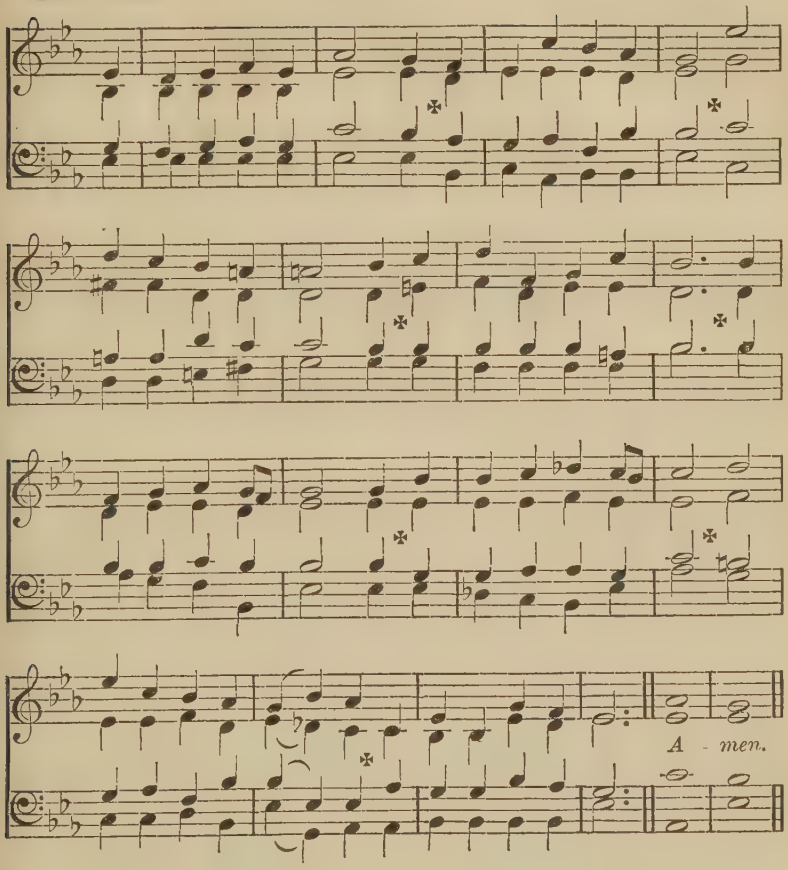
mp 1 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
m O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress'd!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

mp 2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
m O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
m But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

NOTE.—It is suggested that the first two lines of each Verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only, but if necessary they may be sung in Octaves by all the voices.

147

VENITE AD ME. SECOND TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.



mp 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
m O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
mp The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
c But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

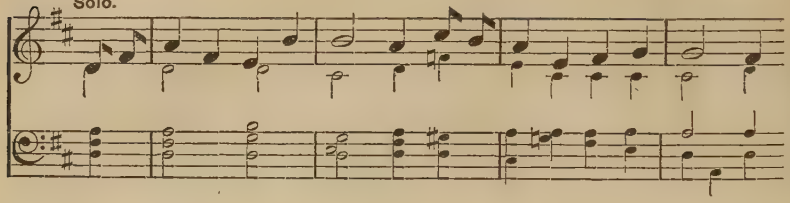
m 4 'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
mf O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!
Amen.

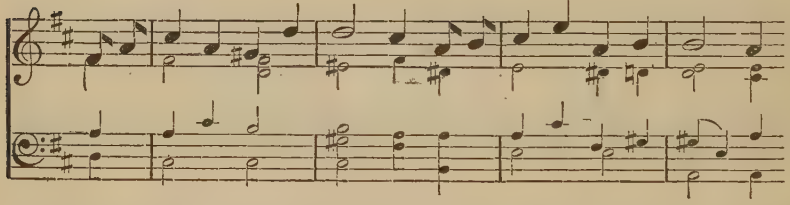
W. CHATTERTON DIX.

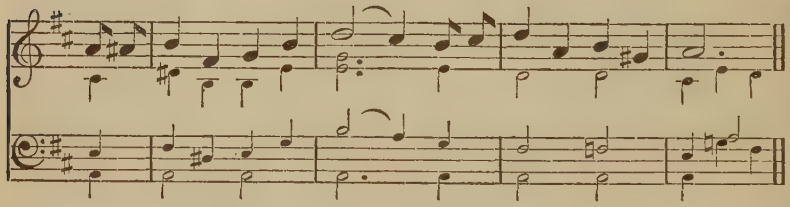
148

BRANDON. BERTHOLD TOURS.

Solo.







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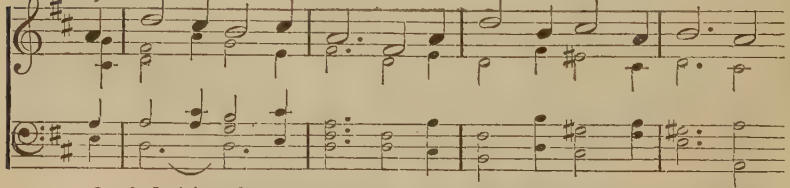
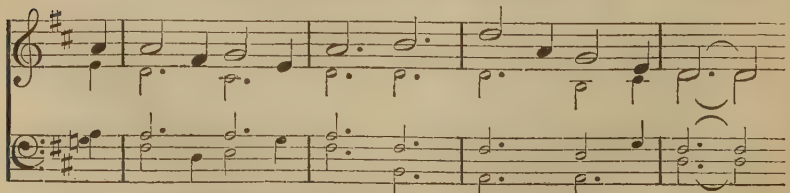
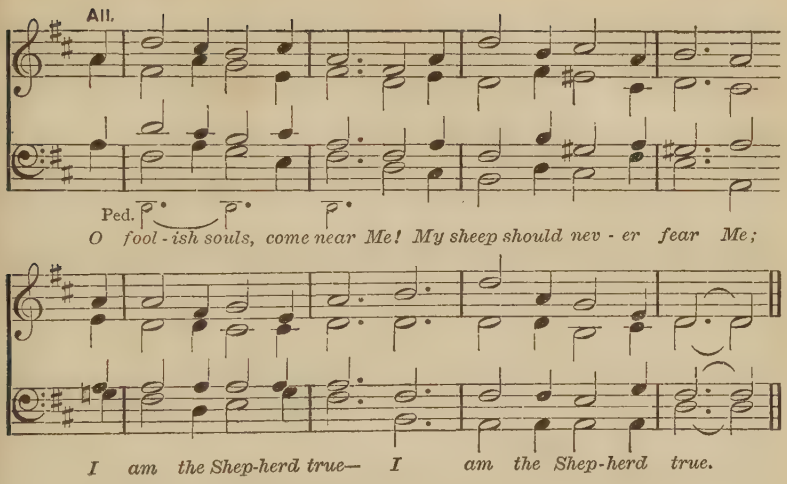


O fool - ish souls, come near Me! My sheep should nev - er fear Me;



I am the Shep-herd true— I am the Shep - herd true.



My people is foolish, they know Me not.

mp 1 I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,—

m *O foolish souls, come near Me!*
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

mp 2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
mp And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,—

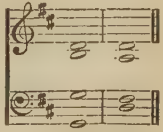
m *O foolish souls, come near Me!*
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

m 3 At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,—

m *O foolish souls, come near Me!*
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

m 4 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
mf But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,—

m *O foolish souls, come near Me!*
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.



F. W. FABER.

149

LUX MUNDI. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

Shame on us, Chris-tian bro - thers.

A - men.

While ye have the Light, believe on the Light.

mp 1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.

mf Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

p 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And, lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd.

m O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!

p O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

mp 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—

p 'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'

m O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;

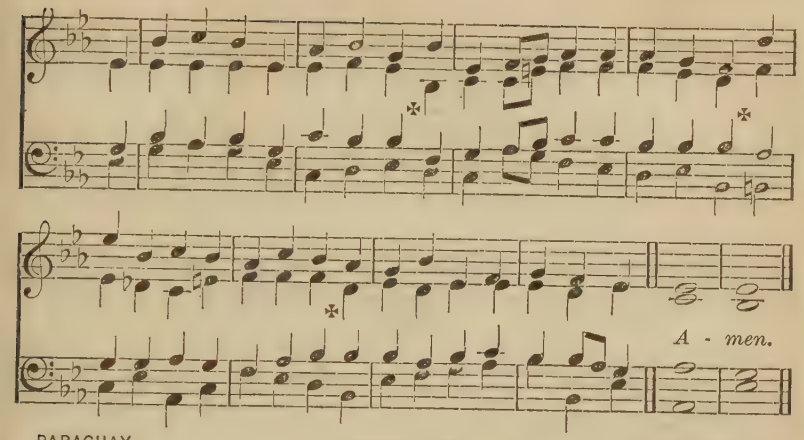
mf Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

† Omit this chord in verse 1.

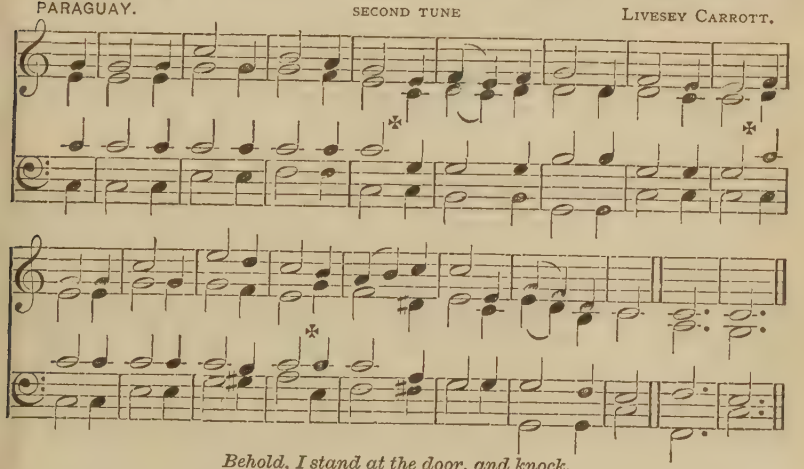
W. W. HOW.

150

ST. SEPULCHRE. FIRST TUNE GEORGE COOPER.



PARAGUAY. SECOND TUNE LIVESEY CARROTT.



Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.

mp 1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

m 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes

3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
mf No mortal tongue their joy can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

mp 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

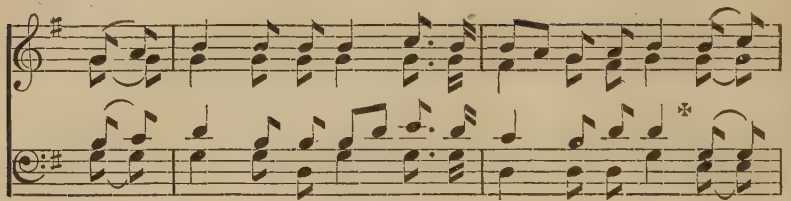
m 5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

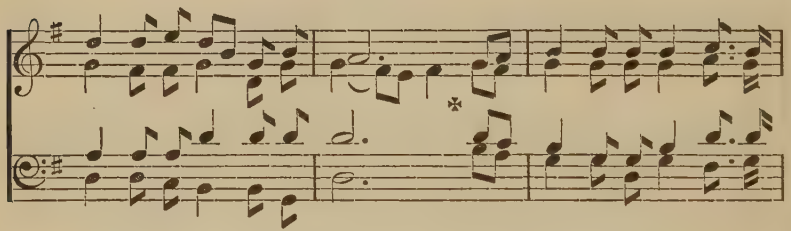
mf 6 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase;
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind. *Amen.*

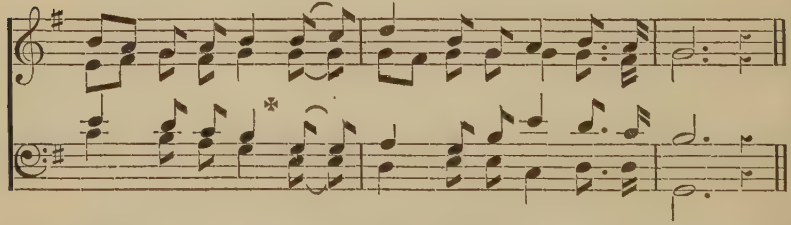
JOSEPH GRIGG.

151

LOOK AND LIVE. E. G. TAYLOR.







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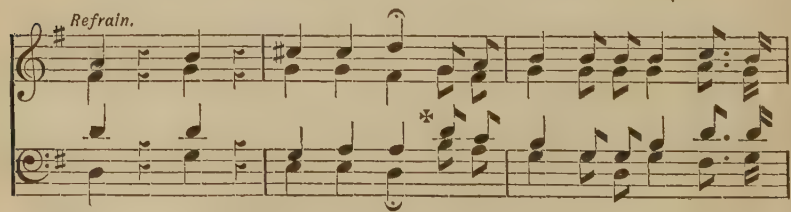
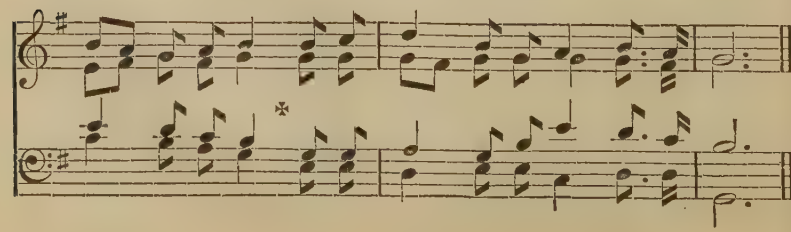




Look unto Me, and be ye saved.

m 1 THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree.

mf *Look, look, look and live!*
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

m 2 It is not thy tears of repentance, nor prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him then who shed it thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

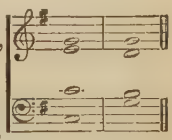
mf *Look, look, look and live!*
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

m 3 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appear'd,
And completed the work He begun;

mf *Look, look, look and live!*
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

mf 4 But take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.

mf *Look, look, look and live!*
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

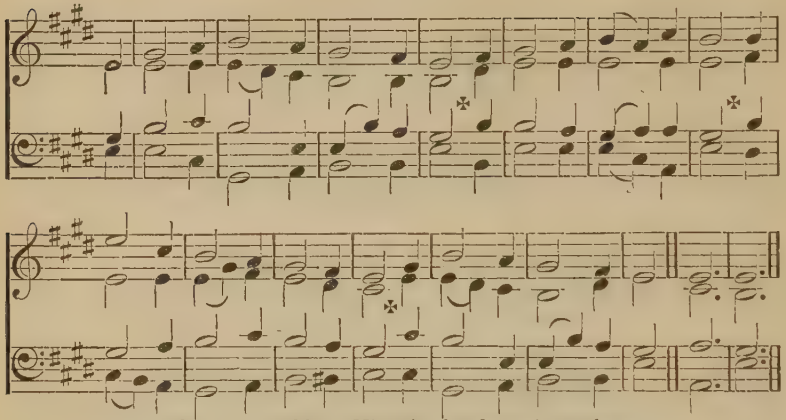


A - men.

A. M. HULL.

152

ERIN. *Ancient Irish Melody.*



To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart.

m 1 THE heavenly Father calls for thee,
O wayward, sinful child,
And asks thee in His gracious Word
To come—be reconciled.

2 His voice is speaking to thy soul;
The Spirit strives within;
He bids thee turn to Him this hour;
He 'll pardon all thy sin.

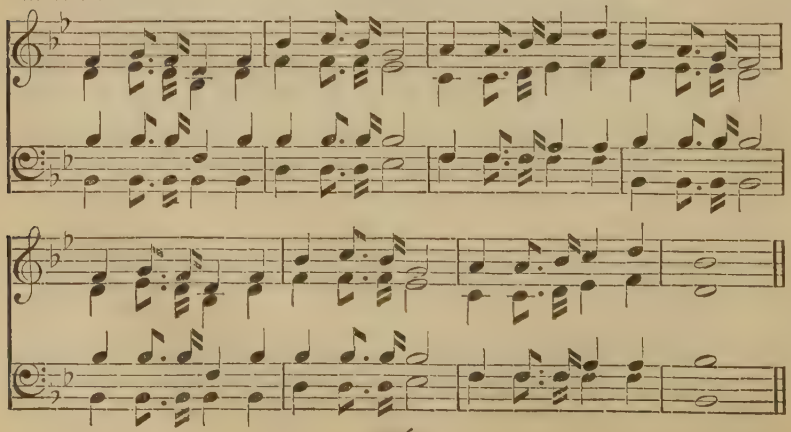
mf 3 O wondrous love that calls us home!
O height and depth of grace!
O sweet, constraining power that draws
Our hearts to seek His face!

4 The blessèd home-light shines beyond,
And open is the way;
'Tis sprinkled with the Saviour's blood:
Come, enter it to-day. *Amen.*

E. E. HEWITT.

153

INVITATION. G. F. ROOT.



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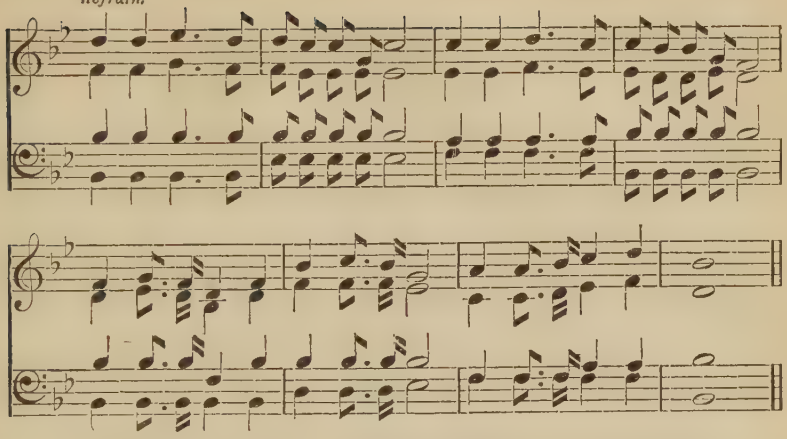


I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me.

Q *m* 1 COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His Word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He is standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, 'Come!'

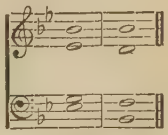
A *mf* *Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,*
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

Q *m* 2 'Suffer the children'; O hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice:
Do not delay, but come.

A *mf* *Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,*
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

Q *m* 3 Think once again, He is with us to-day;
Heed now His blest command, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
'Will you, my children, come?'

A *mf* *Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,*
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee
In our eternal home.

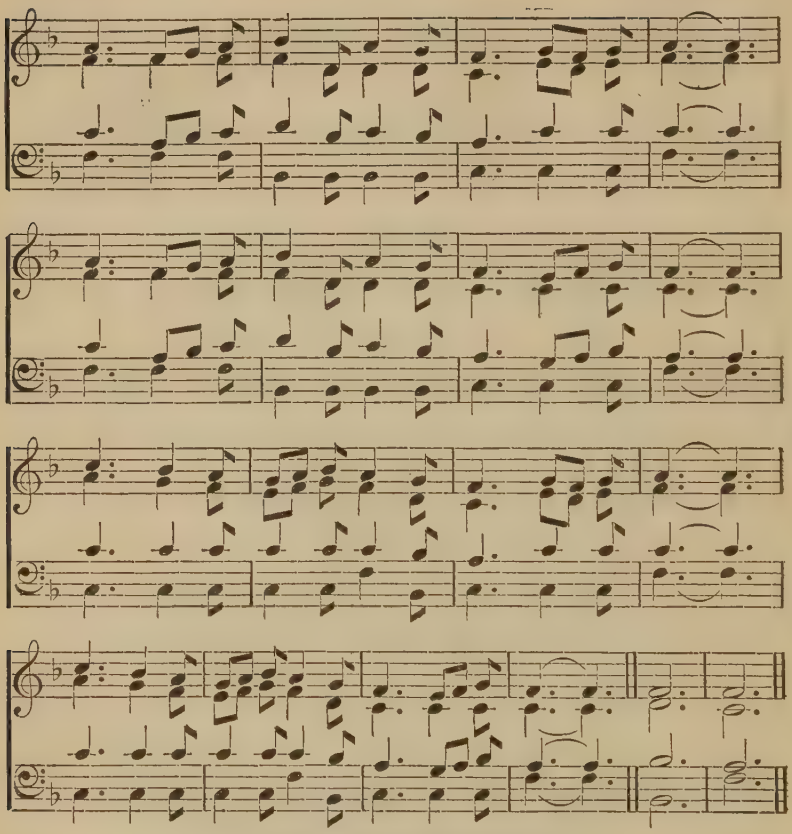


A - men.

G. F. ROOT.

154

COME, SINNER, COME. H. R. PALMER.



Behold, now is the accepted time!

m 1 WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him,
Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy-laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!

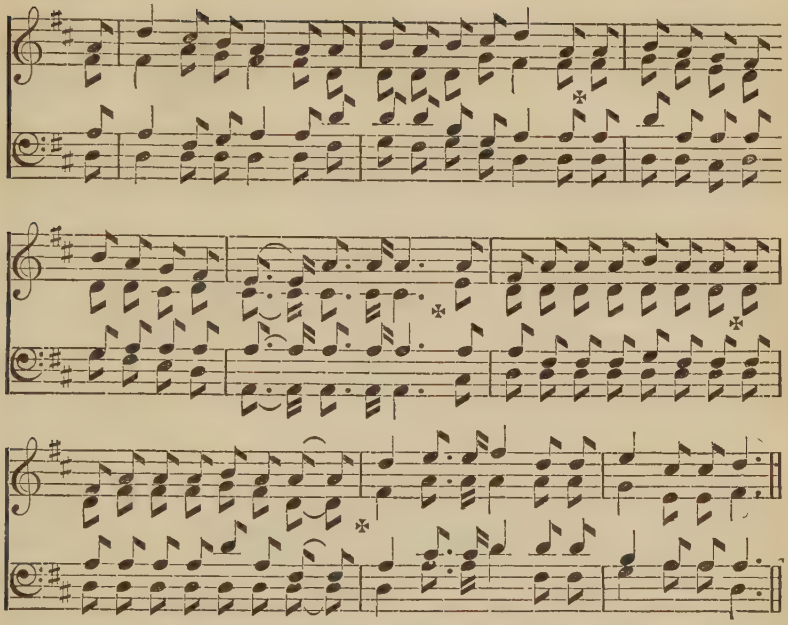
m Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will now receive you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 O hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come, and receive the blessing!
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come! *Amen.*

W. E. WITTER.

155

SPRINGTIME. *German Melody.*



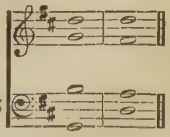
Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

m 1 O NOW is the time to remember our Creator!
While opening day shines o'er our way, we'll walk in His truth;
Before the secret lamp grows dim,
We'll hear His call and cry to Him,
'Thou art our Father, the Guide of our youth.'

2 O now is the time, while our hearts are young and tender,
To seek the Lord, to trust His word, His promise sweet and kind!
For Jesus from His throne above
Says, 'Them that love Me, I will love,
And those that seek Me early they early shall find.'

3 O now is the time to obey the Holy Spirit!
His voice we know; it whispers low; He 's calling us to-day.
mp But childhood's hours are flying fast,
The finding-time will soon be past,
The day of salvation is wearing away.

m 4 Then now, now 's the time to give our souls to Jesus,
From sin to part with all our heart, as lambs of His [love;
To be His followers true and dear,
c Until the joyful call we hear,—
'Come, blessèd children, to mansions above!'

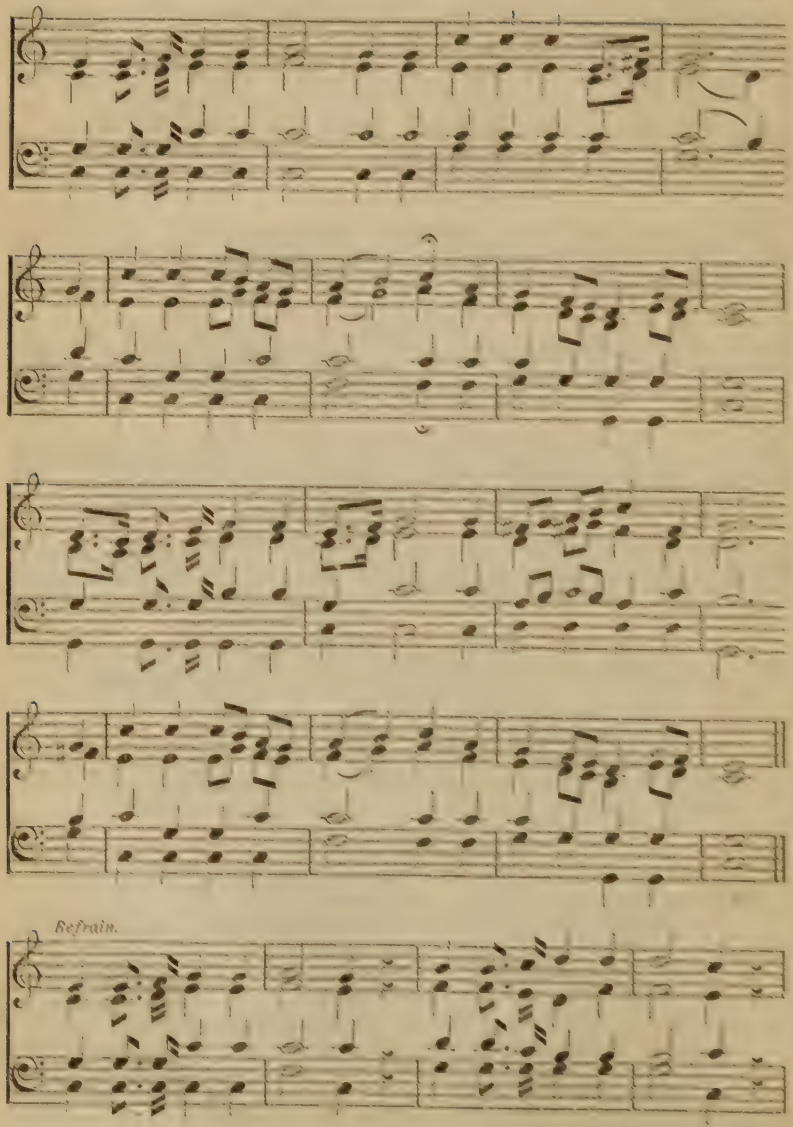


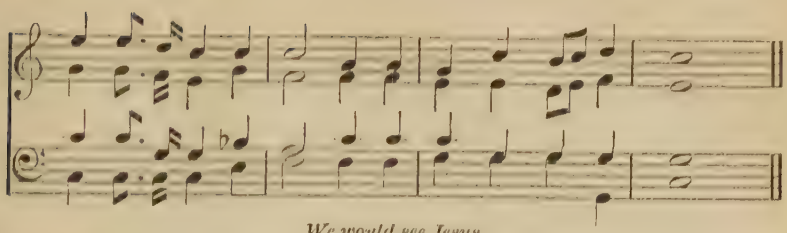
A - men.

A. R. COUSIN.

156

EVANGEL. W. H. DOANE.





We would see Jesus.

m 1 TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above, –
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

mp 2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary
And helpless and defiled

mp *Tell me the old, old story,*
m *Tell me the old, old story,*
mf *Tell me the old, old story*
Of Jesus and His love.

m 3 [Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin!]

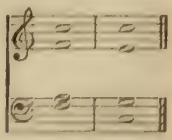
4 [Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has pass'd away at noon.]

p 5 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

mp 6 Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

m 7 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

mf 8 Yes, and, when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story, –
Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

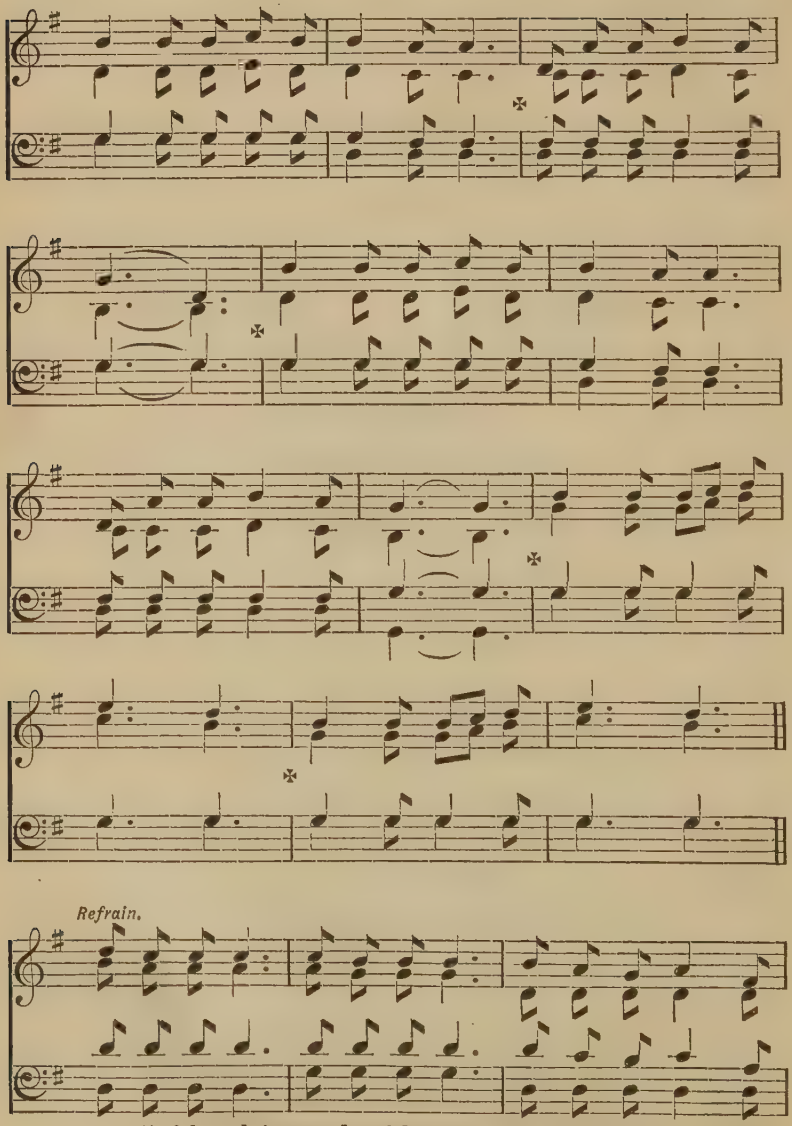


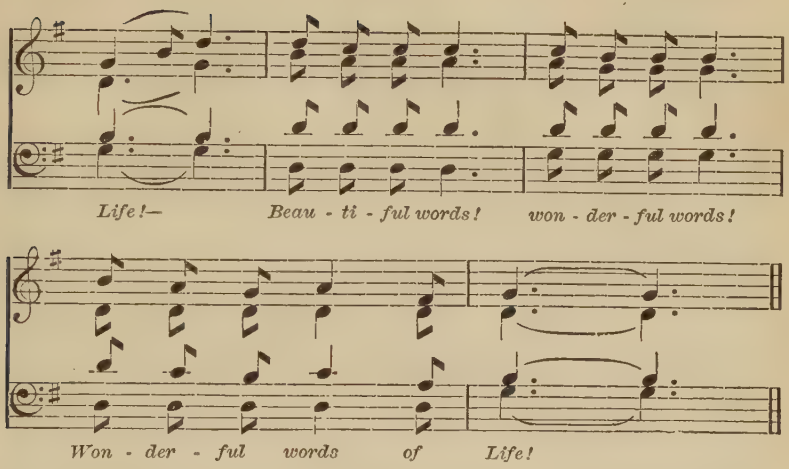
A - men.

KATHARINE HANKEY.

157

WORDS OF LIFE. P. P. BLISS.





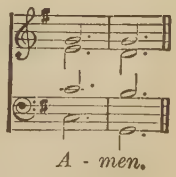
Thou hast the words of eternal life.

m 1 SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty.

mf *Beautiful words! wonderful words!*
Wonderful words of Life!

m 2 Christ, the Blessèd One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life!
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.

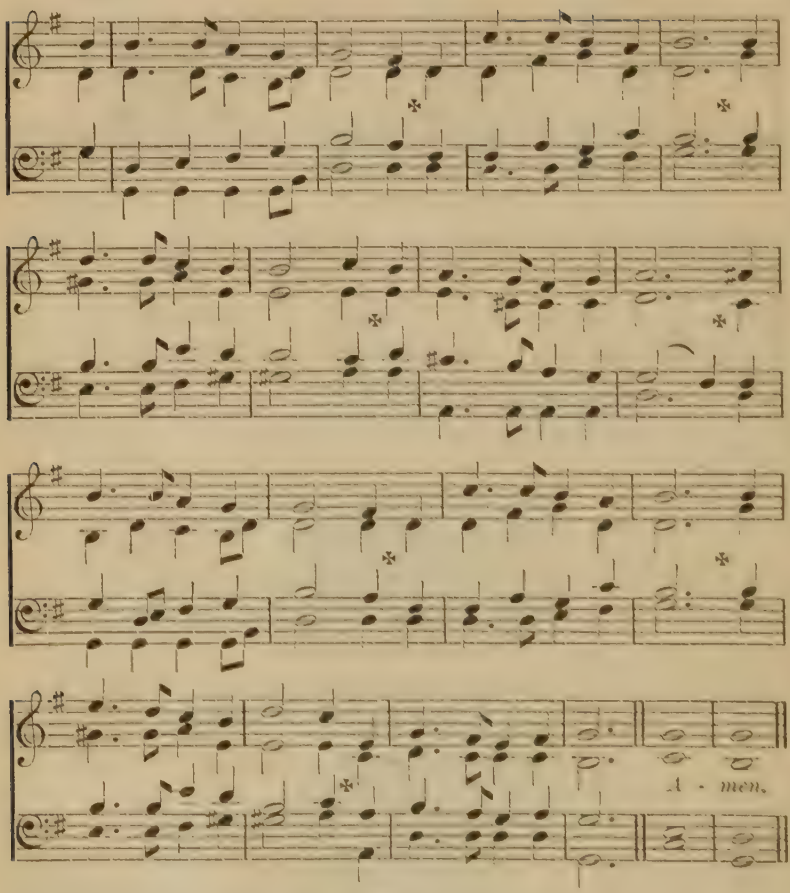
3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life!
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life!
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever.



P. P. BLISS.

158

ANGEL'S STORY. FIRST TUNE A. H. MANN.



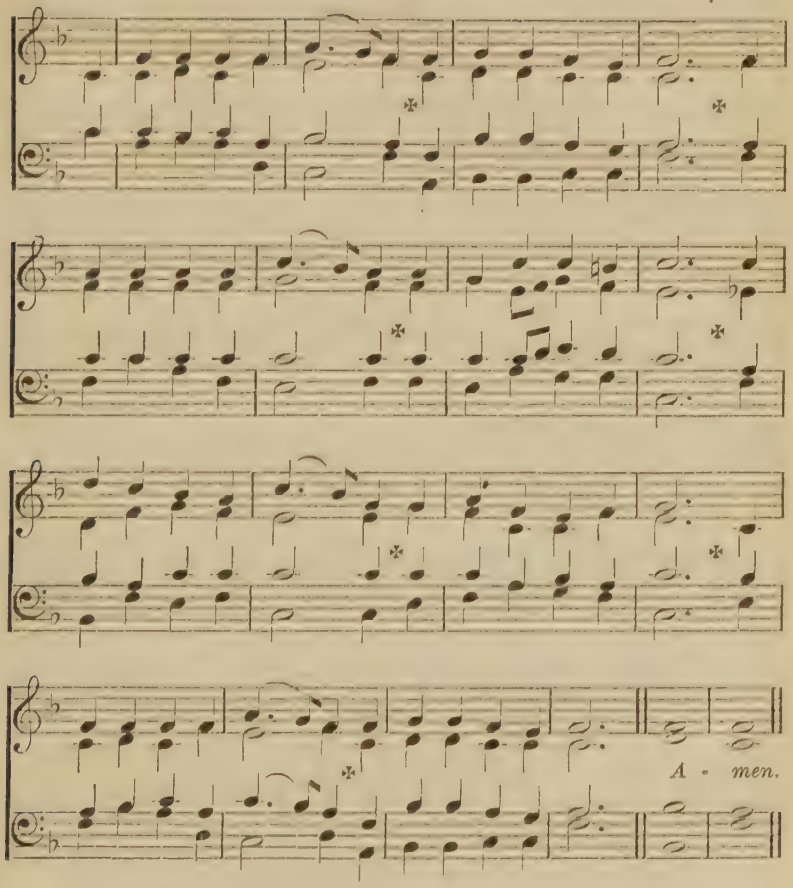
I will praise Thee; for Thou art become my salvation.

mf 1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
mp I am both weak and sinful,
c But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.

mf 2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
m And, if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

158

ANGEL VOICES. SECOND TUNE G. F. ROOT.



mf 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so. *Amen.*

E. HUNTINGTON MILLER.

159

JUST AS I AM. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

Slower.

f *p* A - men.

VENIO. SECOND TUNE MYLES B. FOSTER.

Slower.

p A - men.

I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.

p 1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
c Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

m 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

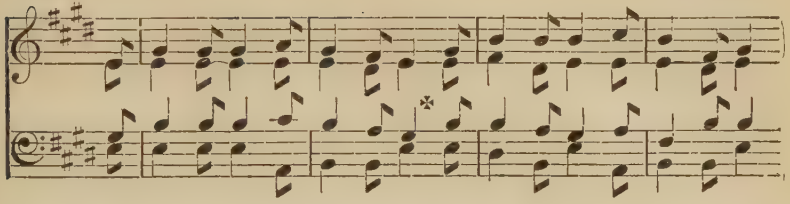
6 [Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
mf Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.]

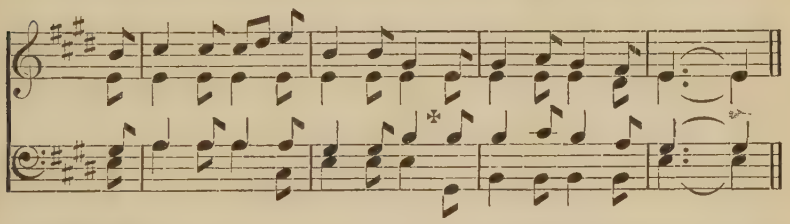
7 [Just as I am, of that free love [to prove,
The breadth, length, depth, and height
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.] *Amen.*

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

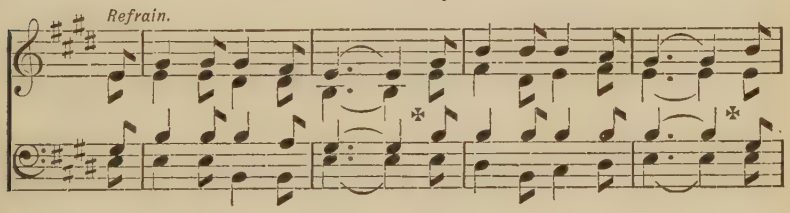
160

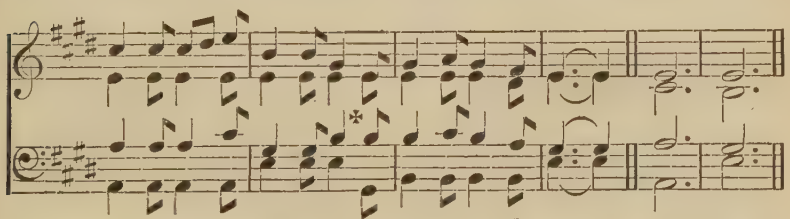
TAKE ME AS I AM. IRA D. SANKEY.





Refrain.





Have mercy on me, O Lord.

mp 1 JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
d Unless Thou help me, I must die;
m O bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.
m [*And take me as I am,*
And take me as I am!
My only plea—Christ died for me!
O take me as I am!]

mp 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
m But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
m And Thou canst make me what Thou [wilt;
But take me as I am.

3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's [sake,
And take me as I am.

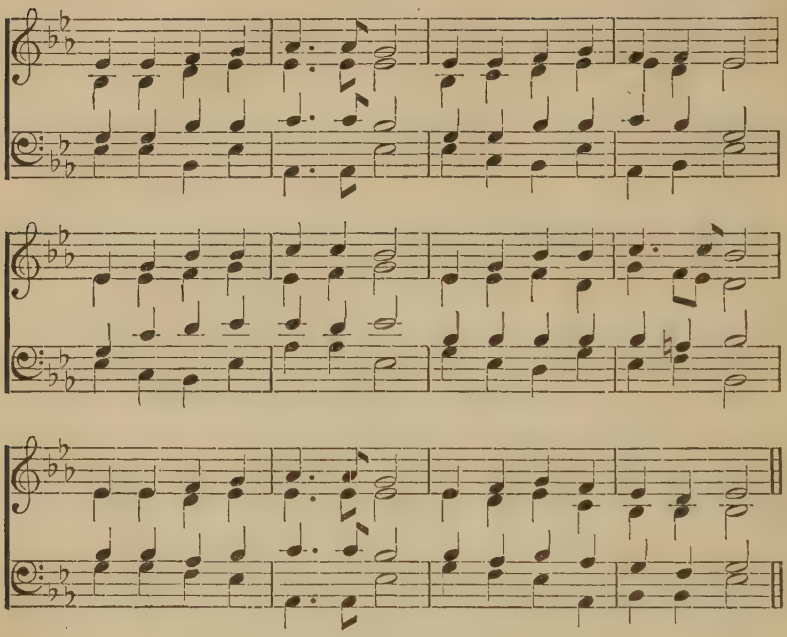
4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am. *Amen.*

E. H. HAMILTON.

NOTE.—This Hymn may also be sung, without Refrain, to the Tunes of Hymn 159.

161

PETRA. FIRST TUNE RICHARD REDHEAD.



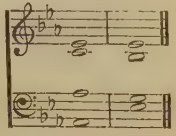
He only is my Rock and my Salvation.

m 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

mp 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
c Thou must save, and Thou alone.

p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
c Wash me, Saviour! (*d*) or I die.

p 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
c Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

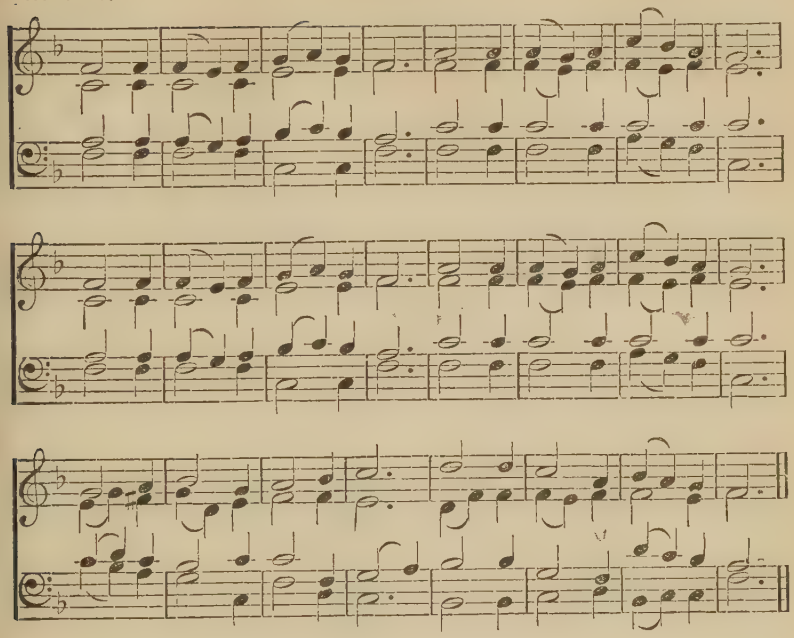


A - men.

208 A. M. TOPLADY.

161

HURSLEY. SECOND TUNE PETER RITTER.



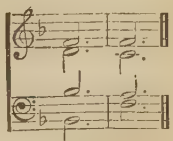
He only is my Rock and my Salvation.

m 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

mp 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
c Thou must save, and Thou alone.

p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
c Wash me, Saviour! (*d*) or I die.

p 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
c Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

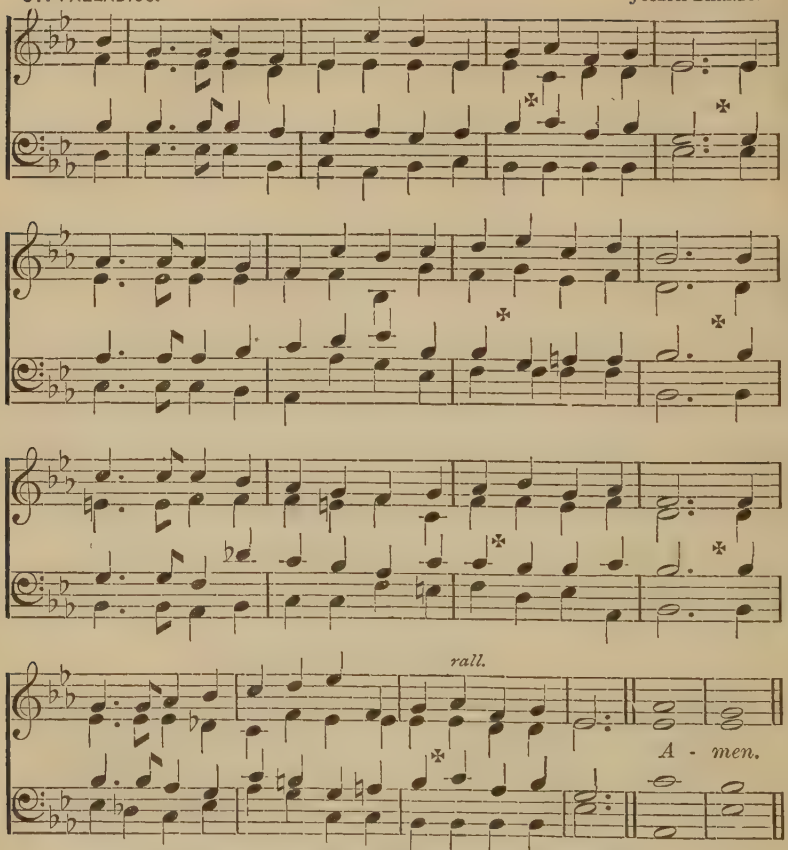


A - men.

A. M. TOPLADY.

162

ST. PALLADIUS. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.



Behold, we come unto Thee; for Thou art the Lord our God.

m 1 DEAR Lord, I now respond' to | Thy sweet call,
'Come unto Me.'
I find my joy, my peace', my | all in all,
My heaven, in Thee.

mp Too long I disobeyed' Thy | law, too long
I slighted Thee;
Too long I heeded not' Thy | voice, but now
I come to Thee.

2 I come with all my sins', with | all my fears
I come to Thee;
With all my doubts, my bur'dens, | weaknesses,
I come to Thee.

162

RESPONSE. SECOND TUNE JOSIAH BOOTH.

Dear Lord, I now respond' to

Ped.

I find my joy, my peace', my

Too long I disobeyed' Thy

Too long I heeded not' Thy

A - men.

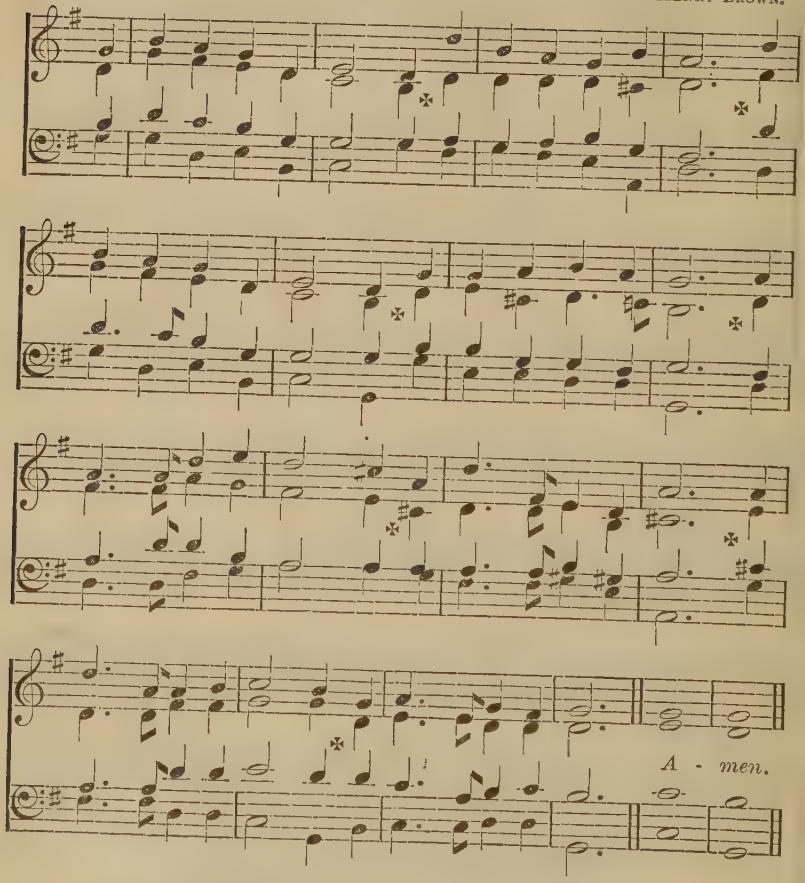
m Thy precious blood hath cleansed' me | white, Thy blood
Was shed for me;
Thy death, my life; Thy cross', my | plea; O Lord,
I come to Thee.

3 Sustain me, Jesus, by' Thy | mighty power;
Abide with me;
O make Thy word a lamp' to | light the path
That leads to Thee.
And, (*mp*) when I've stemm'd the storm'y | waves, and cross'd
Life's troubled sea,
I'll see and know Thee as' Thou | art, and rest
In peace with Thee. *Amen.*

A. F. FERGUSON.

163

HOLY CHURCH. FIRST TUNE ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



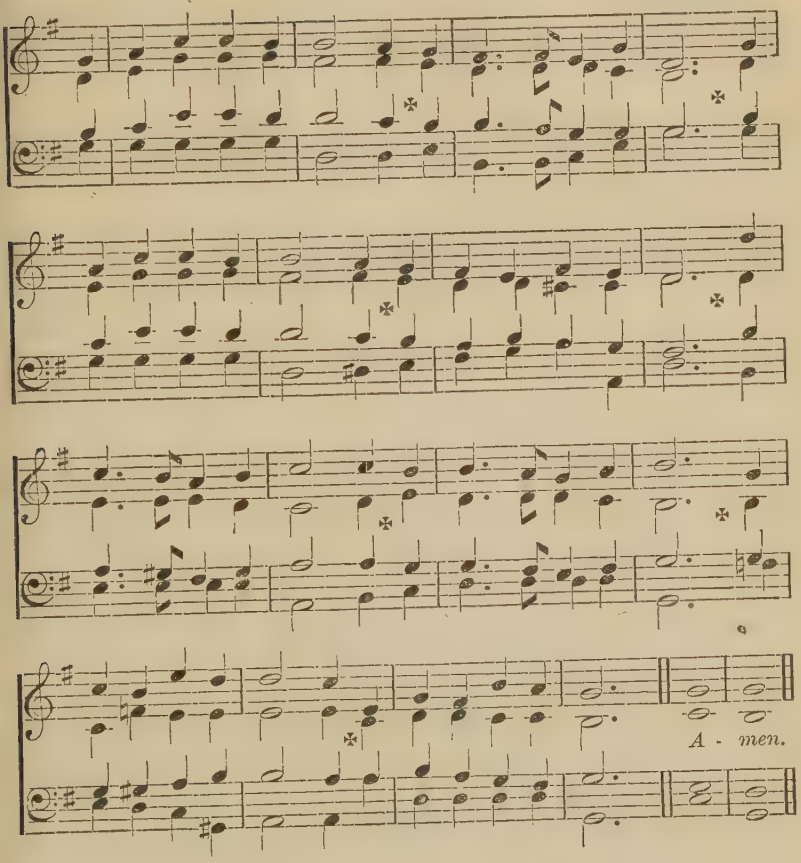
Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

mp 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

mp 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

163

HATFIELD HALL. SECOND TUNE CHARLES VINCENT.



mp 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

m I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is pour'd.

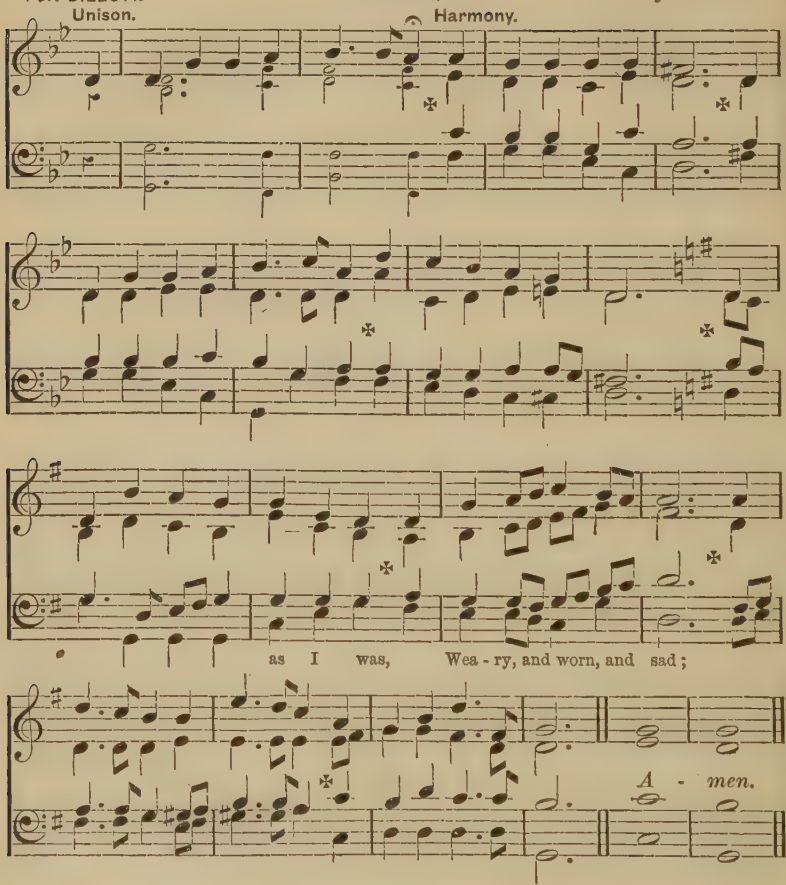
mp 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.

mf I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.
Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

164

VOX DILECTI. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.



Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live.

mp 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:'
m I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
mf I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

mp 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:'
mf I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

164

AUDITE, AUDIENTES ME. SECOND TUNE ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Unison. *Slowly.*

Harmony.

as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;

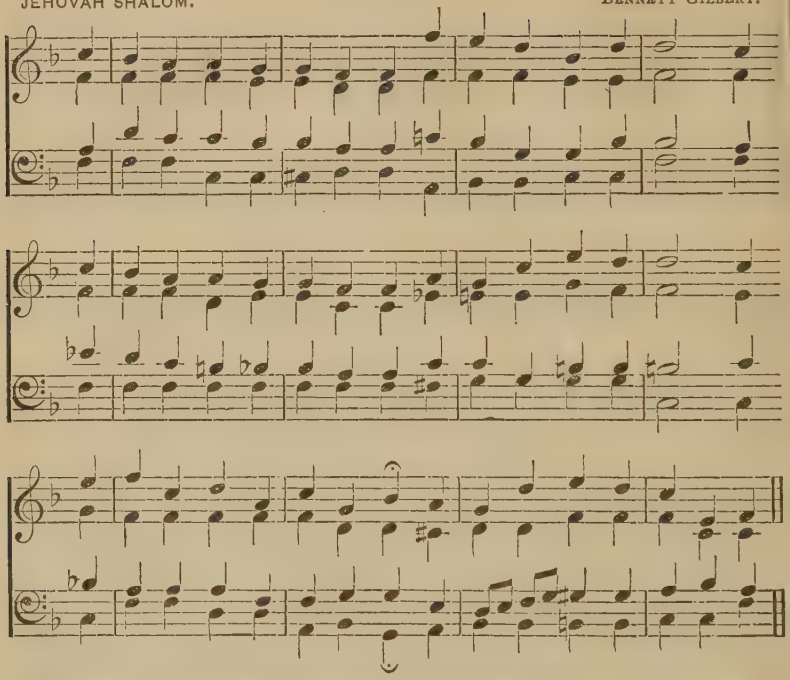
A - men.

mp 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
c Look unto Me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:'
mf I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done. *Amen.*

HORATIUS BONAR.

165

JEHOVAH SHALOM. BENNETT GILBERT.

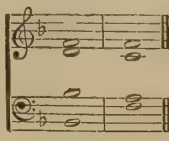


Not having a righteousness of mine own, but that which is through faith in Christ.

m 1 LORD, mine must be a spotless dress,
But 'tis not mine to weave it;
For Thou hast wrought my righteousness,
I have but to receive it.
mf Fair robe divine! The grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

m 2 It is not mine to toil for peace;
Thy cross, O Christ, doth make it;
I only need from toil to cease,
And gladly, simply take it.
mf Sweet peace divine! The grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

m 3 It is not mine to purchase life,
Since life thou freely givest;
Wielding Thy power 'mid sin and strife,
I live because Thou livest.
mf Glad life divine! The grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

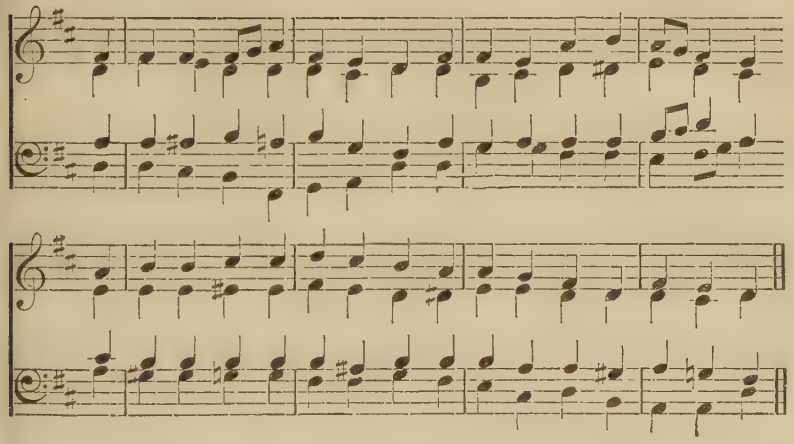


A - men.

A. R. COUSIN.

166

OXFORD. JOHN STAINER.



He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.

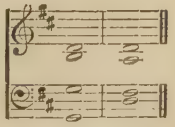
mf 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through these, absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

m 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
mf Even then this shall be all my plea,
'Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.'

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its constant hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

m 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banish'd ones rejoice;
f Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

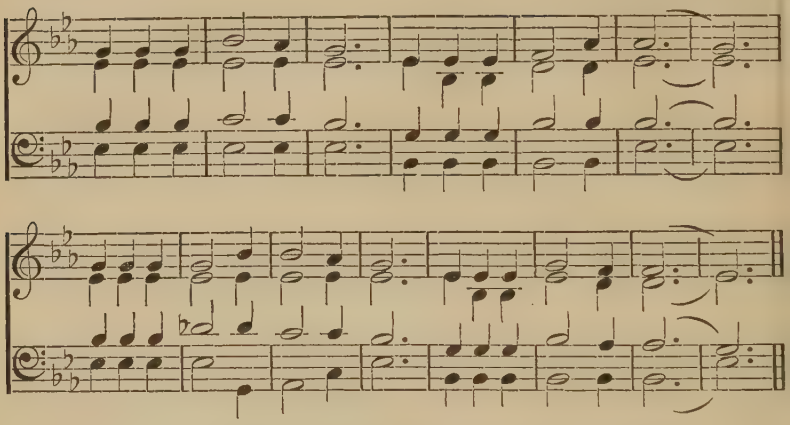


A - men.

PAUL EBER (?) *and* ZINZENDORF, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY.

167

LANGTON. From JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.



Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.

mp 1 NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

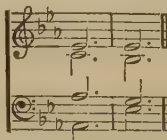
2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God:
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

m 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

mf 6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love Divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

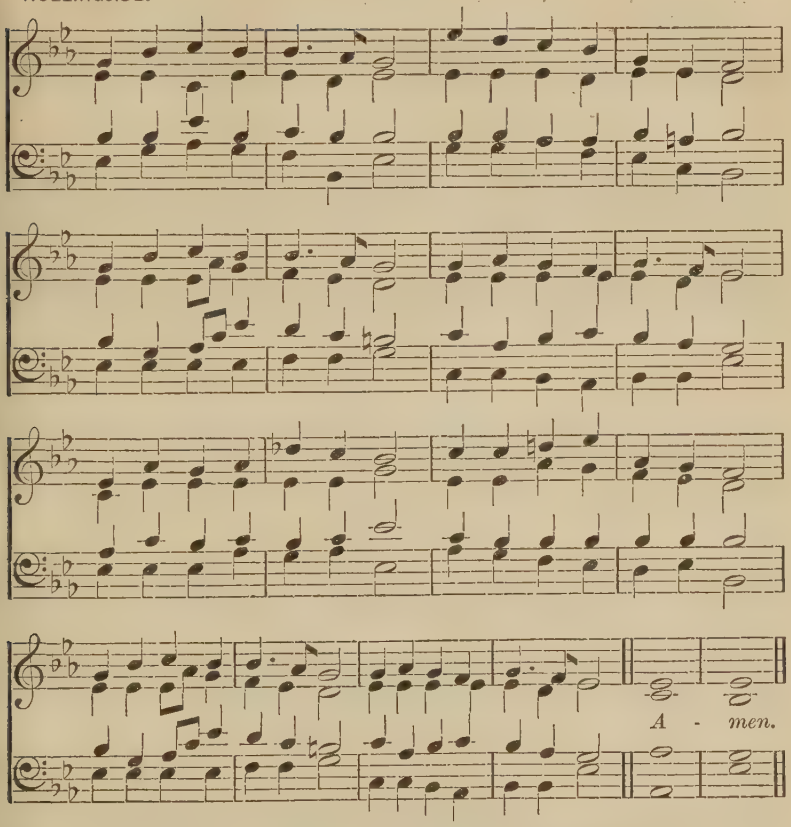


A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR.

168

HOLLINGSIDE. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.



I flee unto Thee to hide me.

mp 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past
c Safe into the haven guide;
d O receive my soul at last!

mp 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
m All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
p I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
m Thou art full of truth and grace.

mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. *Amen.*

CHARLES WESLEY.

168

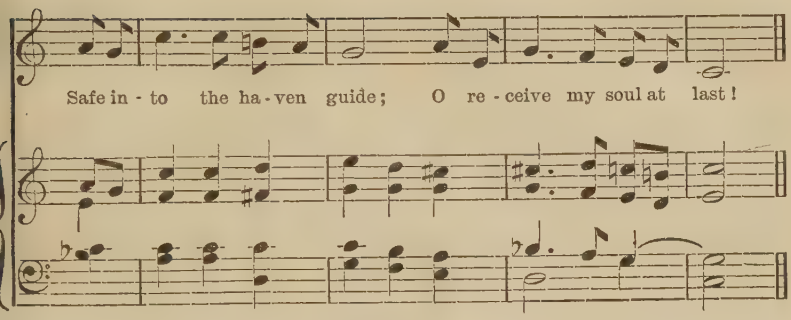
ST. WINIFRED. SECOND TUNE—UNISON, FOR CHILDREN CHARLES VINCENT.

Tenderly.

Jes - us, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;



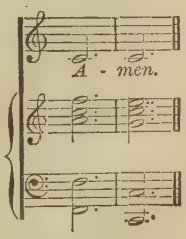
I flee unto Thee to hide me.

mp 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
c Safe into the haven guide;
d O receive my soul at last!

mp 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
m All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
p I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
m Thou art full of truth and grace.

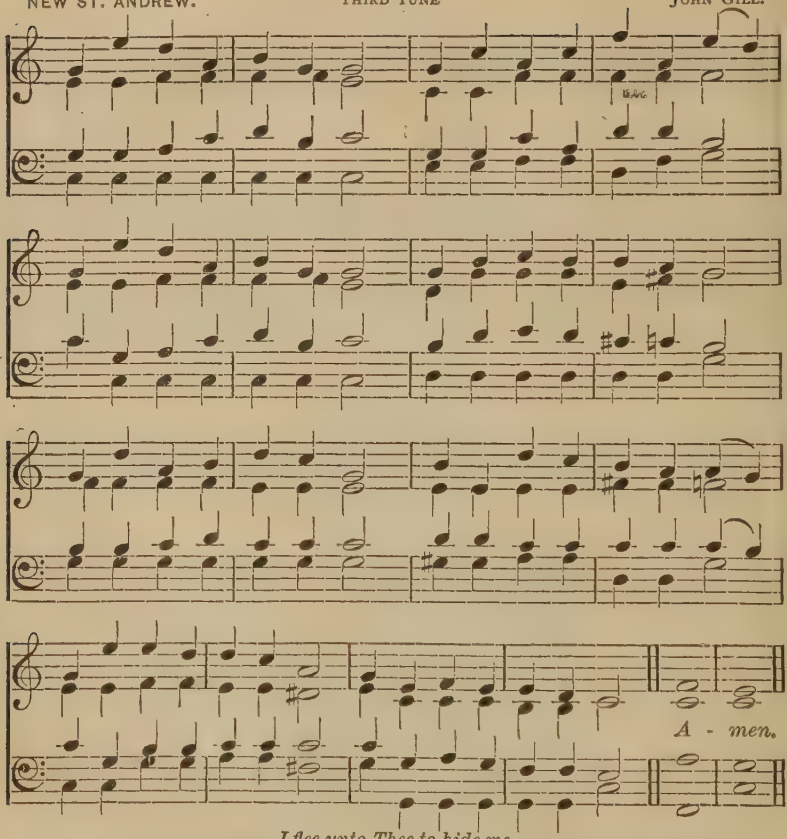
mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.



CHARLES WESLEY.

168

NEW ST. ANDREW. THIRD TUNE JOHN GILL.



I flee unto Thee to hide me.

mp 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
c Safe into the haven guide;
d O receive my soul at last!

mp 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
m All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

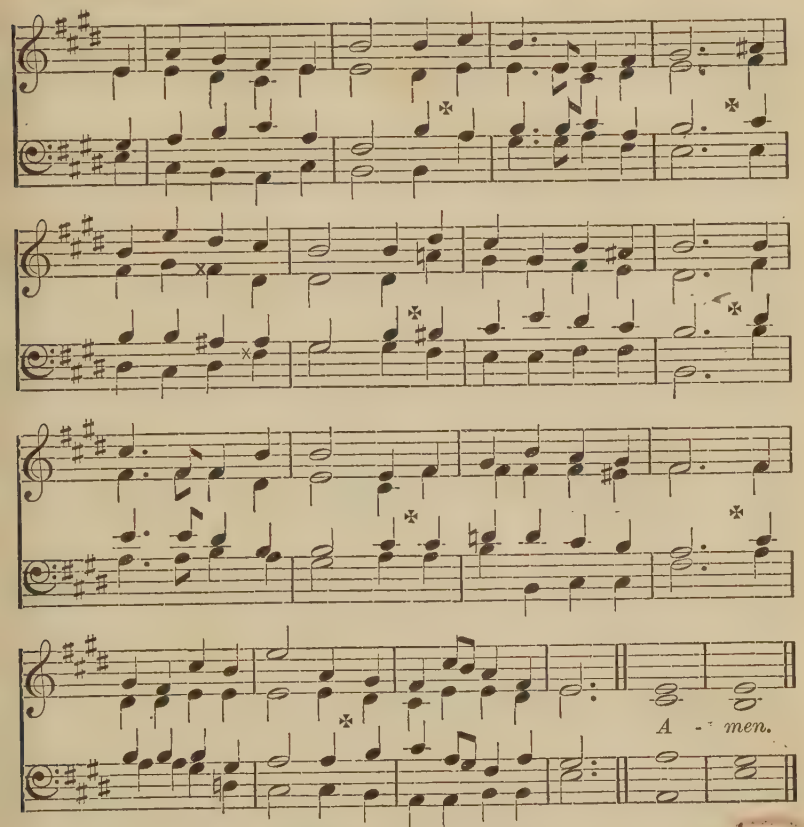
mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
p I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
m Thou art full of truth and grace.

mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. *Amen.*

CHARLES WESLEY.

169

MAGDALENA. JOHN STAINER.



Without Me ye can do nothing.

m 1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeem'd me
At such tremendous cost:
mf Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

m 2 I could not do without Thee!
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own:
mf But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

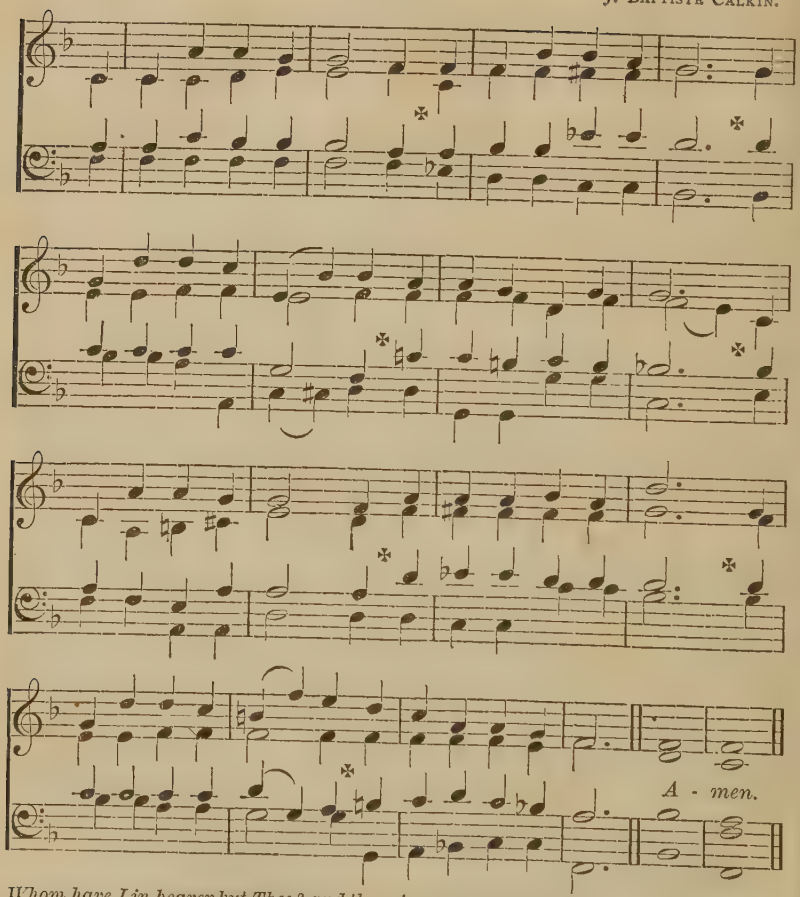
m 3 I could not do without Thee!
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

4 I could not do without Thee!
mp For years are fleeting fast,
p And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be pass'd;
mf But Thou wilt never leave me,
And, though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I.' *Amen.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.

170

SAVOY CHAPEL. FIRST TUNE J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.

m 1 To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest;
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast:
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine.

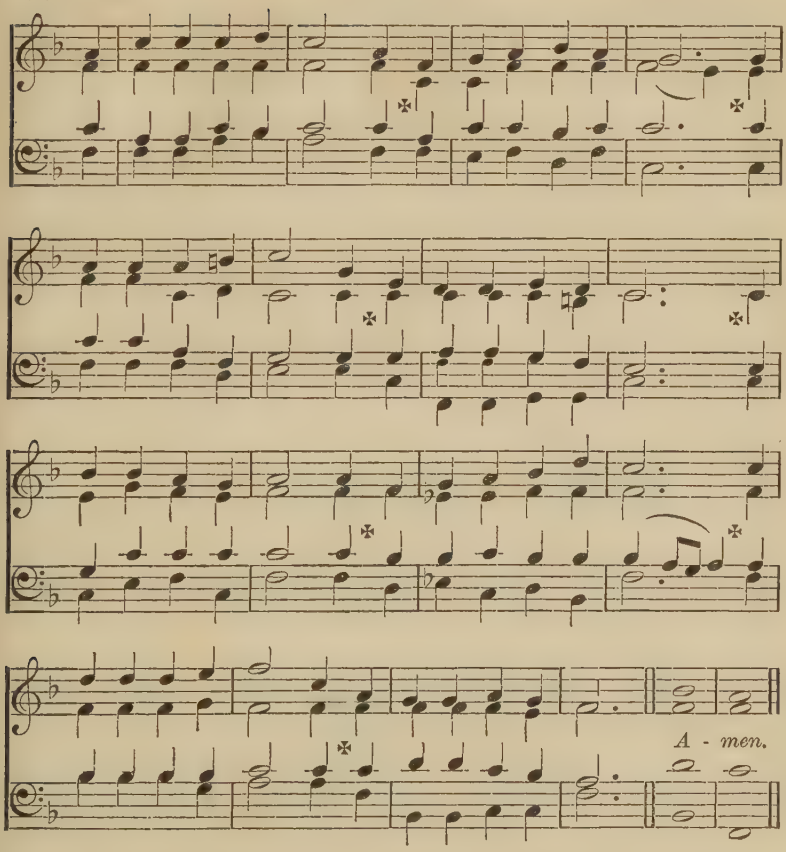
2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies.

m O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

mp 3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this slûggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;

170

NORTON. SECOND TUNE HENRY PARR.



mf My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine;
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

mp 4 Alas, that I should ever
Have fail'd in love to Thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me.

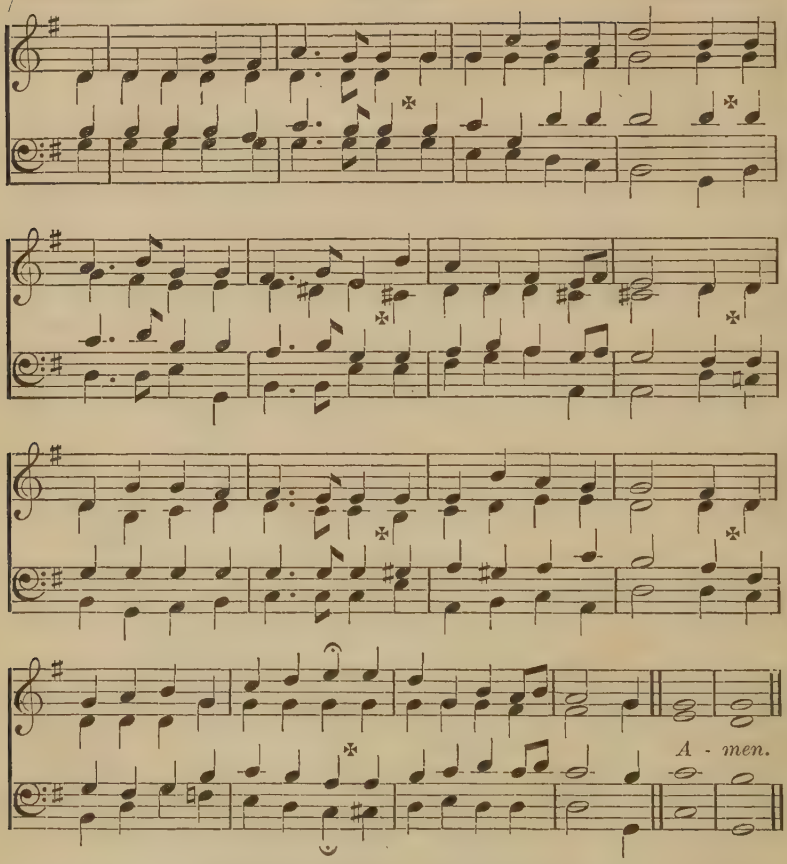
m O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought!

mf 5 [O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!] *Amen.*

J. S. B. MONSELL.

171

HIS FOR EVER. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.



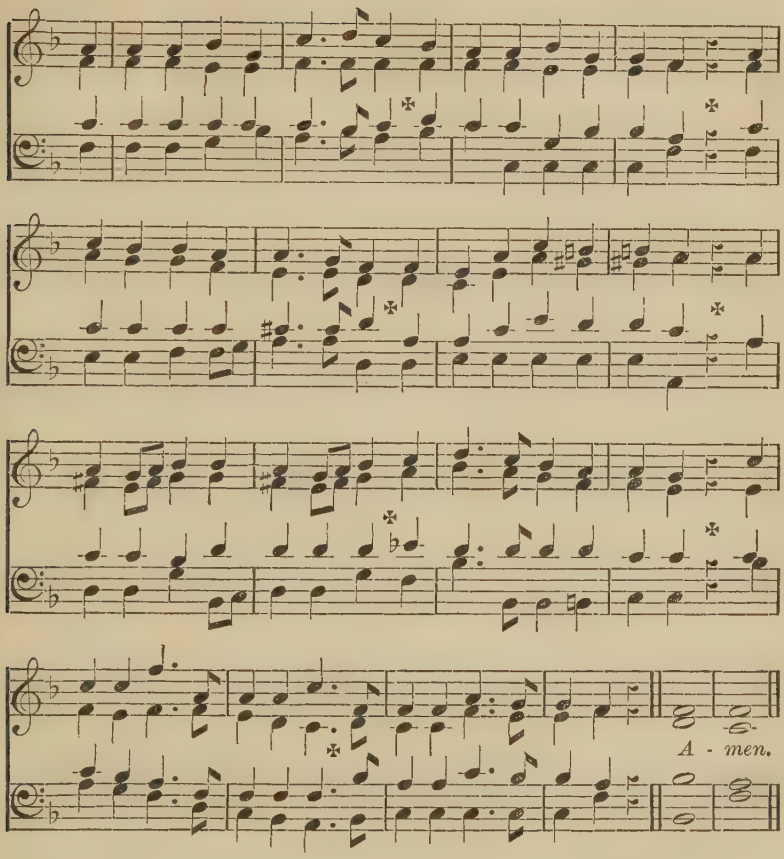
This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.

mf 1 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
c For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

mp 2 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
m And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have mine own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
c My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

171

CONSTANCE. SECOND TUNE ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



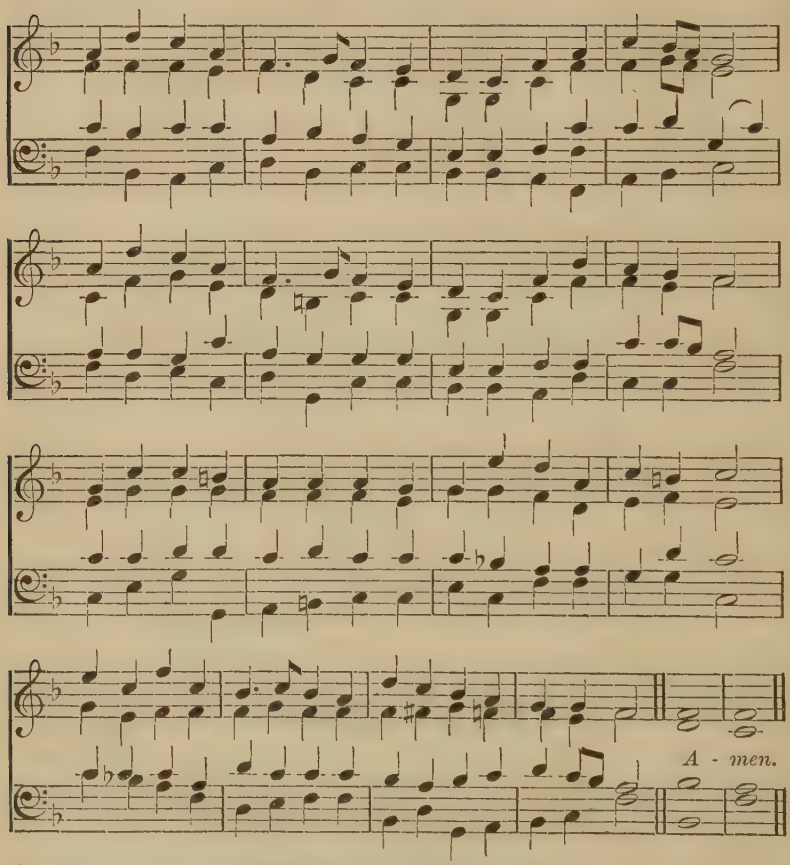
mf 3 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest for ever.

m 4 I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender! [well
mf From Him who loves me now so
What power my soul shall sever?
c Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No! I am His for ever. *Amen.*

J. G. SMALL.

172

CRUCIFER. FIRST TUNE HENRY SMART.



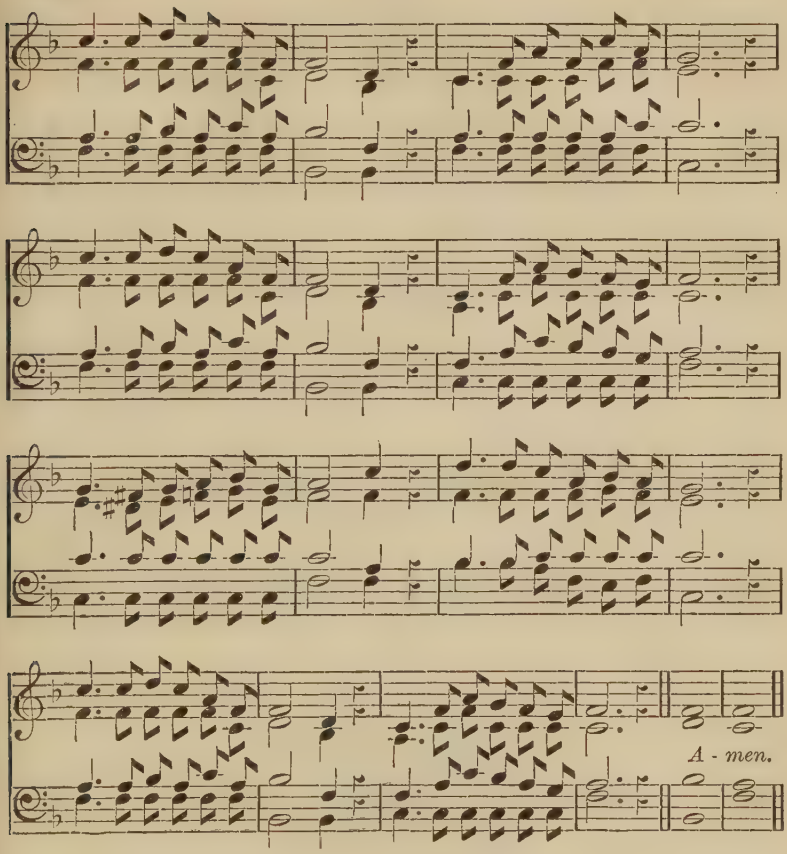
Seeing that we have a great High Priest, Jesus the Son of God, let us come boldly unto the throne of grace.

mf 1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
mp O what peace we often forfeit!
O what needless pain we bear!
m All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

mp 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
m We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

172

PARACLETE. SECOND TUNE C. C. CONVERSE.

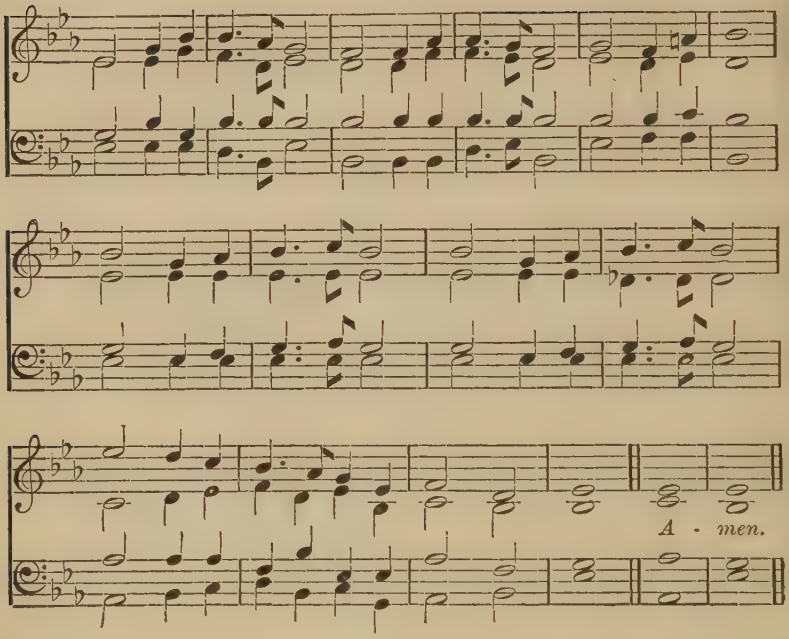


mp 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumber'd with a load of care?
mf Precious Saviour! still our refuge!
m Take it to the Lord in prayer.
mp Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
m Take it to the Lord in prayer;
mf In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there. *Amen.*

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

173

OLIVET. FIRST TUNE LOWELL MASON.



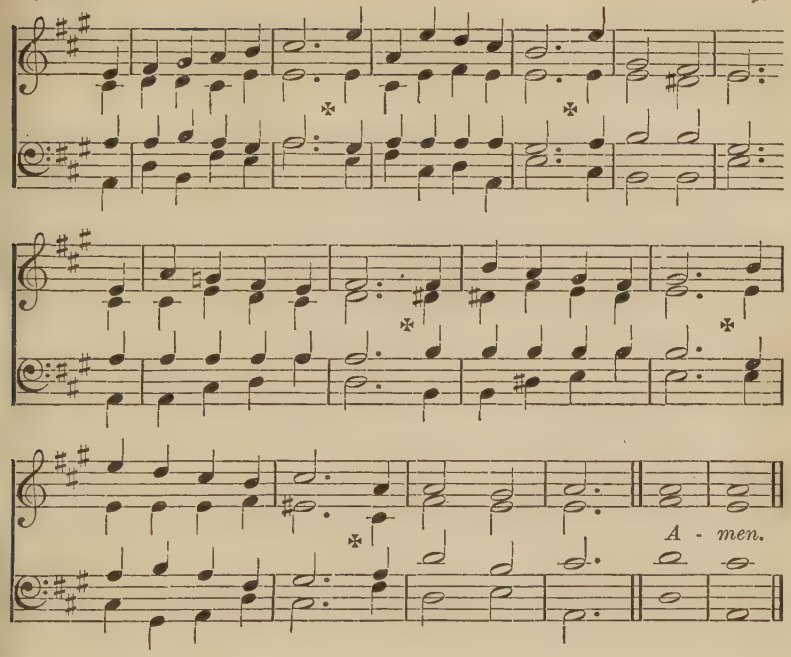
Faith in Jesus Christ.

m 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
mp Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
m O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
mp As Thou hast died for me,
c O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

173

STOBEL. SECOND TUNE *German Melody.*



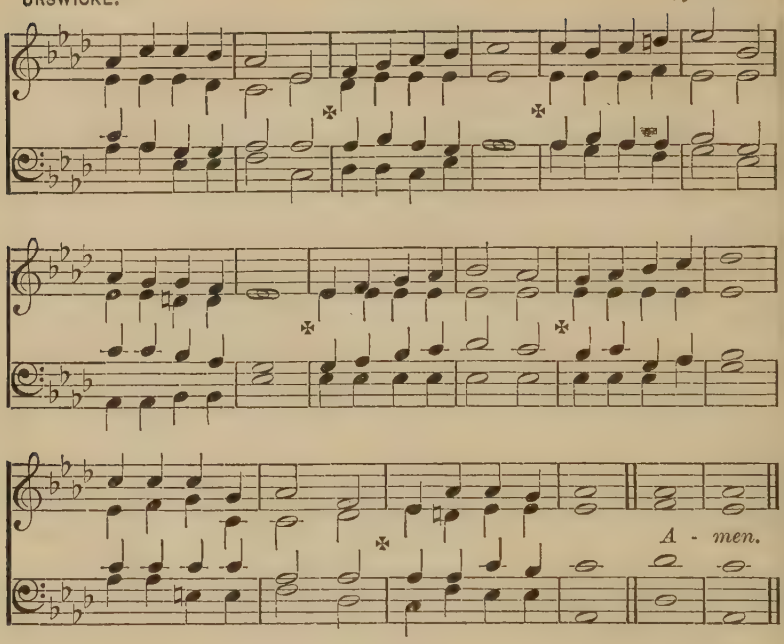
p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
mp Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
pp When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
mp Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
m O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul! *Amen.*

RAY PALMER.

174

URSWICKE. G. J. ELVEY.



The Lord knoweth them that trust in Him.

m 1 JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul,
Guilty, lost, and helpless;
Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.

mf 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth;
mp Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame:
m Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that name.

mf 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days:
m Sinners gather'd round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

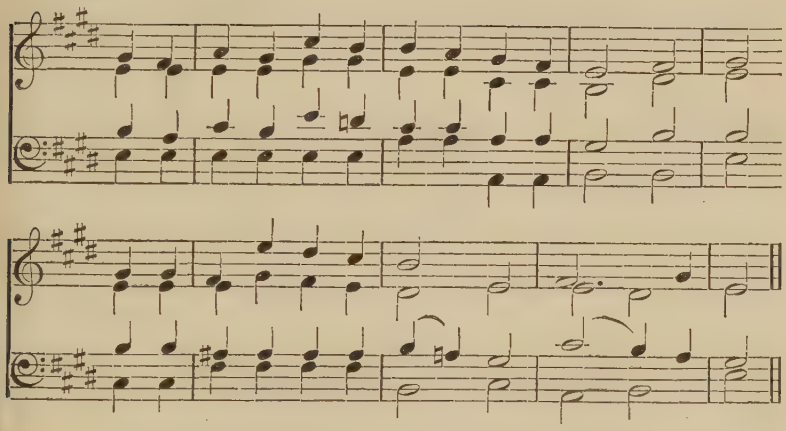
4 [Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written word—
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard—
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.]

mf 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out:

mf Faithful is Thy promise;
Precious is Thy blood;
c These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God! *Amen.*

M. J. WALKER.

ST. HELEN. **175** R. P. STEWART.



Be merciful unto me, O God, for my soul trusteth in Thee.

m 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

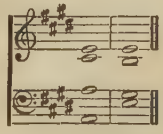
mp 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

m 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

mf 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

m 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
c I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

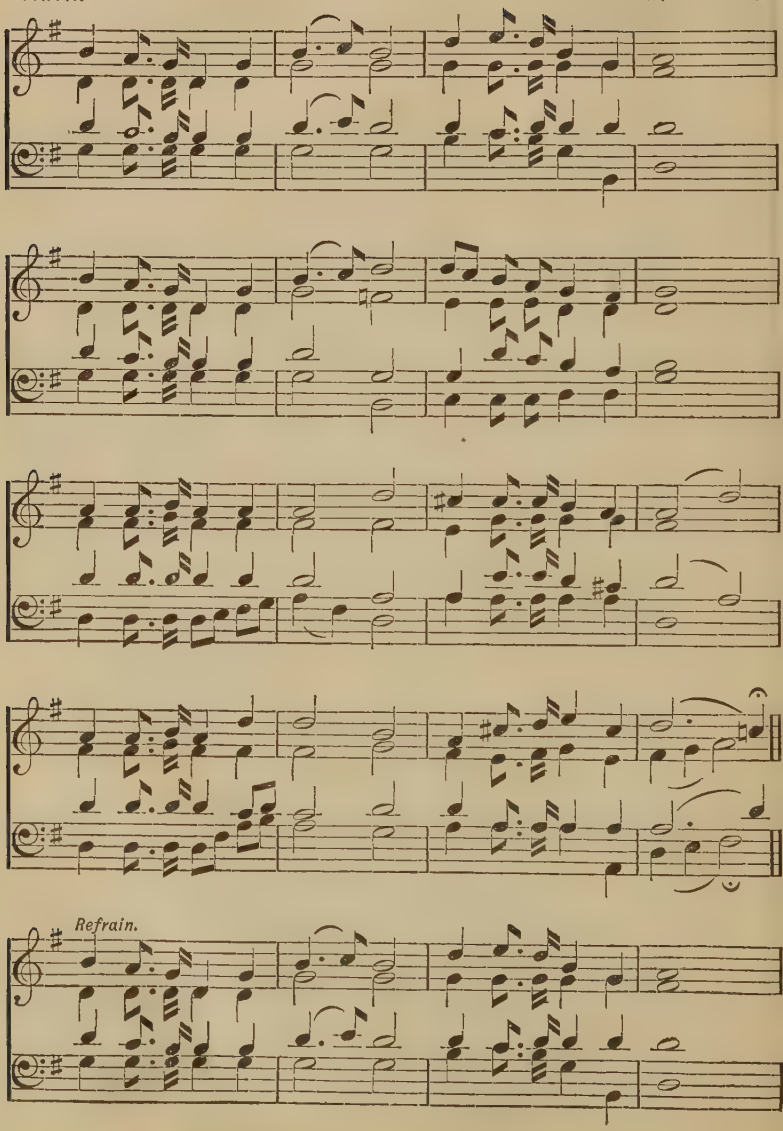


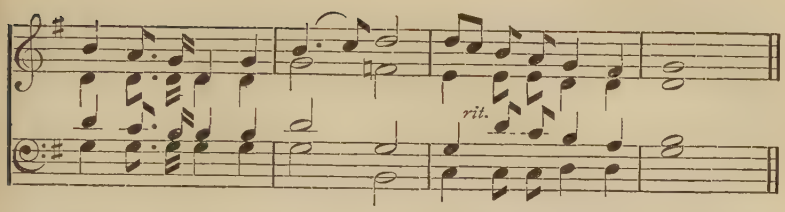
A-men.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

176

FAITH. W. H. DOANE.





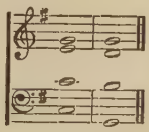
The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

mp 1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast!
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

m 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

mf 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
mp Here let me wait with patience,
c Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

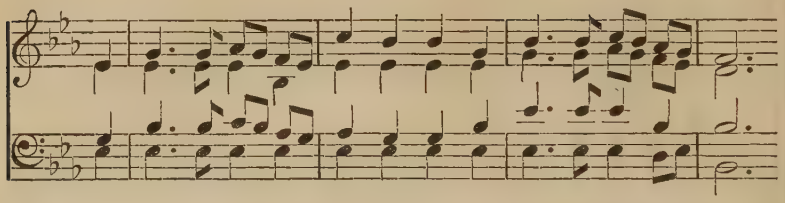


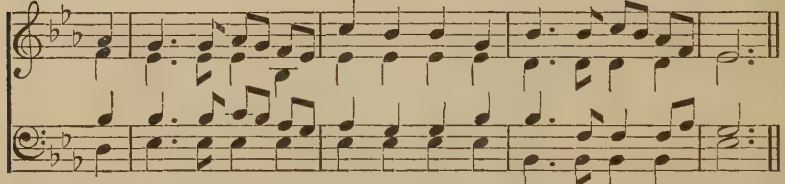
A - men.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

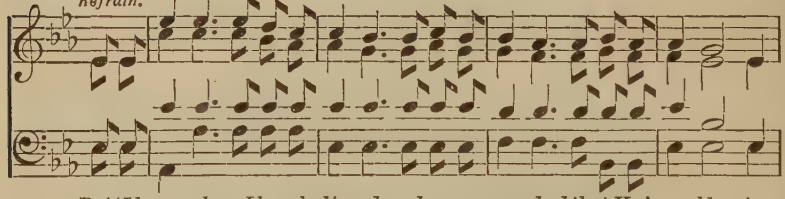
177

WONDROUS GRACE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

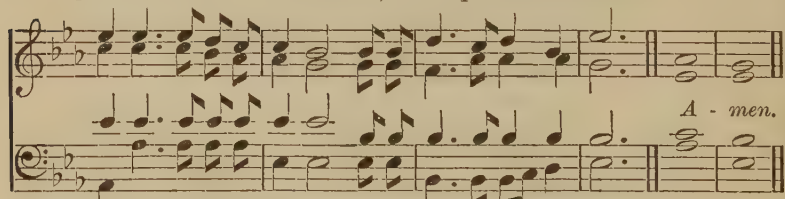




Refrain.



But 'I know whom I have be-liev-ed, and am per-suad-ed that He is a - ble to



A - men.

keep that which I've com-mitt-ed un-to Him a-gainst that day.'

I know whom I have believed.

m 1 I KNOW not why God's wondrous grace
To me He hath made known;
Nor why—unworthy as I am—
He claim'd me for His own:

mf *But 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day.'*

m 2 [I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His Word
Wrought peace within my heart:]

3 I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him:

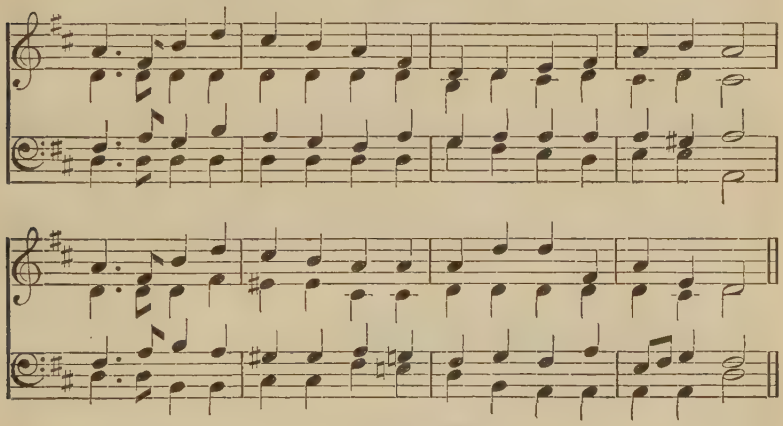
m 4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before His face I see:

5 I know not when my Lord may come;
At night or noon-day fair,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him,
Or meet Him in the air: *Amen.*

D. W. WHITTLE.

178

ST. OSWALD. J. B. DYKES.



Ye are not your own.

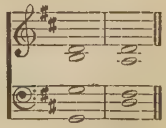
m 1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it;
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

mf 5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

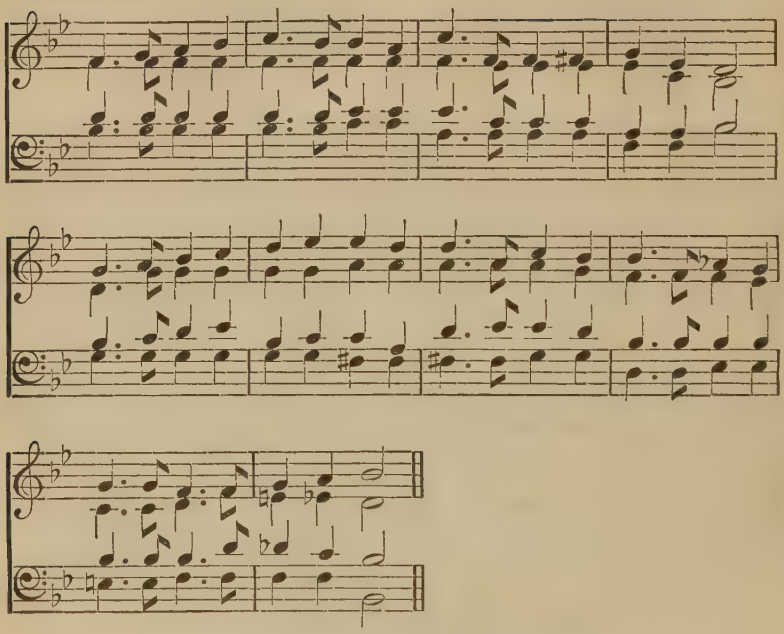


A - men.

JOHN BURTON (*Essex*).

179

ST. JUDE. CHARLES VINCENT.



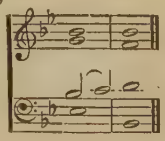
I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

mp 1 O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd,
c All of self, and none of Thee!'

m 2 Yet He found me: (*p*) I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree;
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
c 'Some of self, and some of Thee!'

m 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
d Brought me lower, (*pc*) while I whisper'd,
Less of self, and more of Thee!'

mf 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd;
mc Grant me now my supplication,—
'None of self, and all of Thee!'

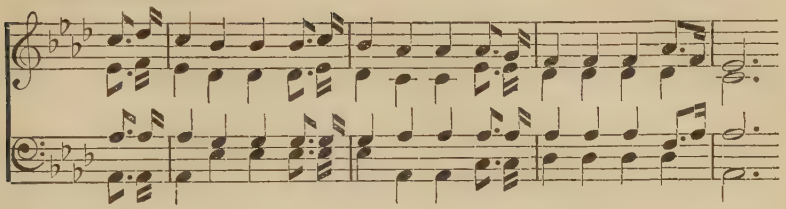


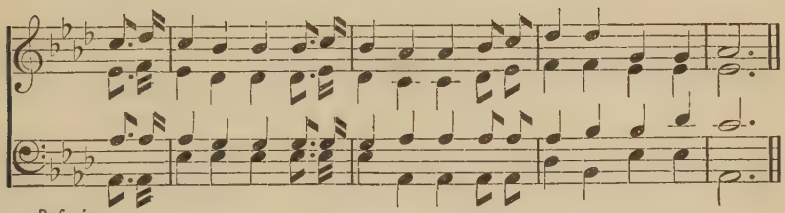
A - men.

THEODORE MONOD.

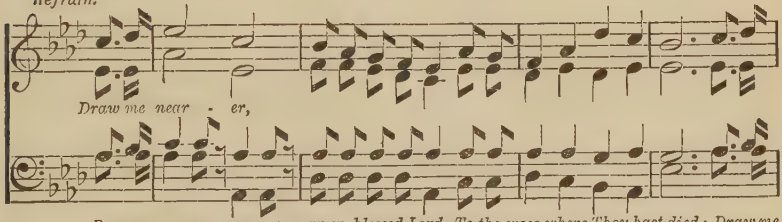
180

DRAW ME NEARER. W. H. DOANE.

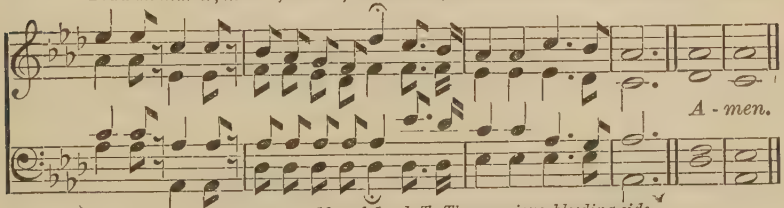




Refrain.



Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me



near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleeding side.

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself.

m 1 I AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

m *Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,*
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,
blessèd Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

m 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, hope,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast
And my will be lost in Thine.

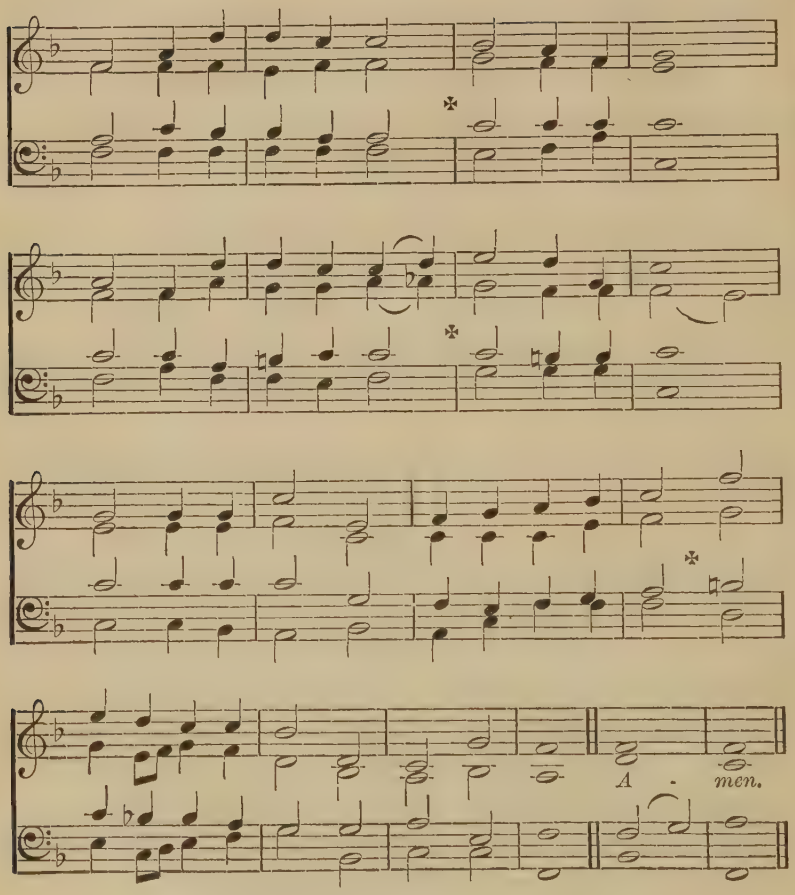
mf 3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

m 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

181

ST. SERF. H. DE LA HAYE BLACKITH.



My Beloved is mine, and I am His.

m 1 I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine!
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That 'my Beloved's mine, and I am His'?

m 2 [Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.]

mp 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
c All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

mf 4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee, or gather'd gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

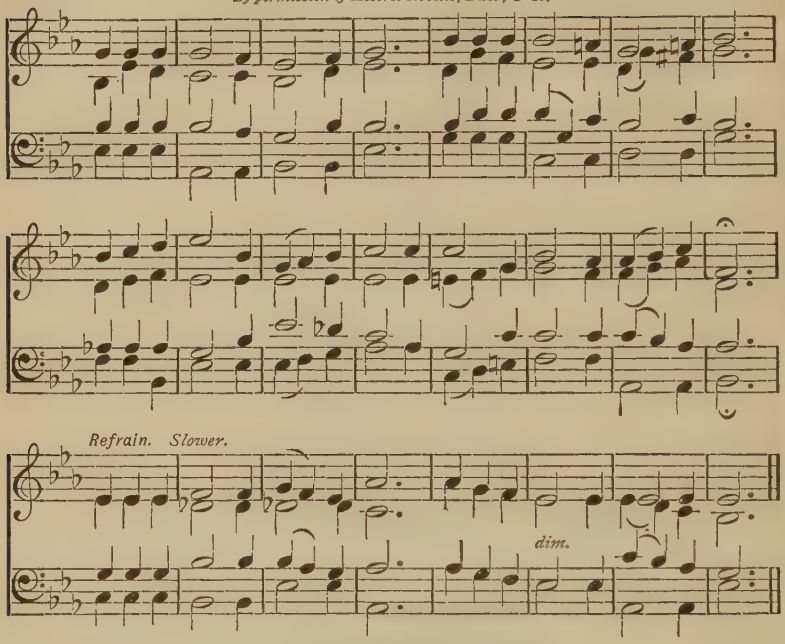
mp 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
m To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore. *Amen.*

C. E. MUDIE.

182

BARNBY. JOSEPH BARNBY.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.

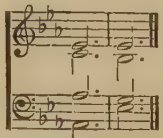
m 1 JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.

mf *Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;*
O make me love Thee more and more.

mp 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
c How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?

mp 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
m How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

mf 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.



A - men.

H. A. COLLINS.

183

ROTHBURY. JOSIAH BOOTH.

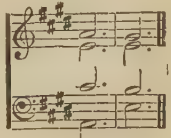
With my soul have I desired Thee.

mp 1 MORE love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
c More love, O Christ, to Thee,
d More love to Thee!

mp 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
m Now Thee alone I seek,—
Give what is best;
m This all my prayer shall be,—
c More love, O Christ, to Thee,
d More love to Thee!

p 3 Let sorrow do its work;
Come, grief and pain;
m Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
c More love, O Christ, to Thee,
d More love to Thee!

mp 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
m This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,—
c More love, O Christ, to Thee,
d More love to Thee!

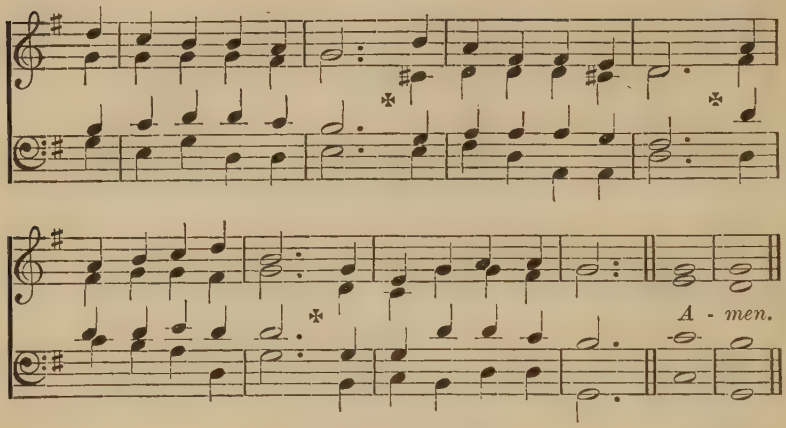


A - men.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

184

ST. CECILIA. L. G. HAYNE.



Order my steps in Thy Word.

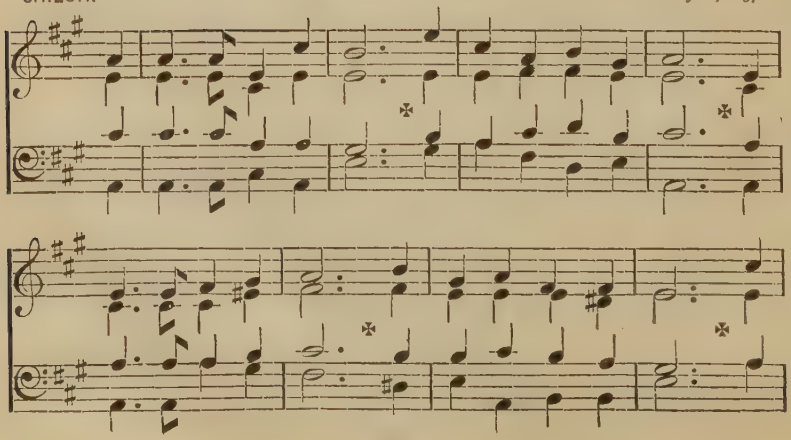
m 1 LORD, be Thy Word my rule,
In it may I rejoice;
Thy glory be my aim,
Thy holy will my choice,

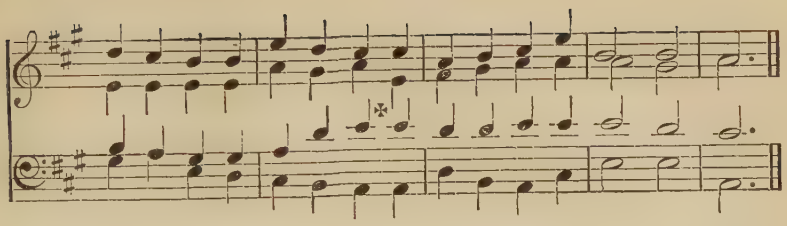
2 Thy promises my hope,
Thy providence my guard,
Thine arm my strong support,
Thyself my great reward. *Amen.*

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

185

SHILOH. *Waite's Hallelujah*, 1857.





Attend to My words, incline thine ear unto My sayings.

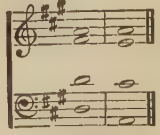
m 1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke
How much did he rejoice!
mf O blessèd, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

m 2 If God would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be!
O how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does He never speak?
O yes; for, in His Word,
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 [And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.]

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read His Word,
'Speak, Lord; I would obey
The voice that I have heard;
And, when I in Thy house appear,
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.'

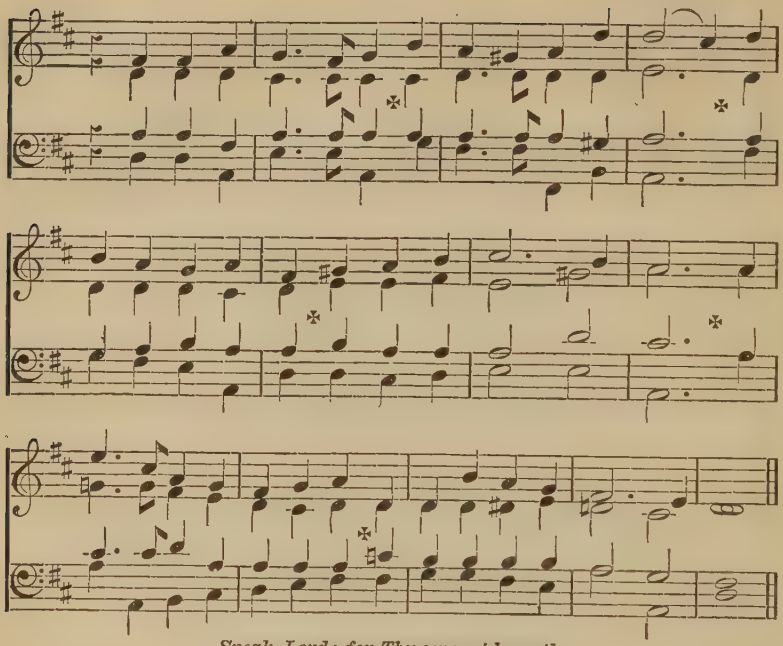


A - men.

ANN GILBERT.

186

SAMUEL. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.

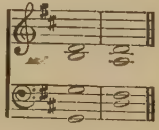
mp 1 HUSH'D was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
m When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

mp 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept; [seal'd
m And what from Eli's sense was
The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd.

m 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

m 5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resign'd
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

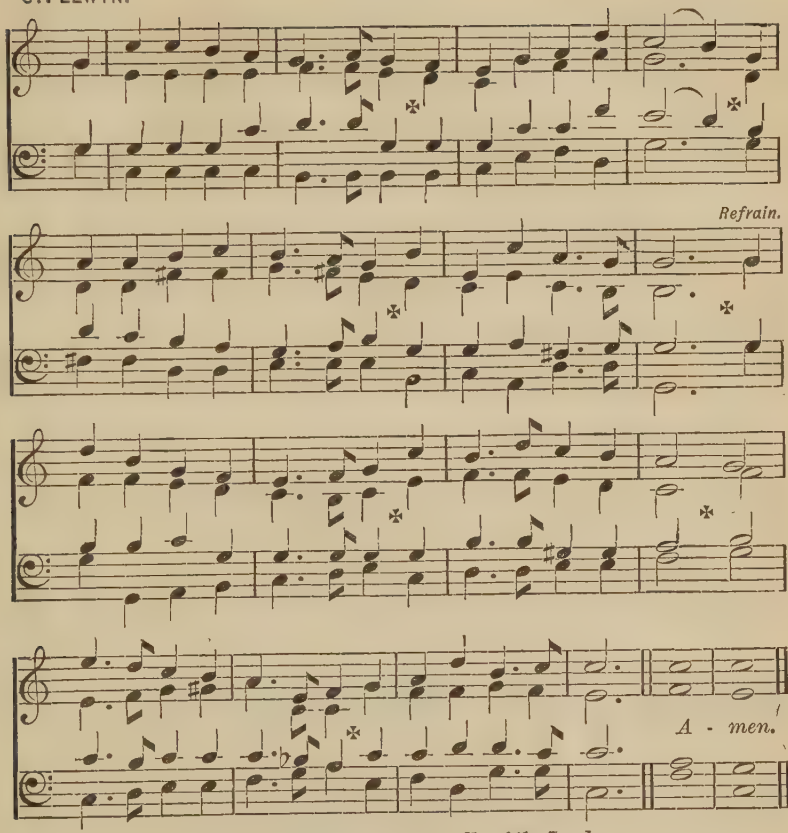


A - men.

J. D. BURNS.

187

ST. ELWYN. E. J. HOPKINS.



The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

m 1 THE still small voice that speaks within,
I hear it when at play
I speak the loud and angry word,
That drives my friend away.

m The voice within, the voice within,
O may I have a care; [sin,
It speaks to warn from every
And God has placed it there.

mp 2 If falsehood whispers to my heart
To tell a coward lie,
To hide some careless thing I've done,
I hear the sad voice nigh.

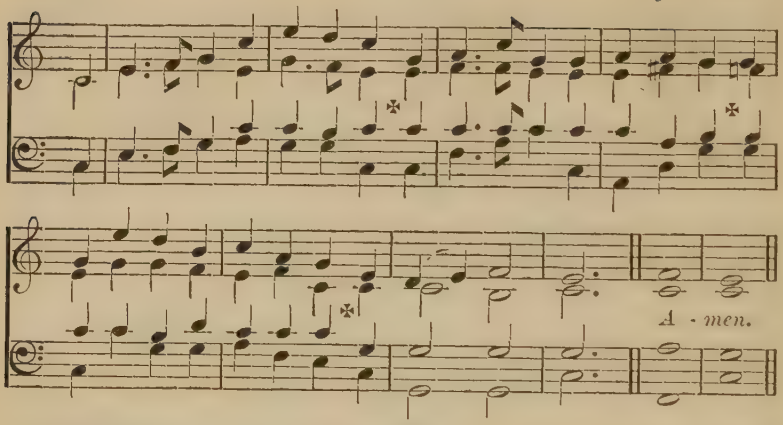
m 3 If selfishness would bid me keep
What I should gladly share,
I hear again the inner voice,
And then with shame forbear.

mf 4 I thank Thee, Father, for this friend,
Whom I would always heed;
O may I hear the slightest tone
In every time of need. *Amen.*

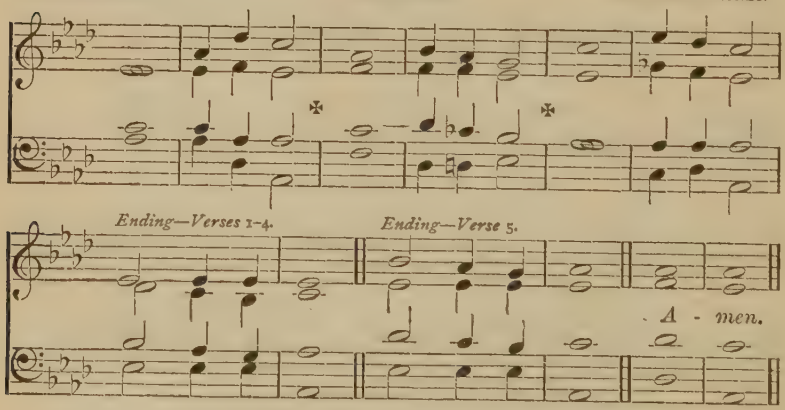
FRANCES FAGAN. (?)

188

ORWELL. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.



BOURNEMOUTH. SECOND TUNE WILLIAM HAYNES.



Blessed are the pure in heart.

m 1 ONE thing I of' the | Lord desire—
For all my way' hath | miry
Be it by wa'ter | or by fire, [been—
O make me clean!

2 If clearer vis'ion | Thou impart,
Grateful and glad' my | soul shall be;
But yet to have' a | purer heart
Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as' the | heart is clean
May larger vis'ion | yet be mine,
m For mirror'd in' its | depths are
The things divine. [seen

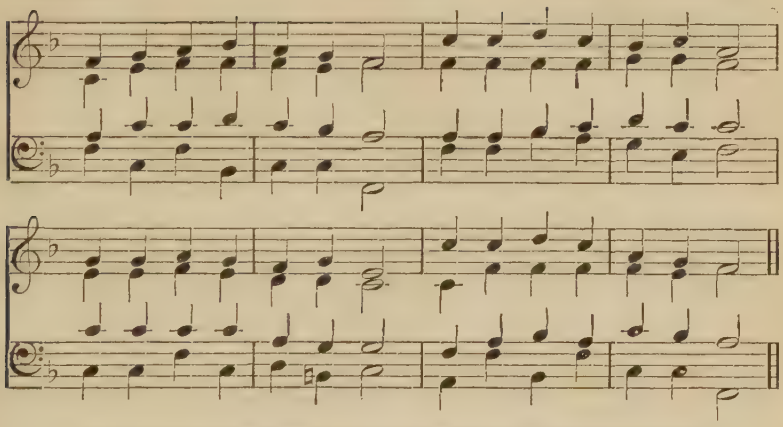
4 I watch to shun' the | miry way,
And stanch the spring' of | guilty thought; [may,
mp But, watch and wre'stle | as I
Pure I am not.

m 5 So, wash Thou me' with|out, within,
Or purge with fire', if | that must
No matter how', if | only sin [be;
Die out in me. *Amen.*

W. C. SMITH.

189

MARBURG. FIRST TUNE *Naue's Choral Book*, 1829.



I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

m 1 WHEN the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise,
Saying, 'What would Jesus do?'

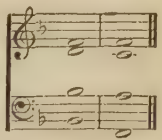
2 Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless Thy love?
'Father, what would Jesus do?'

3 When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
'What, my soul, would Jesus do?'

mp 4 Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
m Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, 'What would Jesus do?'

mp 5 When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
m Let me, clinging to Thy side,
Ponder, 'What would Jesus do?'

mf 6 Only let Thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through,
Treading where my Saviour trod,
Breathing, 'What would Jesus do?'

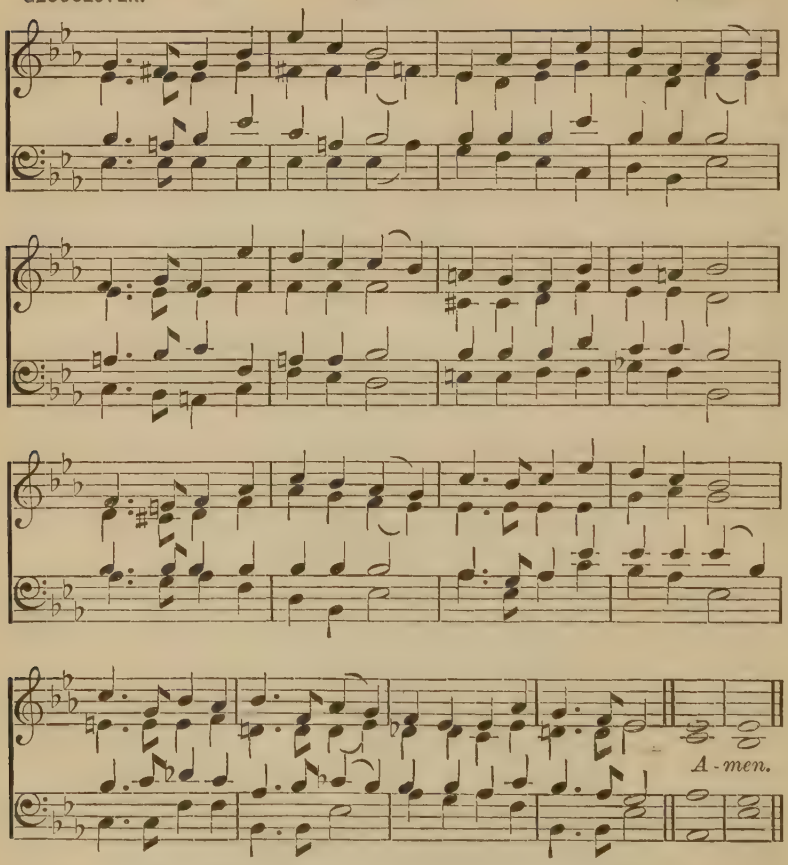


A - men.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

189

GLOUCESTER. SECOND TUNE C. LEE WILLIAMS.



I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

m 1 WHEN the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise,
Saying, 'What would Jesus do?'

2 Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless Thy love?
'Father, what would Jesus do?'

m 3 When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
'What, my soul, would Jesus do?'

mp 4 Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
m Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, 'What would Jesus do?'

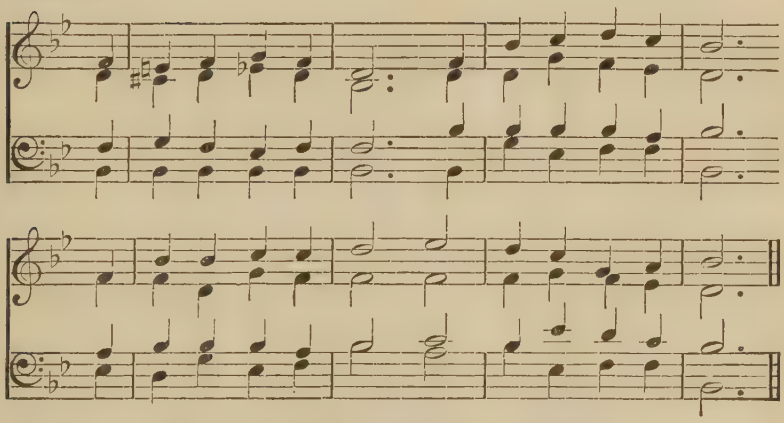
mp 5 When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
m Let me, clinging to Thy side,
Ponder, 'What would Jesus do?'

mf 6 Only let Thy love, O God, [through,
Fill my spirit through and
Treading where my Saviour trod,
Breathing, 'What would Jesus do?' *Amen.*

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

190

NAZARETH. M. C. WILSON.



Leaving you an example, that ye should follow His steps.

m 1 If wash'd in Jesus' blood,
Then bear His likeness too;
And, as you onward press,
Ask, 'What would Jesus do?'

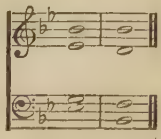
2 With willing heart and hand
Your daily task pursue;
Work! for the day wears on;
Ask, 'What would Jesus do?'

m 3 Be gentle, even when wrong'd;
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask, 'What would Jesus do?'

4 Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue;
When fear would whisper, 'Yield,'
Ask, 'What would Jesus do?'

m 5 Give with a full, free hand—
God freely gives to you,—
And check each selfish thought
With, 'What would Jesus do?'

mf 6 Then let the golden thread,
Woven your life-work through,
Reflecting heaven's own light,
Be, 'What would Jesus do?'

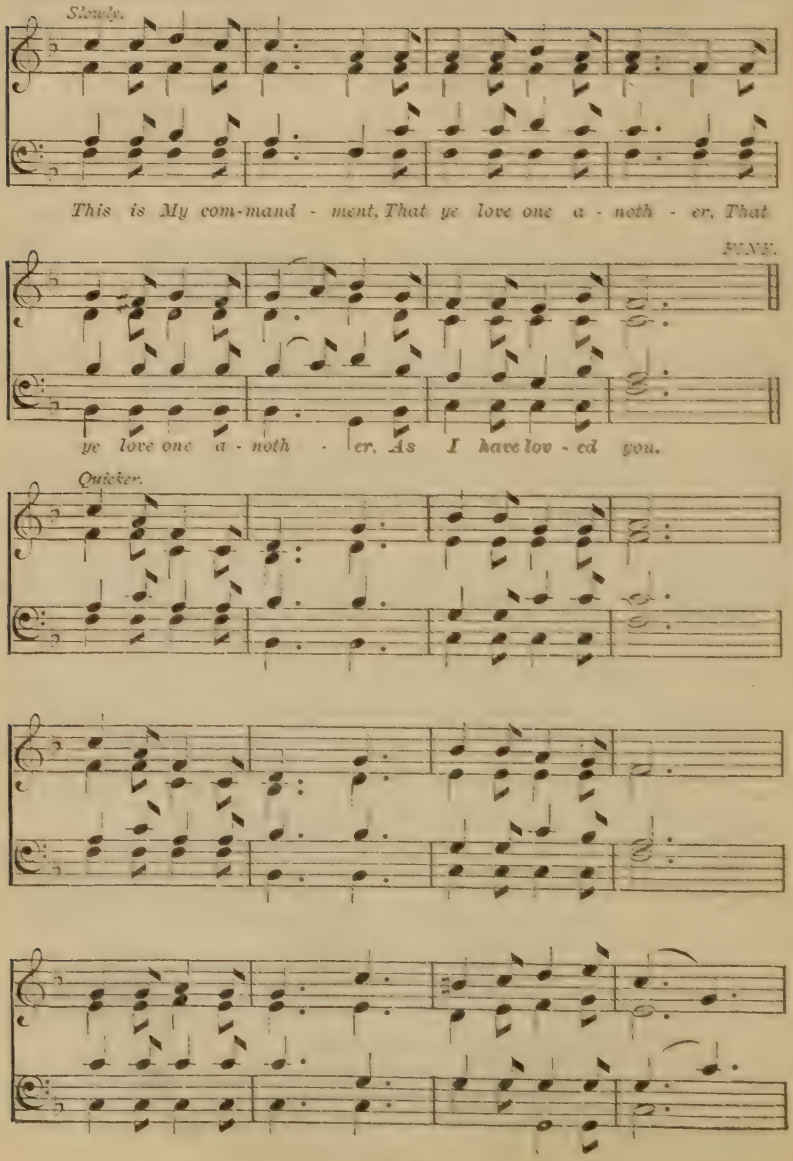


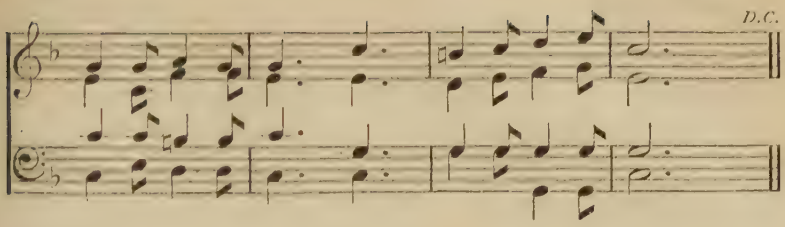
A - men.

M. C. WILSON.

191

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. P. P. BLISS.



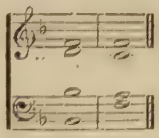


m *This is My commandment,*
That ye love one another,
As I have lovéd you.

m 1 BLESSED words of Jesus
We have heard to-day:
Saviour, by Thy Spirit,
Help us to obey;
May Thy love unite us
To the living Vine;
May our hearts, enlighten'd,
Glow with love divine.
This is My commandment, etc.

2 May we seek Thy glory,
Strife and envy flee;
By our love to others
Prove our love to Thee;
Evermore as brethren
In sweet union live;
As we wish forgiveness,
May we each forgive.
This is My commandment, etc

mf 3 Grant us Thy salvation;
Fill us with Thy love;
Give us each a foretaste
Of the joys above:
Ever meek and lowly,
Ever kind and true,
Ever pure and holy,
Let us peace pursue.
This is My commandment, etc.

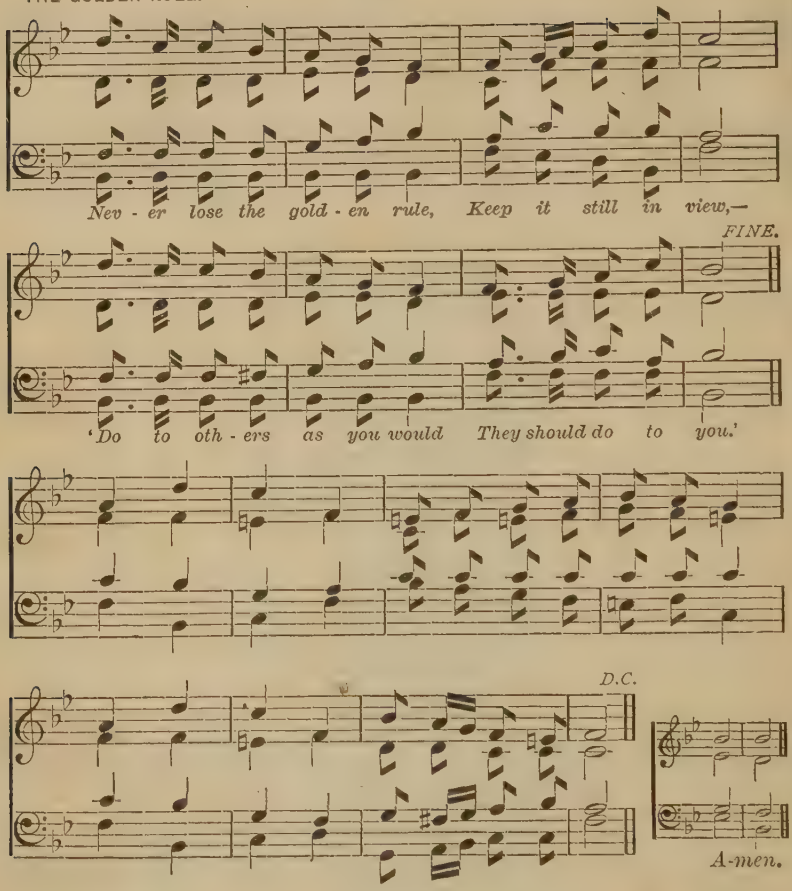


A - men.

P. P. BLISS.

192

THE GOLDEN RULE. JOHN ADCOCK.



As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

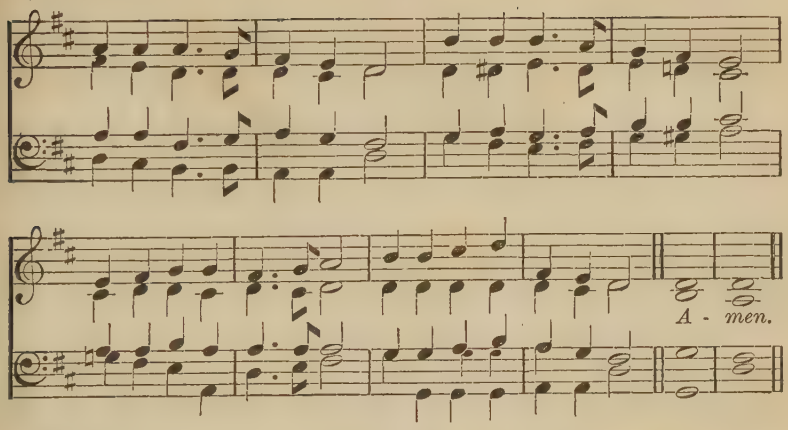
m 1 NEVER lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view,—
'Do to others as you would
They should do to you.'
Kindly, gently,
In their burden bear a part,
Meekly chiding
With a loving heart.
Never lose, etc.

m 2 Help the feeble ones along,
Cheer the faint and weak;
To the sorrow-laden heart
Words of comfort speak;
Freely, freely,
From the bounty of your store,
Cheerful givers,
Help the humble poor.
Never lose, etc. *Amen.*

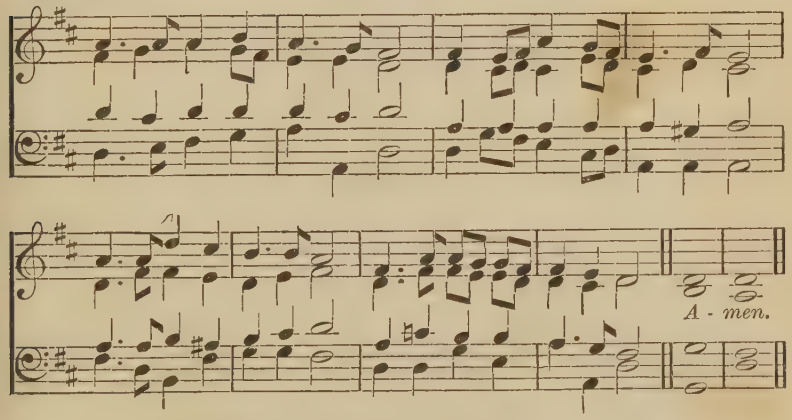
F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

193

MORETON. FIRST TUNE C. H. PURDAY.



MARYFIELD. SECOND TUNE



Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

mp 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Blessèd Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

m 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

m 4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

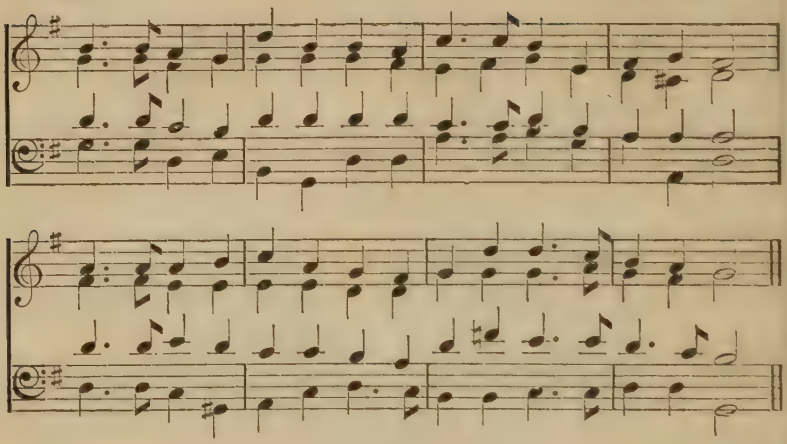
mp 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

mf 6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me. *Amen.*

CHARLES WESLEY.

194

ST. MABYN. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Let us love one another; for love is of God.

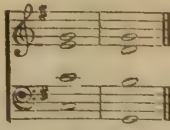
m 1 'LOVE each other, little children;'
He whom Jesus loved the best
Learn'd this sweet, this precious lesson,
Leaning on his Master's breast.

2 Has a little friend a sorrow?
Then forget thine own the while;
Comfort him with thine affection,
Cheer him with thy sweetest smile.

mp 3 Hast thou met with some unkindness,
Secret harm or open wrong?
m O be patient, and forgive it;
Thou shalt win him; love is strong.

4 Hast thou aught to give? O share it!
Strive to make another glad.
Art thou happy? Try to brighten
Some one who is lone and sad.

mf 5 So wilt thou be like thy Father,
Like the Lord who reigns above;
For His own apostle taught us
This great truth, that 'God is Love.'

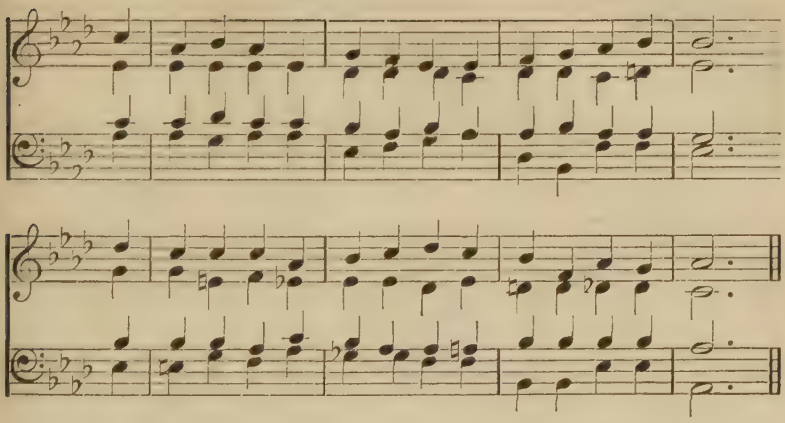


A - men.

E. H. JACKSON.

195

ST. MARGUERITE. E. C. WALKER.



If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

m 1 O GOD, whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear,

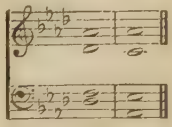
2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

4 Yet habits linger in the soul;
mf More grace, O Lord, more grace!
More sweetness, from Thy loving heart,
More sunshine from Thy face!

5 More mercy, Lord, more mercy still!
Make me all light within,
Self-hating, and compassionate,
And blind to others' sin.

m 6 [I need Thy mercy for my sin;
But more than this I need,—
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
For others' sin to bleed.]



A - men.

F. W. FABER.

196

LET IT PASS.

C. H. PURDAY.

Solo *or* Quartett.

All.

Let it pass;

Solo *or* Quartett.

All.

Let it pass— Let it pass:

Solo *or* Quartett.

All.

rall.

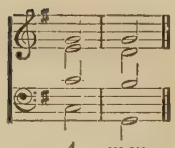
'Let it pass— Let it pass.'

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry.

m 1 BE not swift to take offence,
Let it pass;
Anger is a foe to sense,
Let it pass:
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long;
mf Rather sing this cheery song,
'Let it pass.'

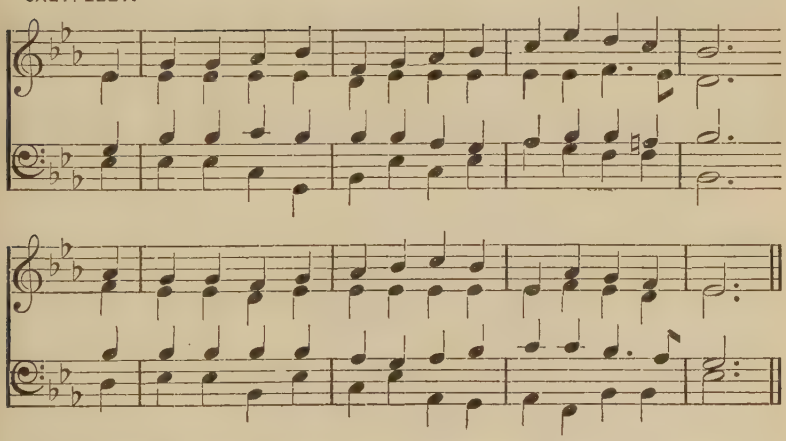
m 2 Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass;
Think how often you have err'd,
Let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay
Let it pass.

m 3 If for good you suffer ill,
Let it pass;
O be kind and gentle still,
Let it pass:
Time at last makes all things straight:
Meek and loving, let us wait,
And our bliss shall then be great:
Let it pass.



197

SALTFLEET. T. R. MATTHEWS.



Forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.

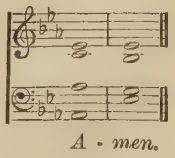
m 1 WHEN, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from [heaven
And bore His injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,
Though all His words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturb'd His heavenly mind.

m 3 Not all the wicked scoffs He heard
Against the truths He taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

mp 4 And, when upon the cross He bled,
With all His foes in view,
'Father, forgive them,' Jesus said,
'They know not what they do.'

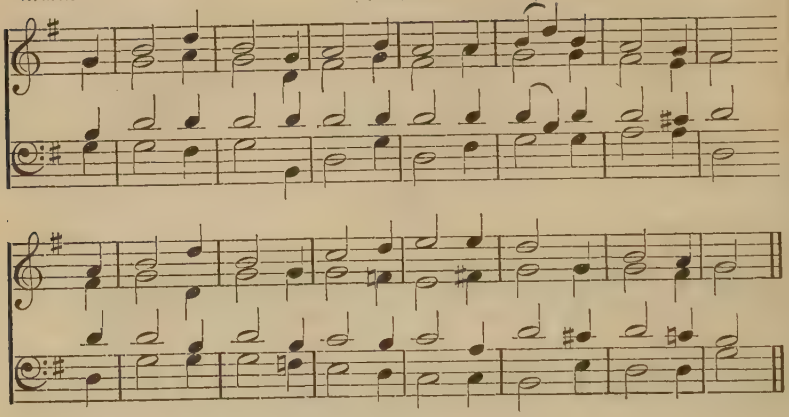
m 5 Dear Saviour, may I learn of Thee
My temper to amend;
But speak that pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.



JANE TAYLOR.

198

RIGHI. B. PROBST.



Be gentle, showing all meekness.

m 1 SPEAK gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

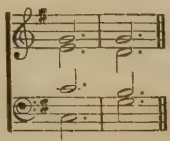
2 Speak gently; love doth whisper low
To friends, when faults we find;
Gently let truthful accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

3 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

mp 4 Speak gently to the agèd one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let him in peace depart.

m 5 Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

mf 6 Speak gently; it is like the Lord,
Whose accents meek and mild
Proclaim'd Him as the Son of God,
The gracious holy Child.

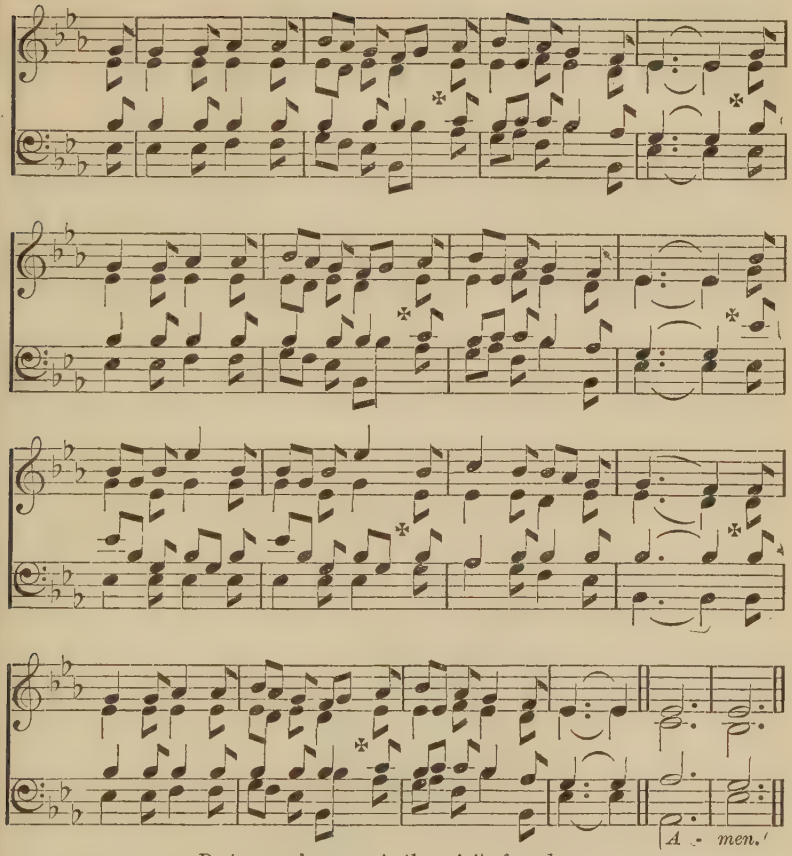


A - men.

G. W. HANGFORD (?) *and* OTHERS.

199

PROSPECT. *English Melody.*



Restore such an one in the spirit of meekness.

mp 1 THINK gently of the erring one;
Ye know not of the power
With which temptation on him
In some unguarded hour. [came,
Ye cannot know how earnestly
He struggled, or how well,
Until the time of weakness came,
When sadly thus he fell.

2 Speak mildly to the erring one;
For is it not enough [gone,
That innocence and peace have
Without thy censure rough?

mp It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-crush'd heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

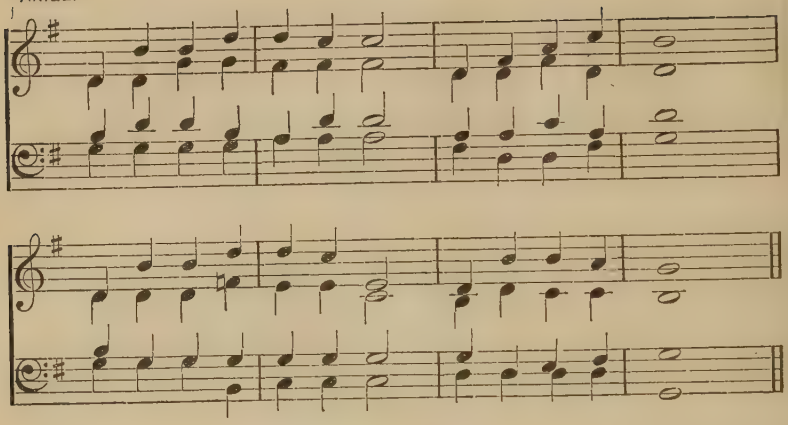
m 3 O kindly help the erring one;
Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

mp Forget not, thou hast often sinn'd,
And tempted yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

261 J. A. FLETCHER (?) *and* OTHERS.

200

ARIEL.



The lip of truth shall be established for ever.

m 1 SPEAK the truth, for that is right,
Whatsoe'er befall;
Let your hearts be clear as light,
Open unto all.

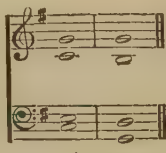
mp 2 Well you know deceit is sin;
Satan loves a lie;
If a falsehood you begin,
He is waiting by.

m 3 Speak the truth, for God is true,
And your voice is heard;
He is watching over you,
Marking every word.

4 O be honest in your youth;
Those who have deceived,
Even when they speak the truth,
Will not be believed.

5 Pray to Jesus for His might,
For by that alone
Every sin with which you fight
Can be overthrown.

mf 6 By that path may you be led
Which your Saviour trod;
Of the pure in heart He said,
'They shall see their God.'

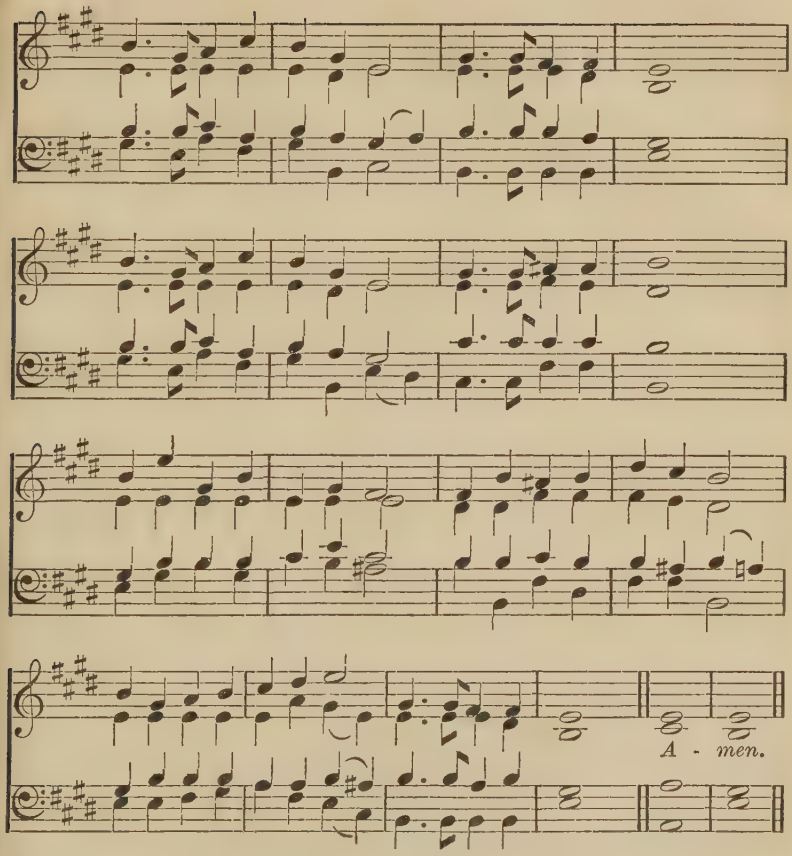


A - men.

COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

201

SINCERITY.



Speak every man truth with his neighbour.

m 1 Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth;
Whether at your work or play,
Always speak the truth.
Never from this rule depart,
Grave it deeply on your heart,
Written 'tis upon your Chart,—
'Always speak the truth!'

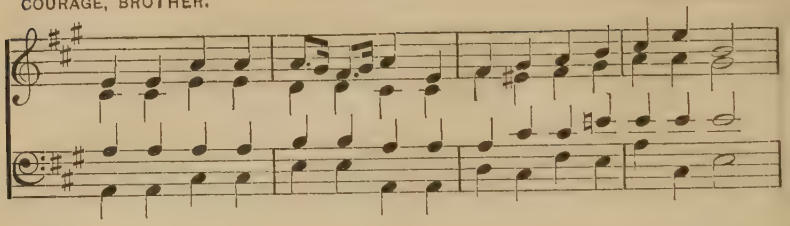
2 There 's a charm in honesty,
Always speak the truth;
There is meanness in a lie,
Always speak the truth;
m He is but a coward slave,
Who, a present pain to waive,
Stoops to falsehood; then be brave;
Always speak the truth.

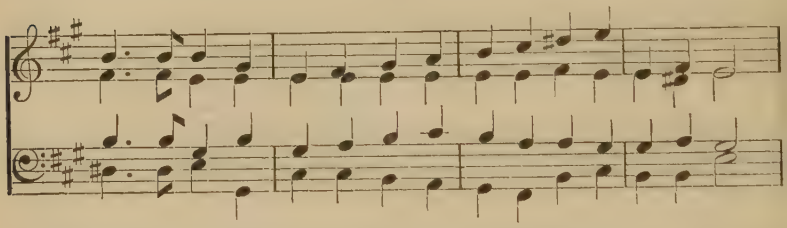
3 When you 're wrong, the folly own,
Always speak the truth;
There 's a triumph to be won;
Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue
Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
Then, with courage true and strong,
Always speak the truth. *Amen.*

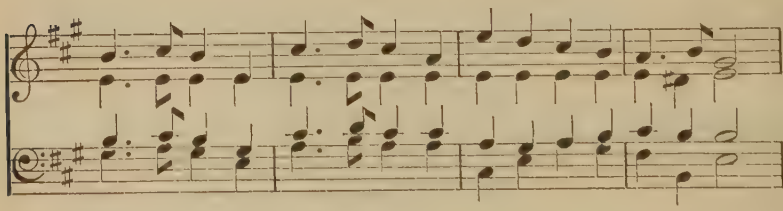
202

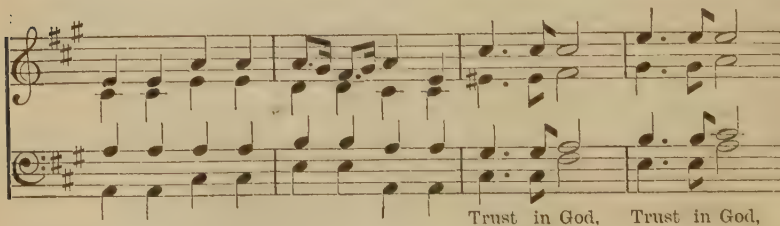
COURAGE, BROTHER.

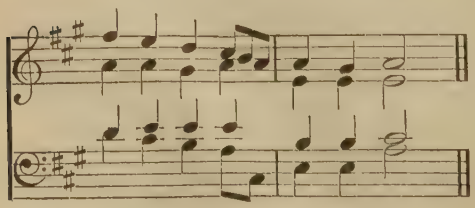
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.











Trust in the Lord, and do good.

mf 1 COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night
There 's a star to guide the humble;
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

m 2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
mf Foot it bravely! strong or weary;
f Trust in God, and do the right.

mf 3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
f Trust in God, and do the right.

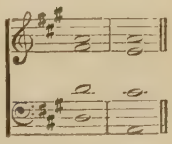
m 4 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
f Trust in God, and do the right.

m 5 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
f Trust in God, and do the right.

m 6 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

7 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee,—
f Trust in God, and do the right.

mf 8 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There 's a star to guide the humble;—
'Trust in God, and do the right.'



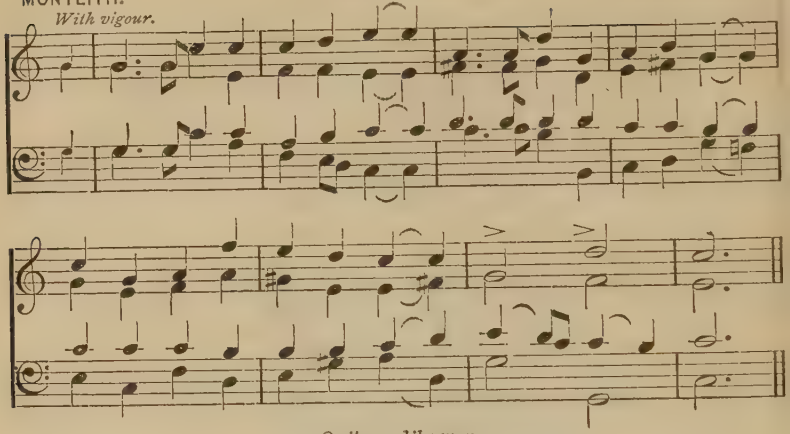
A - men.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

203

MONTEITH. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

With vigour.



Quit you like men.

mf 1 GIRD your loins about with truth;
Life will not go always smooth,
Singing lightsome songs of youth:
Play the man!

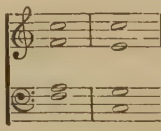
2 Learn with justice to keep pace,
Spurning what is vile and base;
And bravely ever set your face
To play the man.

3 Fear not what the world may say;
Hold the straight and narrow way
In the open light of day,
And play the man!

m 4 They will call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek;
Heed them not; so you must seek
To play the man.

5 It needeth courage to be true,
And steadfastly the right to do,
Loving him that wrongeth you:
Play the man!

mf 6 Trust in God, and let them mock;
They will break, as they have broke,
Like the waves upon the rock:
Play the man!



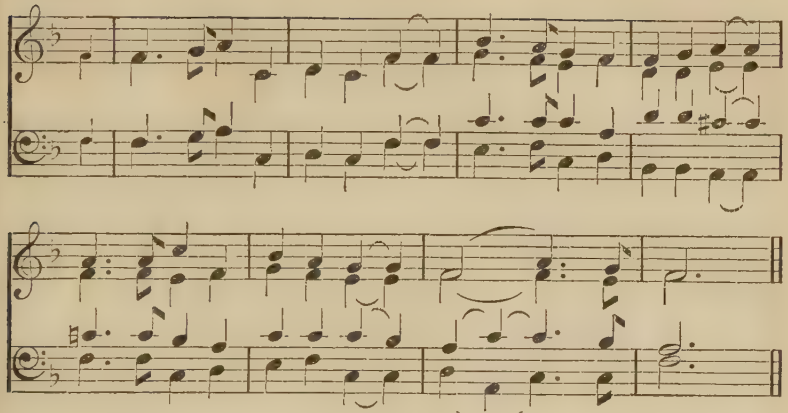
A - men.

W. C. SMITH.

NOTE.—The chord in small notes is required for Verse 5 only.

203

VIRTUS. SECOND TUNE R. RIACH THOM.



Quit you like men.

U *mf* 1 GIRD your loins about with truth;
Life will not go always smooth,
Singing lightsome songs of youth:
Play the man!

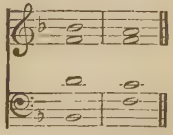
H 2 Learn with justice to keep pace,
Spurning what is vile and base;
And bravely ever set your face
To play the man.

3 Fear not what the world may say;
Hold the straight and narrow way
In the open light of day,
And play the man!

m 4 They will call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek;
Heed them not; so you must seek
To play the man.

5 It needeth courage to be true,
And steadfastly the right to do,
Loving him that wrongeth you:
Play the man!

U *mf* 6 Trust in God, and let them mock;
They will break, as they have broke,
Like the waves upon the rock:
Play the man!



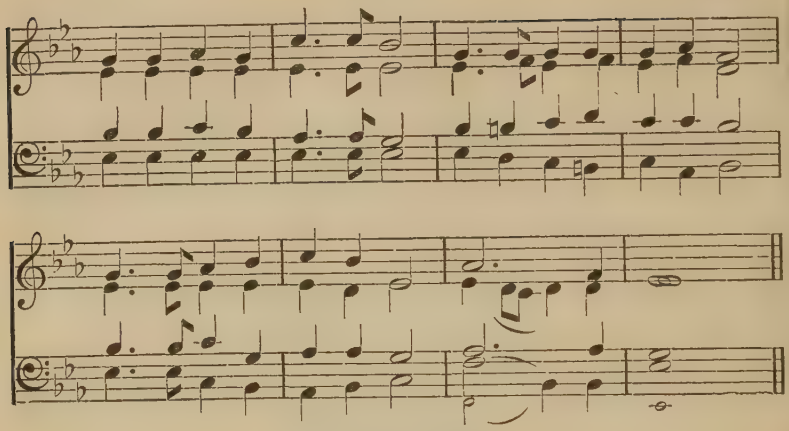
A - men.

W. C. SMITH.

NOTE.—The chord in small notes is required for Verse 5 only.

204

VIGILATE. W. H. MONK.



Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

U *mf* 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
mp Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

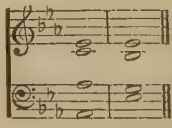
H 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

U *m* 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambush'd lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

H 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,—
'Watch and pray.'

mf 6 Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

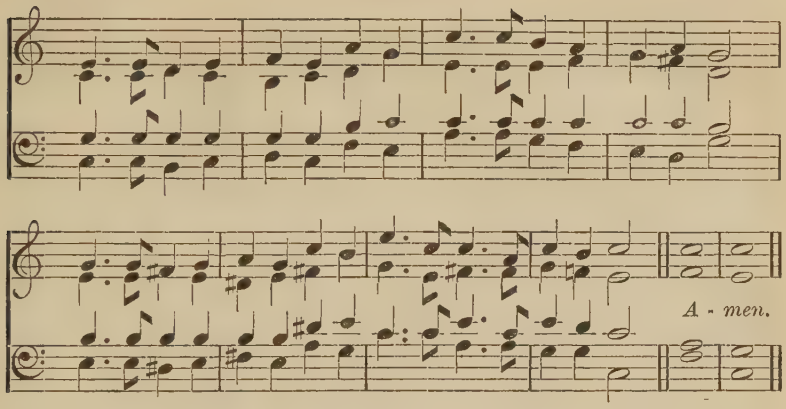


A - men.

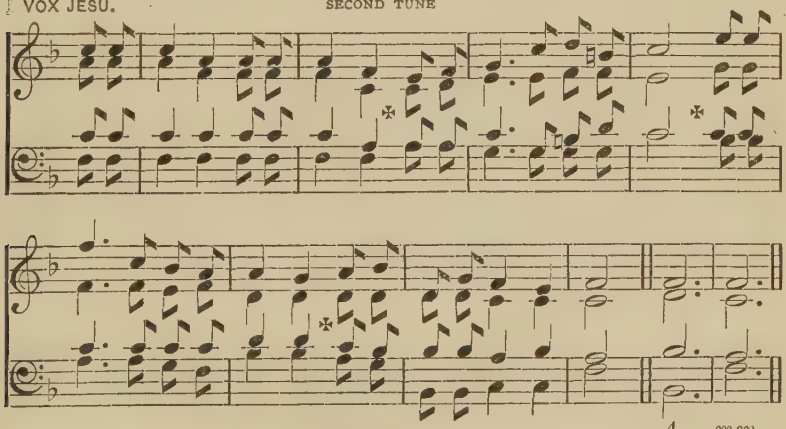
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

205

ST. ANDREW. FIRST TUNE E. H. THORNE.



VOX JESU. SECOND TUNE



His disciples followed Him.

m 1 JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice sounded,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me;'

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilæan lake,
Turn'd from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
m From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

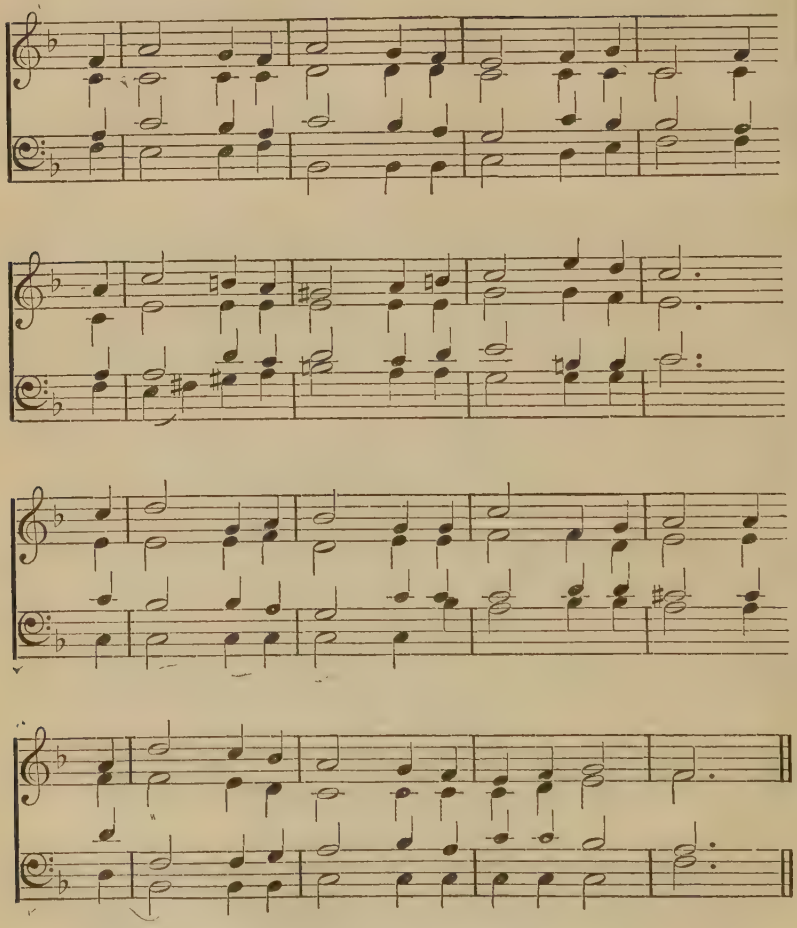
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

5 Jesus calls us: (*mp*) by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

206

THE MASTER HATH COME. J. F. BRIDGE.



Followers of God, as dear children.

m 1 THE Master hath come, and He calls us to follow
The track of the footprints He leaves on our way;
Far over the mountain, and through the deep hollow,
c The path leads us on to the mansions of day.

m 2 The Master hath call'd us, the children who fear Him,
Who march 'neath Christ's banner, His own little band;
We love Him, and seek Him; we long to be near Him,
And rest in the light of His beautiful land.

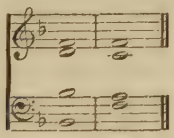
mp 3 [The Master hath call'd us; the road may be dreary,
And dangers and sorrows are strown on the track;
m But God's Holy Spirit shall comfort the weary;
We follow the Saviour, and cannot turn back.]

4 The Master hath call'd us; though doubt and temptation
May compass our journey, we cheerfully sing,
Press onward, look upward;' through much tribulation
The children of Zion must follow their King.

5 The Master hath call'd us; in life's early morning,
With spirits as fresh as the dew on the sod,
We turn from the world, with its smiles and its scorning,
To cast in our lot with the people of God.

mf 6 The Master hath call'd us, His sons and His daughters;
We plead for His blessing, and trust in His love;
And through the green pastures, beside the still waters
He leads us at last to His kingdom above.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

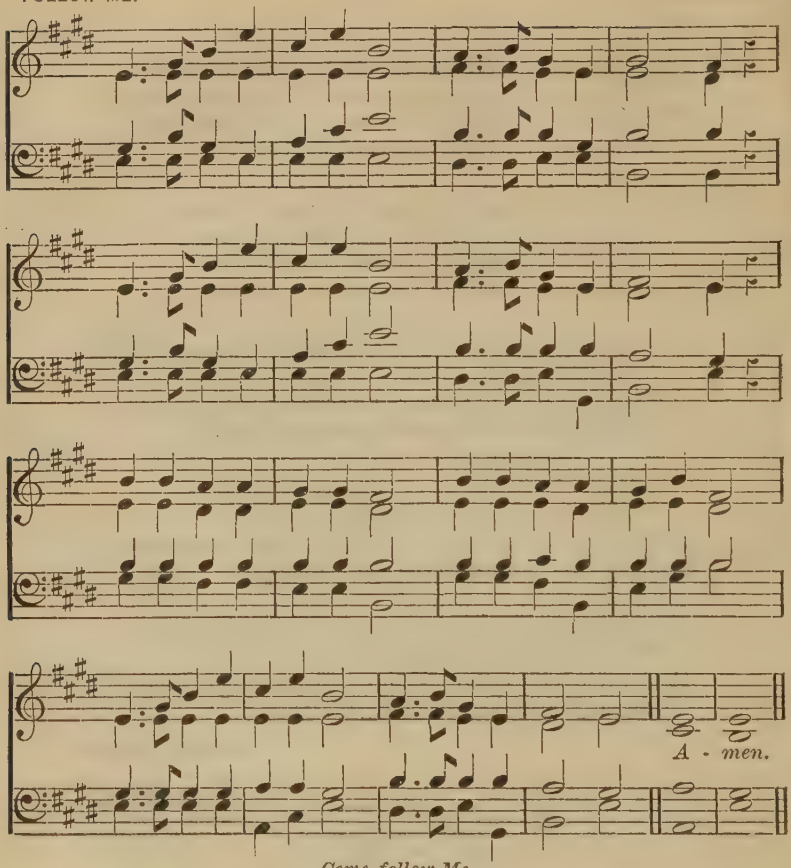


A - men.

207

FOLLOW ME.

German Melody.



Come, follow Me.

Q *m* 1 'FOLLOW Me,' the Master said:
A We will follow Jesus;
Q By His Word and Spirit led,
A We will follow Jesus:
Still for us He lives to plead,
At the throne doth intercede,
Offers help in time of need;
We will follow Jesus.

Q 2 Should the world and sin oppose,
A We will follow Jesus;
Q He is greater than our foes;
A We will follow Jesus:
m On His promise we depend,
He will succour and defend,
Help and keep us to the end;
We will follow Jesus.

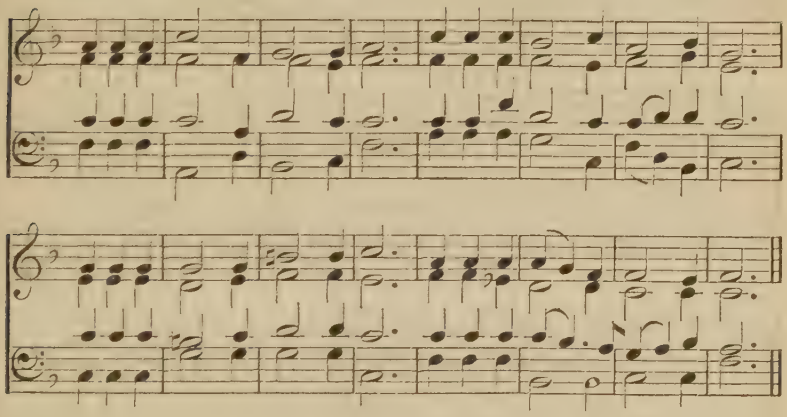
Q 3 Though the way may dark appear,
A We will follow Jesus;
Q He will make our pathway clear;
A We will follow Jesus:
In our daily round of care,
As we plead with God in prayer,
With the cross which we must bear,
We will follow Jesus.

Q *m* 4 Ever keep the end in view;
A We will follow Jesus:
Q All His promises are true;
A We will follow Jesus.

mf When this earthly course is run,
And the Master says, 'Well done!'
Life eternal we have won.
We will follow Jesus. *Amen.*

208

HESPERUS. HENRY BAKER.



Let him take up his cross daily, and follow Me.

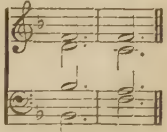
mp 1 'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.'

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
m His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

mp 3 Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
p Thy Lord refused not even to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

m 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every trial brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

mf 5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.



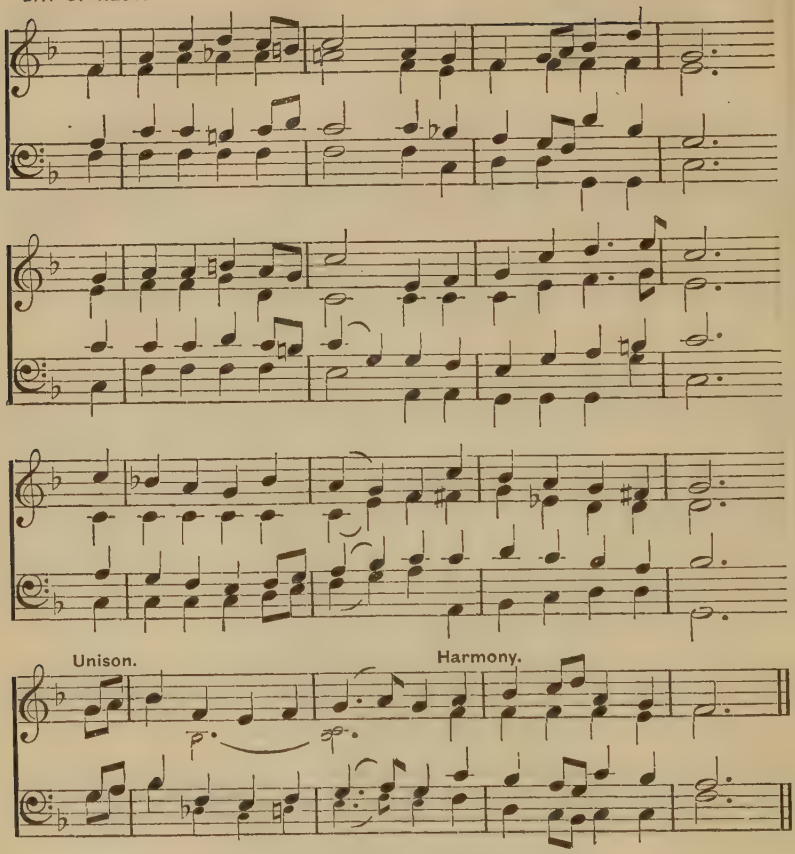
A - men.

C. W. EVEREST.

209

DAY OF REST.

J W. ELLIOTT.



If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.

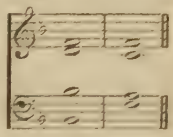
m 1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
mf I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

mp 2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near,
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

m 3 [O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.]

mf 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
m And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
c O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
mf And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

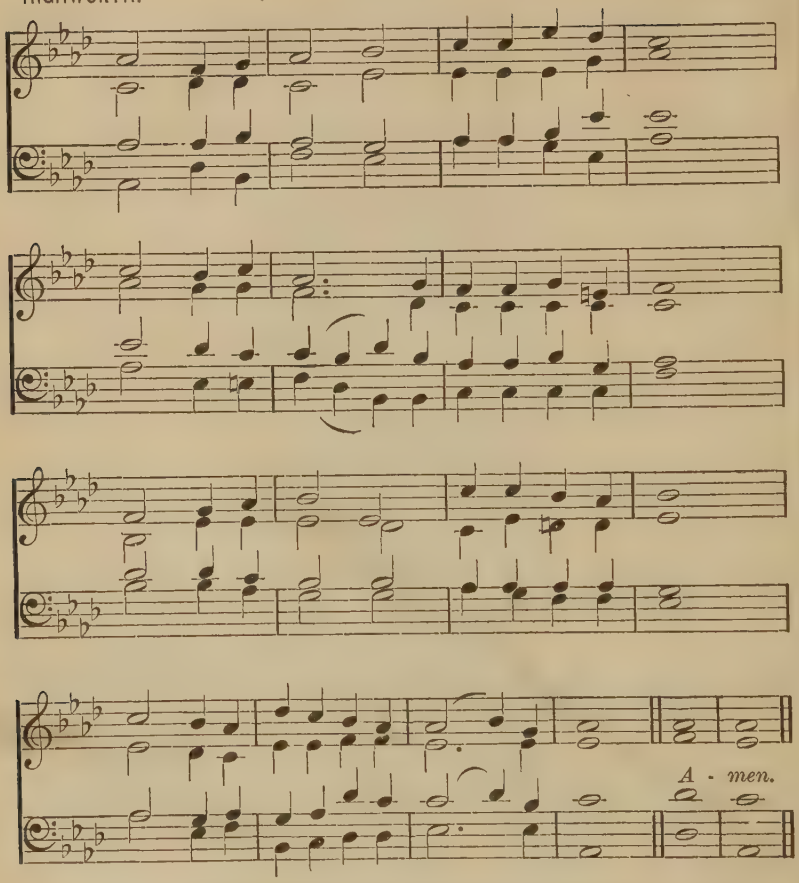


A - men.

J. E. BODE.

210

HIGHWORTH. FIRST TUNE F. W. HIRD.



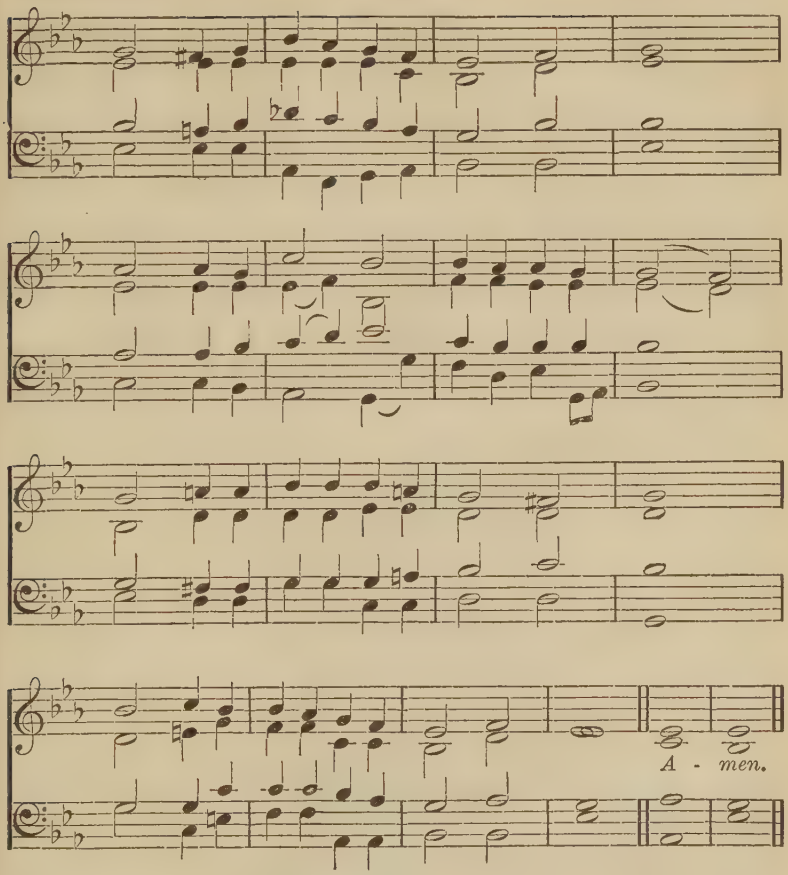
Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end.

m 1 TEACH me to live! (*mp*) 'Tis easier far to die,
Gently and silently to pass away,
d On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
c And waken in the realms of glorious day.

m 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live!
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
mf Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

210

KENSINGTON. SECOND TUNE W. D. MACLAGAN.



m 3 Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

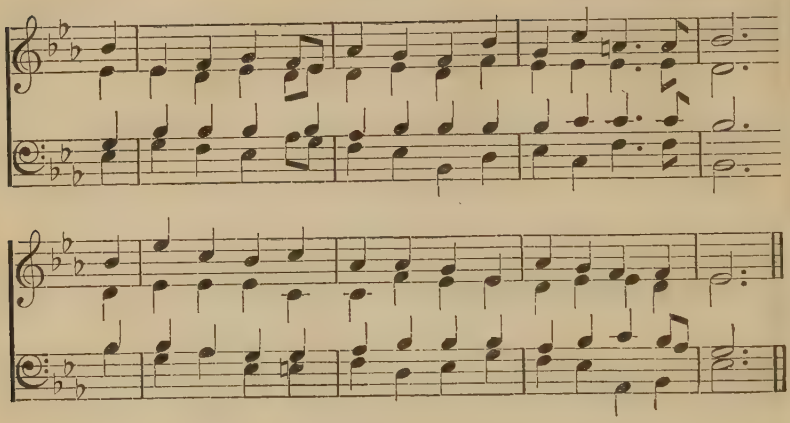
mf 4 Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;
Be this my highest and my holiest joy. *Amen.*

E. E. BURMAN.

211

ST. BERNARD.

Tochter Zion, 1741.
Adapted by JOHN RICHARDSON.



Send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me.

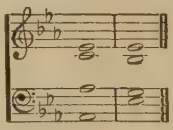
m 1 LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.

mp 2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

m 3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
mp But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
All prone to go astray.

m 4 O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

mf 5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

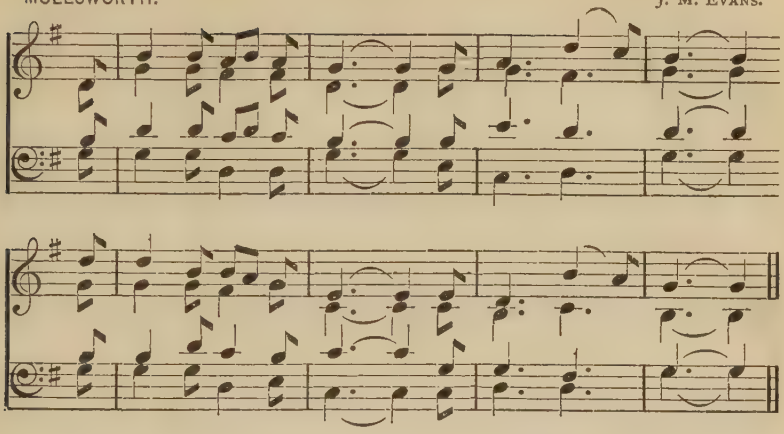


A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR.

212

MOLESWORTH. J. M. EVANS.



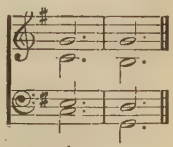
Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

mf 1 A CROWN of glory bright
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.

m 2 O may I faithful prove,
Keep it in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be Thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend.

4 Be Thou my shield and sun,
My constant guard,
c And, when my work is done,
My great reward.



A - men.

PHOEBE CARY.

213

BROOMSGROVE. FIRST TUNE F. C. MAKER.

Unison. Harmony.

Unison. Harmony.

A - men.

Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch.

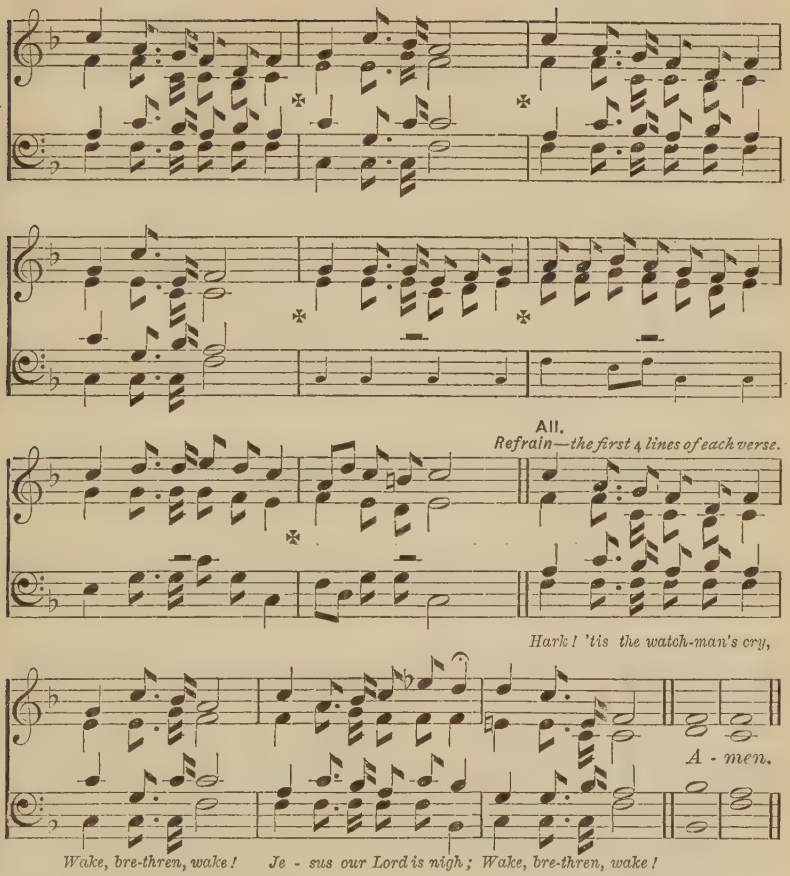
R *mf* 1 HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

L 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
Even though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

R *m* 3 [Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all
Work, brethren, work!

213

WATCHMAN'S CRY. SECOND TUNE J. R. MURRAY.



R *m* This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!]

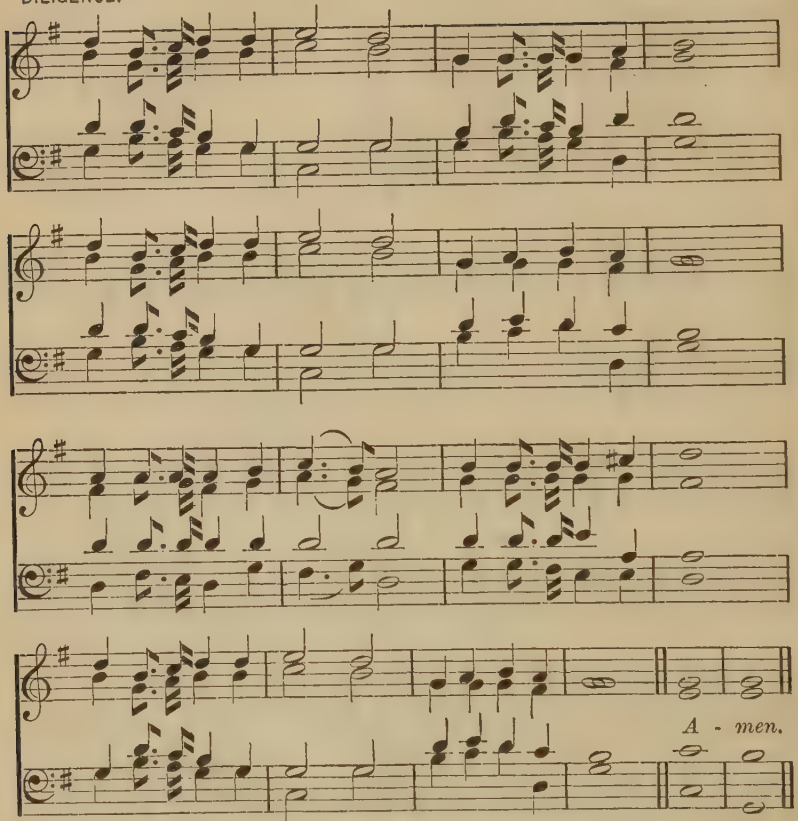
L *mp* 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear;
Weakness needs the Strong One
near;

L *mp* Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

A *f* 5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!
Amen.

214

DILIGENCE. LOWELL MASON.



The night cometh, when no man can work.

mf 1 WORK! for the night is coming:
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun:
d Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

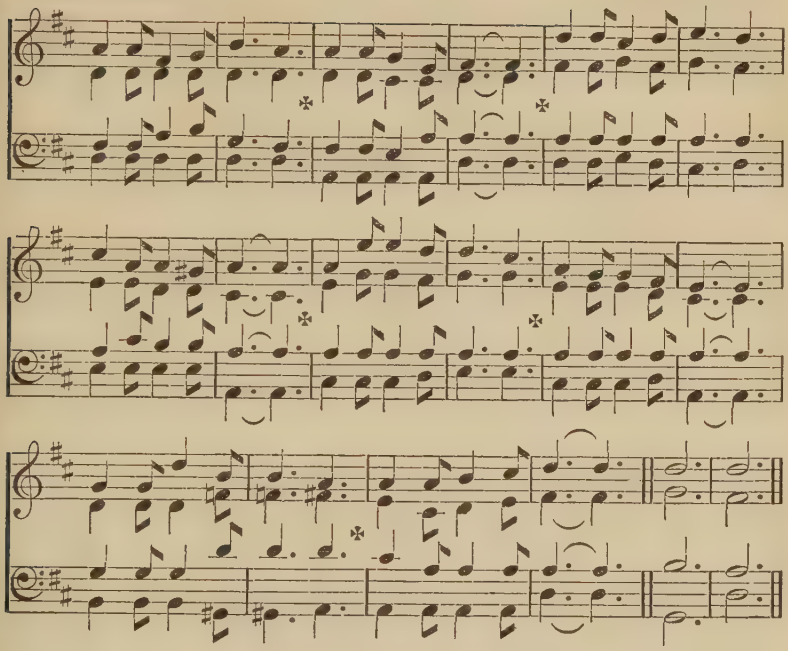
mf 2 Work! for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon,
Fill the bright hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon;
mf Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store:
d Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

mf 3 Work! for the night is coming:
mp Under the sunset skies, [ing,
While their bright tints are glow-
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
d Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.
Amen.

A. L. COGHILL.

215

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. E. R. BARKER.



I must work while it is day.

m 1 WHILE the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere his rays declining
Tell that night is nigh,
Ere the shadows falling
Lengthen on our way,
Hark! a voice is calling,
'Work while it is day!'

2 Work for God in heaven:
Seek the Saviour's face,
Plead to be forgiven,
Strive to grow in grace;
Watch against temptation,
Watch, and fight, and pray:
Each in his own station
Work while it is day.

3 [Say not that the morning
Is for work too soon,
mp You have many a warning
Night may come ere noon;
mp There are vacant places
In your ranks, which say,
'Where the missing faces?
Work while it is day.']

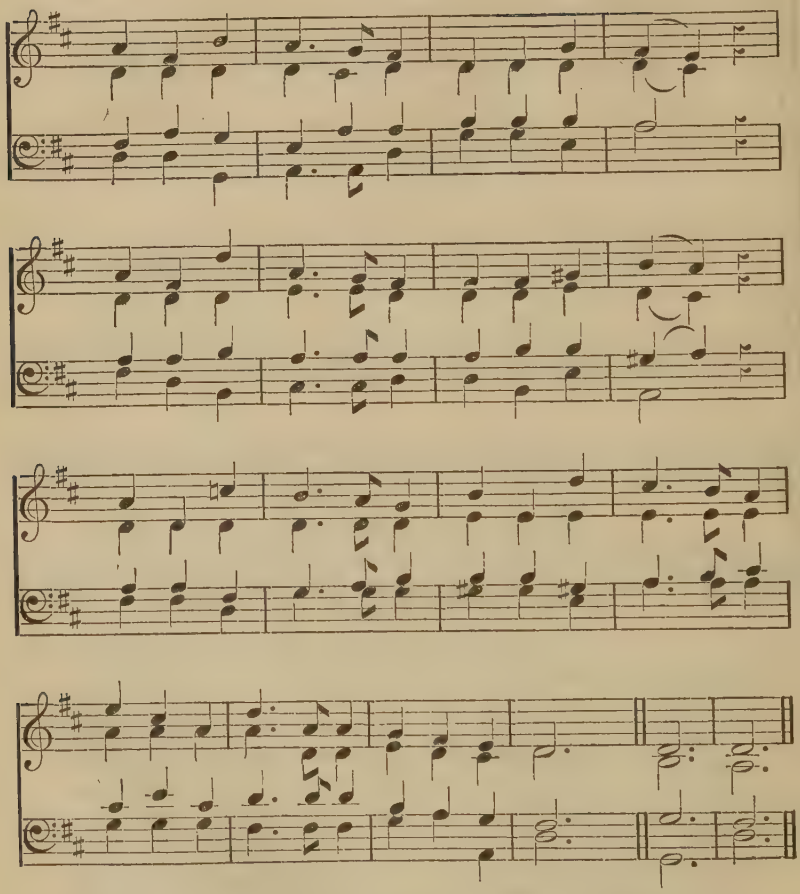
m 4 Work, but not in sadness;
For your Lord above
He will make it gladness,
With His smile of love;
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

mf 5 Happy then the meeting,
When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the throne of grace,—
Good and faithful servant,
Of My Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest.' *Amen.*

T. A. STOWELL.

216

CONSECRATION. FIRST TUNE HENRY FARMER.



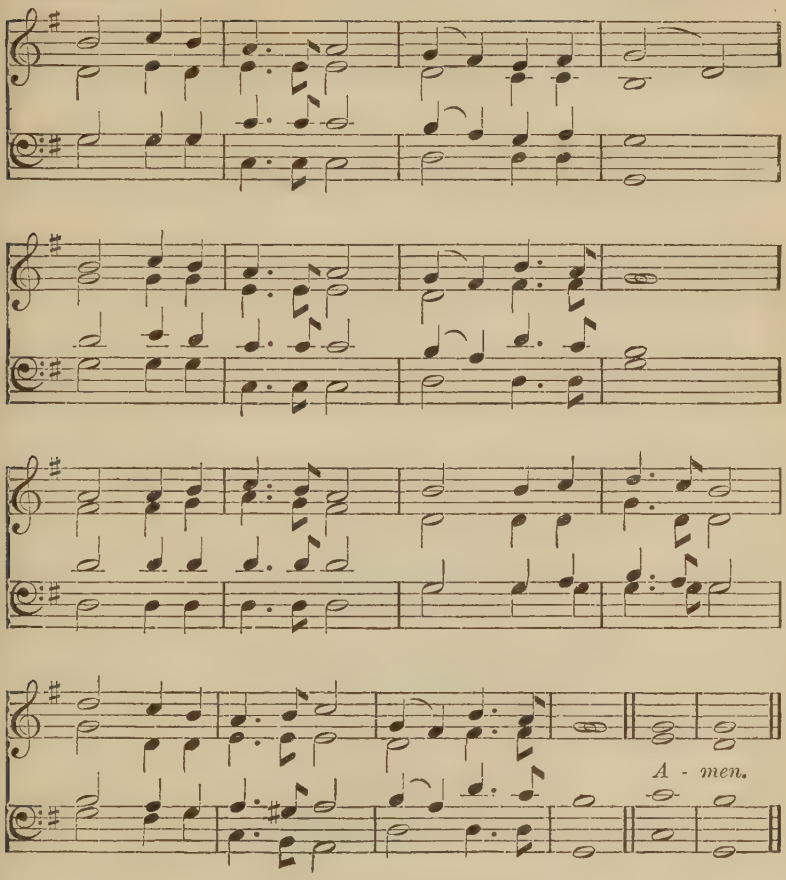
What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?

mp 1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
m My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

m 2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to Thee;
mp Help me the cross to bear,
m Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

216

ALL FOR JESUS. SECOND TUNE ROBERT LOWRY.



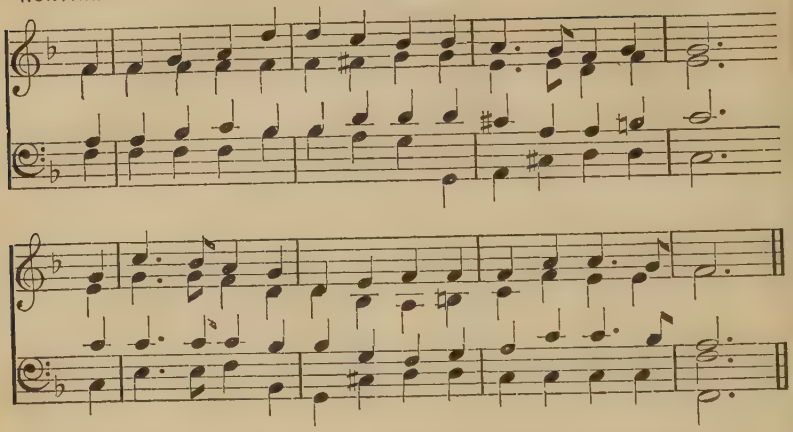
m 3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

mf 4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
Ever, in joy or grief,
My Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see
My ransom'd soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee. *Amen.*

S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

217

NORTHREPPS. FIRST TUNE JOSIAH BOOTH.



Not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others.

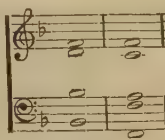
m 1 GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

mp 2 God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower
Although its place be small.

m 3 God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
mf That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

m 4 God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

mf 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

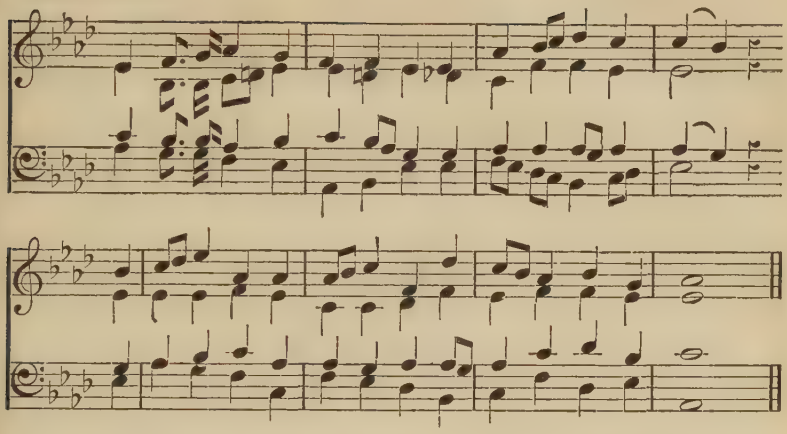


A - men.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

217

RUTHWELL. SECOND TUNE J. MONTGOMERIE BELL.



Not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others.

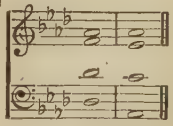
m 1 GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

mp 2 God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower
Although its place be small.

m 3 God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
mf That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

m 4 God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

mf 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

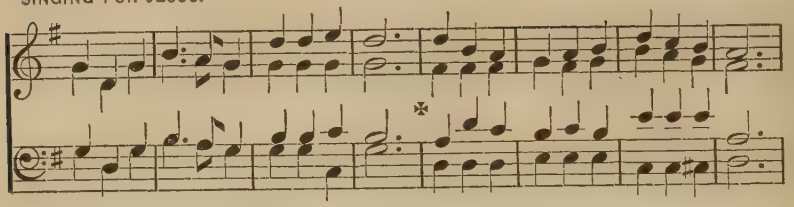


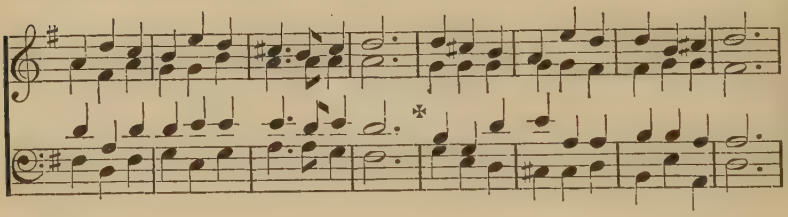
A - men.

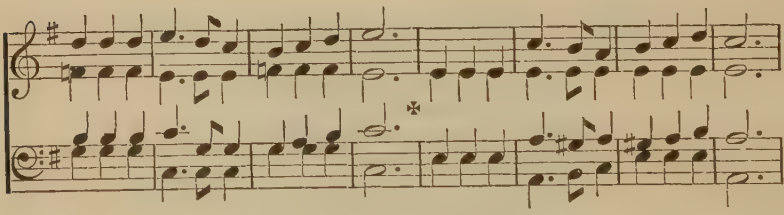
M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

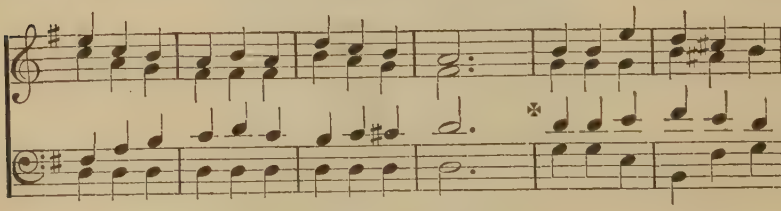
218

SINGING FOR JESUS. EBENEZER PROUT.

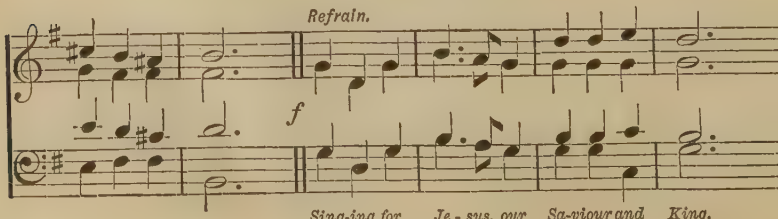


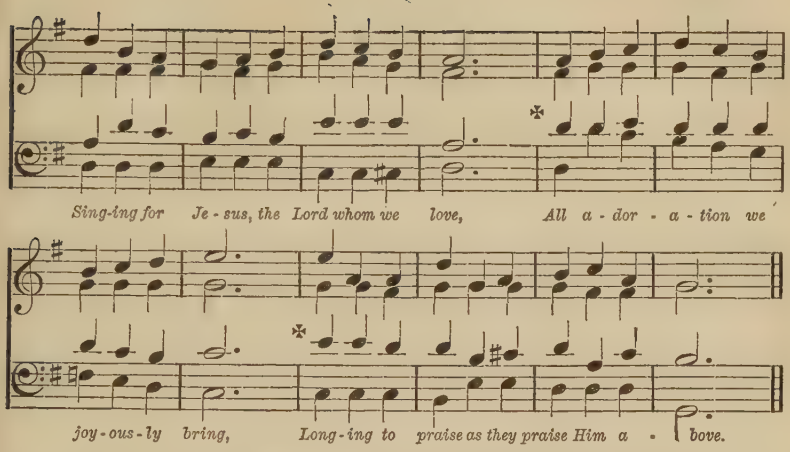






Refrain.





With my song will I praise Him.

mf 1 SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love,
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as they praise Him above.

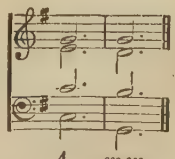
2 Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace,
Love from eternity, love without end,
mp Love for the loveless, the sinful, and base.
Singing for Jesus, etc.

m 3 Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in;
mf Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

4 Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
mp Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.
Singing for Jesus, etc.

mf 5 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide;
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

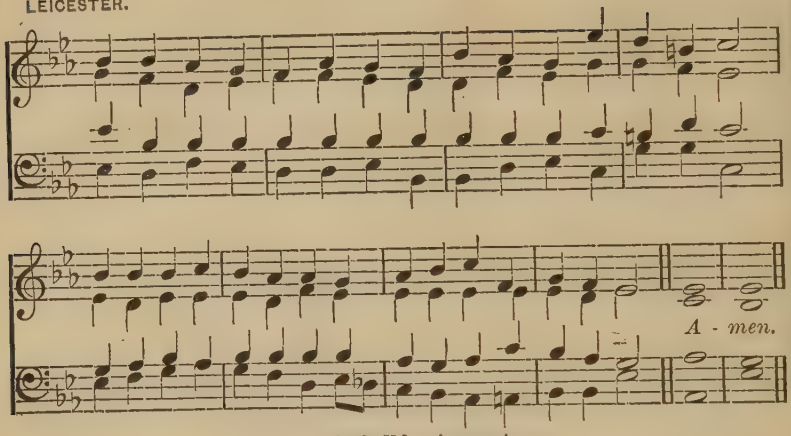
f 6 Singing for Jesus, O singing with joy!
Thus will we praise Him, and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.
Singing for Jesus, etc.



F. R. HAVERGAL.

219

LEICESTER. H. T. LESLIE.



Give, and it shall be given unto you.

m 1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Haste its failing drops to share,
mf And through all the years of famine
Thou shalt still have drops to spare.

mp 2 Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
c Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

mp 3 Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
c Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

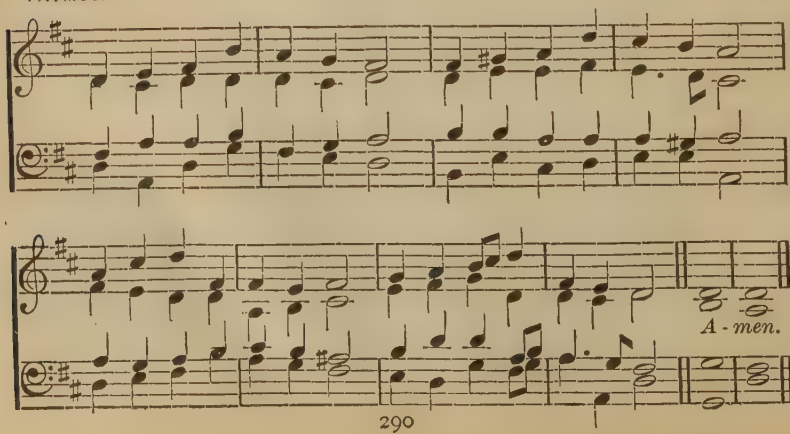
mp 4 Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
c Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

m 5 Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
mf It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

E. RUNDLE-CHARLES.

220

PATMOS. FIRST TUNE W. H. HAVERGAL.



220

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. SECOND TUNE ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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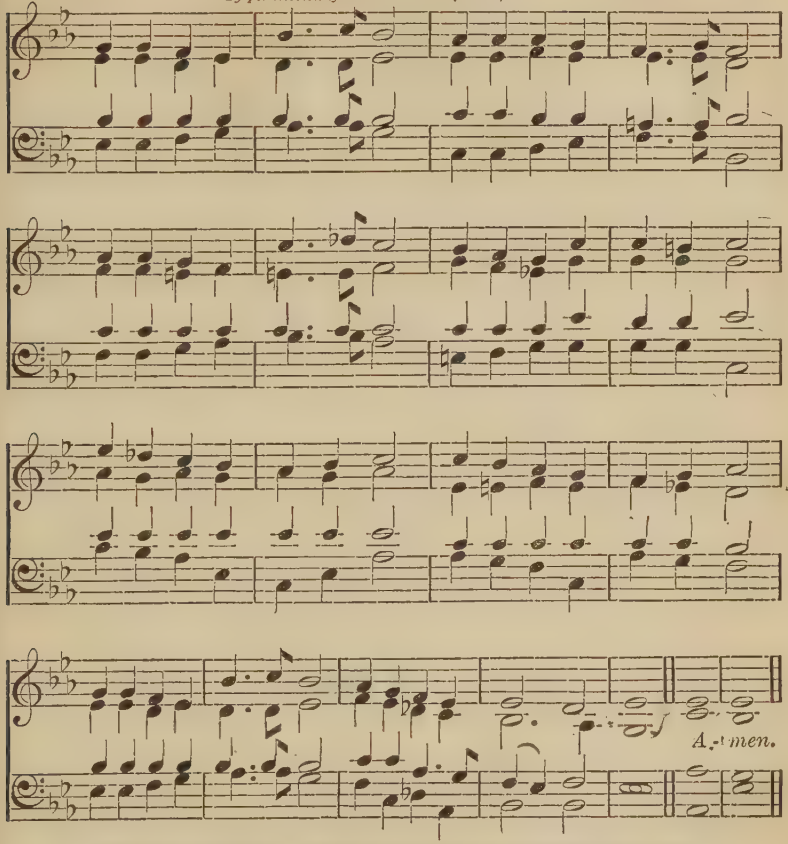


Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

m 1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Fill'd with messages from Thee.

m 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
mf Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

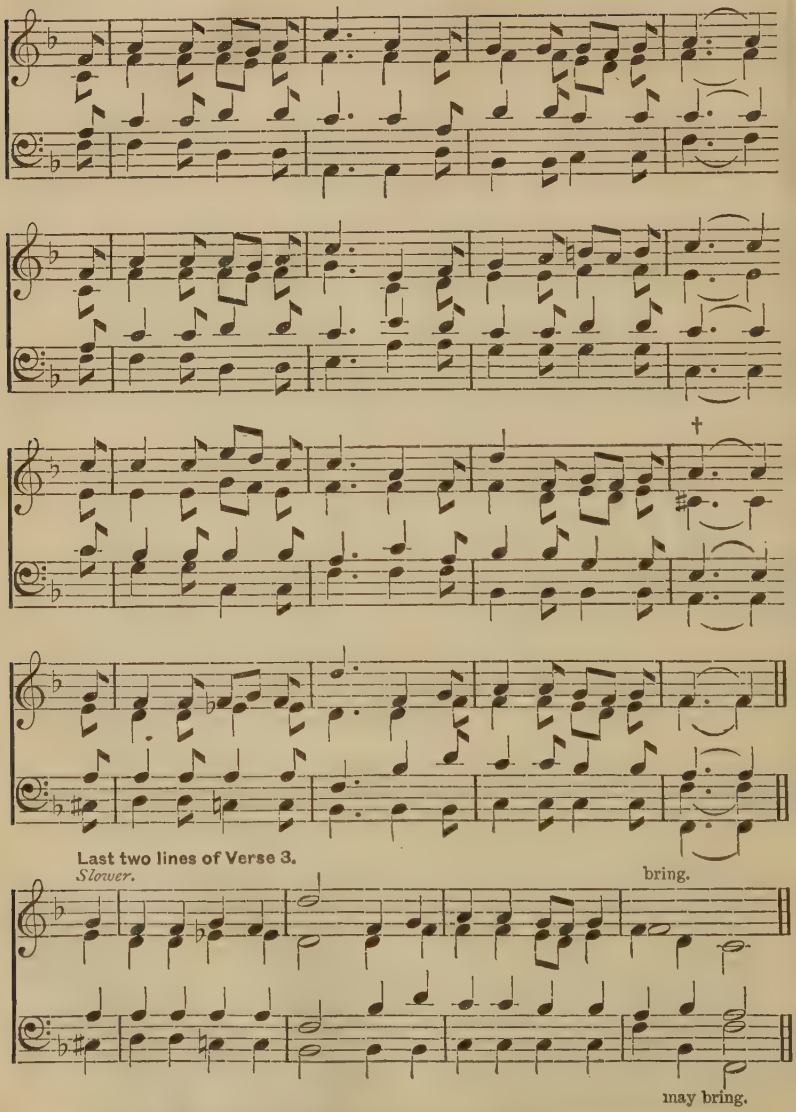
m 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
f Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for Thee! *Amen.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.

221

CHRISTMAS MORN.

E. J. HOPKINS.



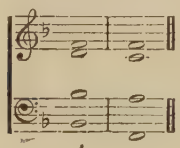
† Make a pause on this note in Verse 3, and sing the remainder of the verse to the above slightly altered version of the close of the tune.

To obey is better than sacrifice.

m 1 THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health:
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning;
What shall we children bring?

mf 2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

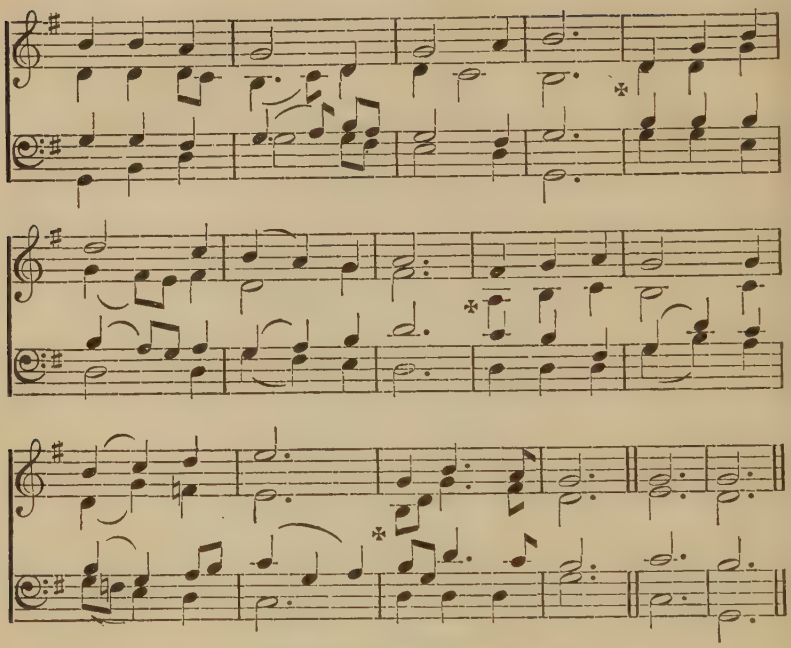
3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring. *Amen.*



A - men.

222

ALMSGIVING. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.



Freely ye have received, freely give.

mf 1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

m 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
c We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

mp 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
c And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

mf 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,

222

MEMORIA. SECOND TUNE S. S. WESLEY.

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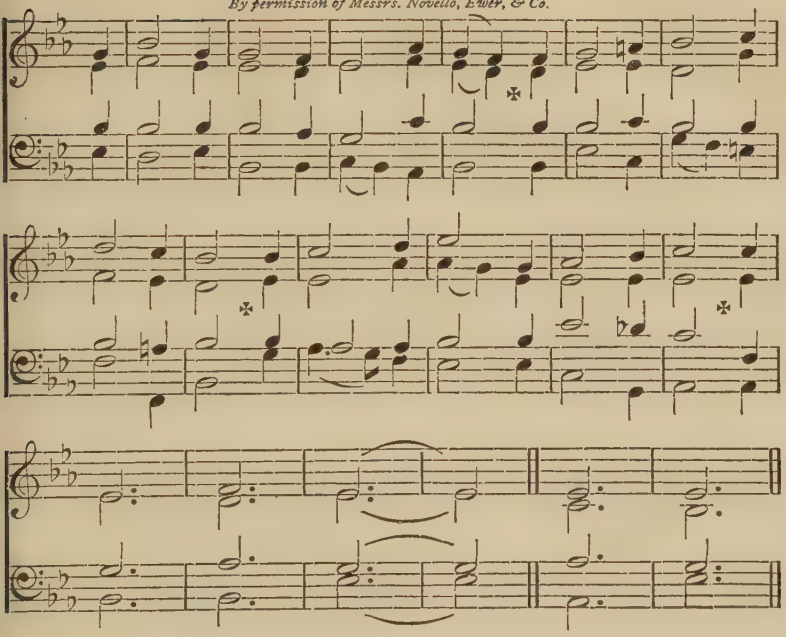


mf And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

mp 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
m We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

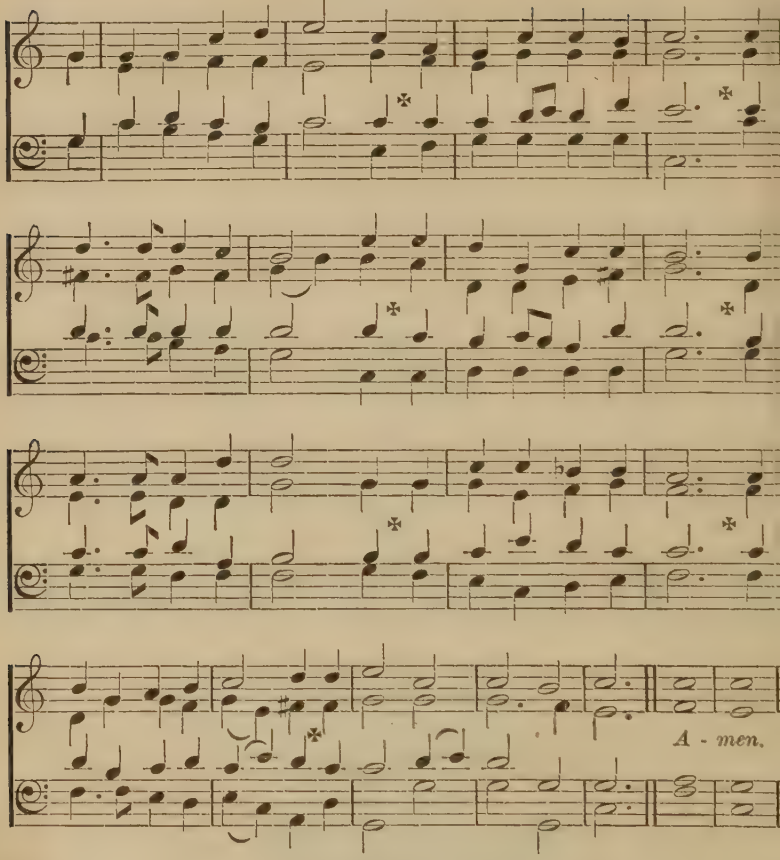
mf 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
c Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all,—

mf 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
m O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all. *Amen.*

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

223

STAND UP FOR JESUS. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.



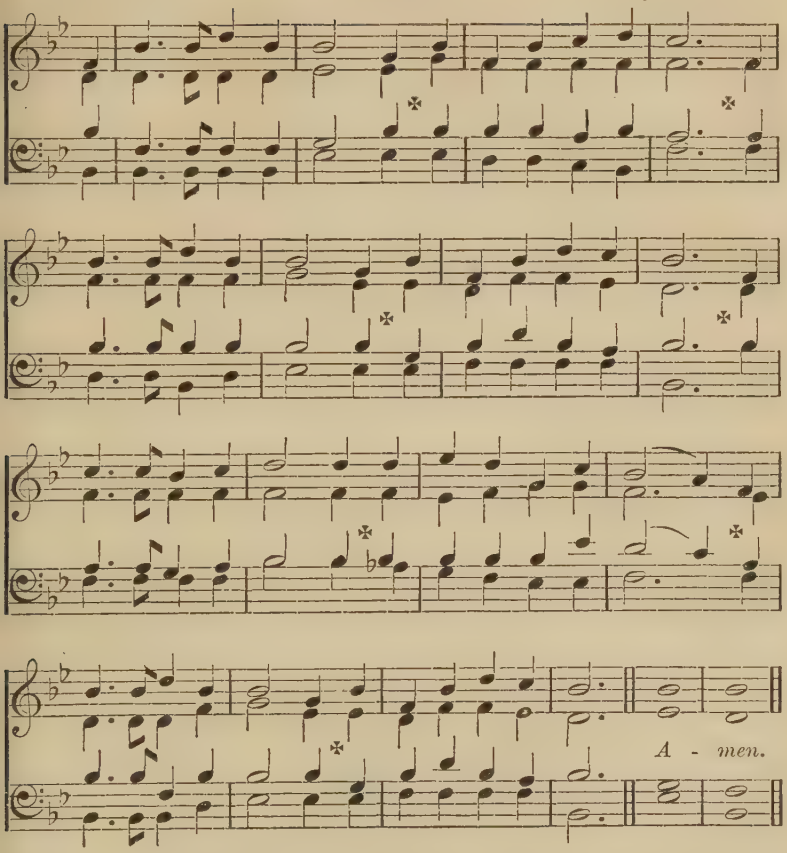
A good soldier of Jesus Christ.

H *mf* 1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
f From victory to victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

U *mf* 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumber'd foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

223

MORNING LIGHT. SECOND TUNE G. J. WEBB.



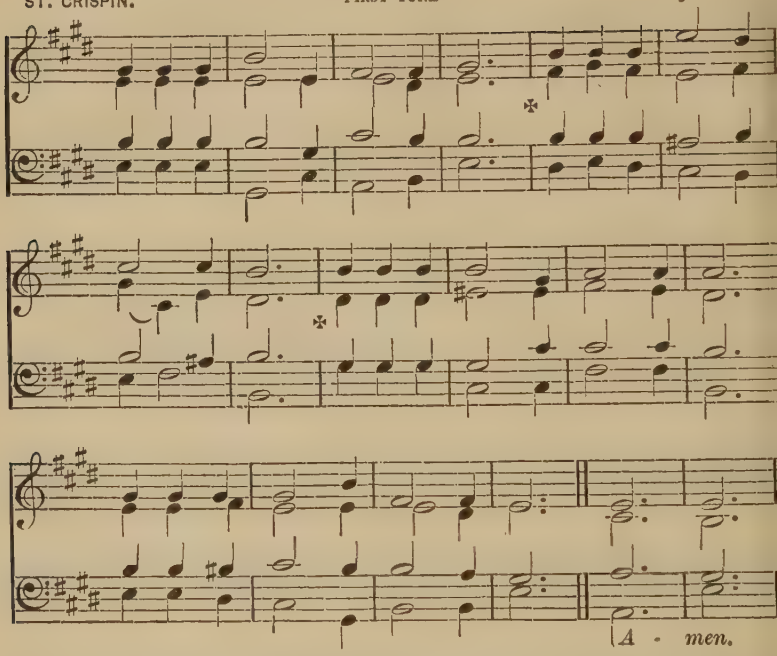
H *mf* 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
mp The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
m Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece goes on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

H *mf* 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
m The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
mf The next, the victor's song.
f To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be,
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. *Amen.*

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

224

ST. CRISPIN. FIRST TUNE G. J. ELVEY.



Fight the good fight of faith.

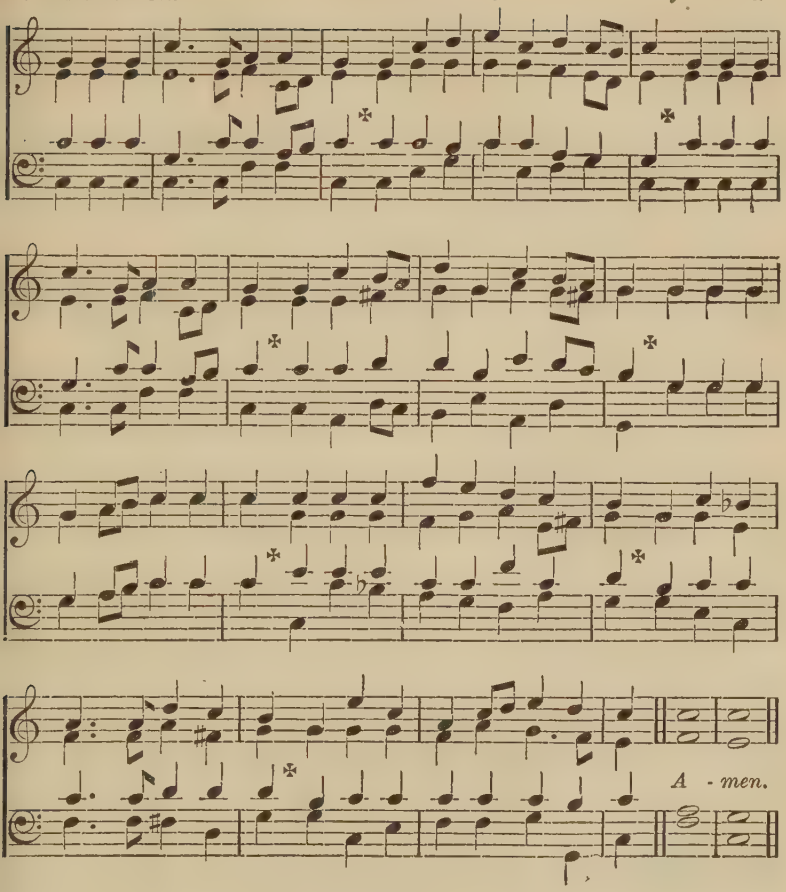
mf 1 FIGHT the good fight
With all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right
c Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

m 2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face.
Life with its path before us lies,
c Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

m 3 Cast care aside,
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

224

PETERBOROUGH. SECOND TUNE JOHN GOSS.

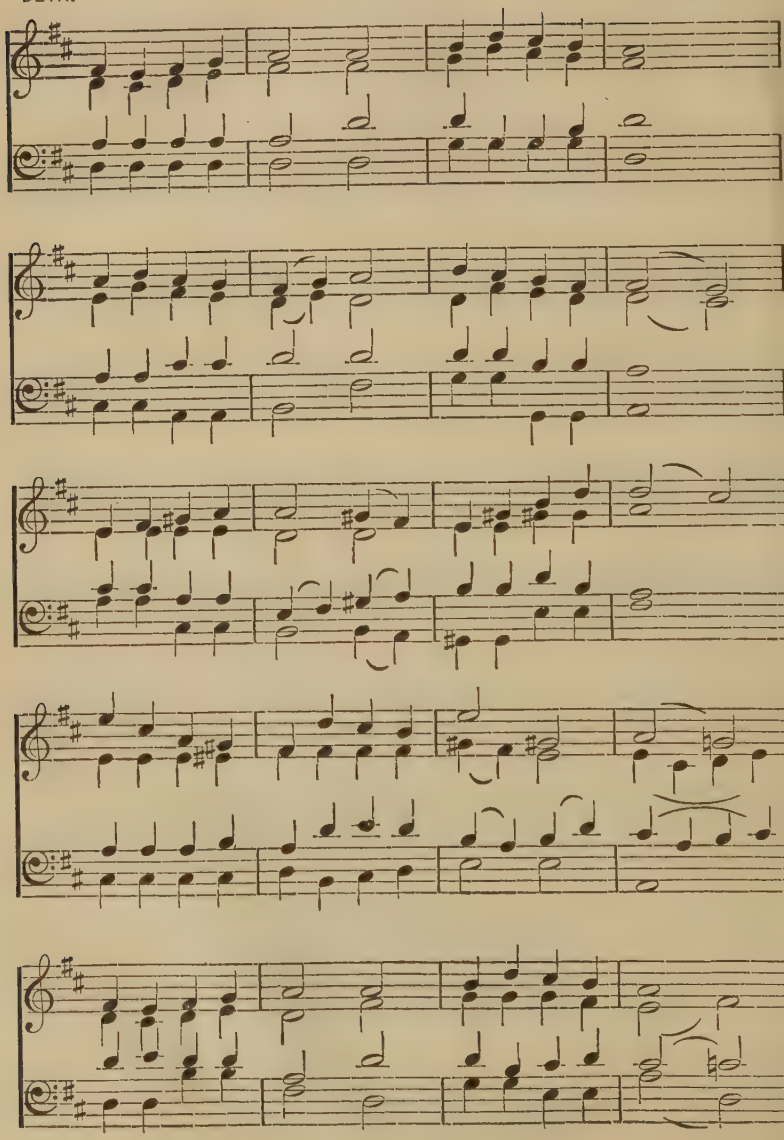


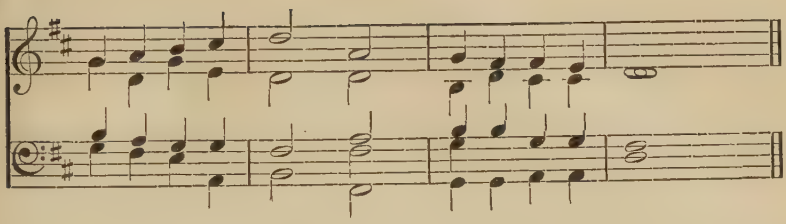
m 4 Faint not, nor fear;
His arm is near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
c Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. *Amen.*

J. S. B. MONSELL.

225

DEVA. FIRST TUNE E. J. HOPKINS.





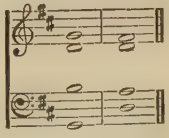
Who is on the Lord's side.

Q *m* 1 WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
A *f* By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Q *m* 2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
mf With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Q *mf* Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
A *f* By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Q *m* 3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
mf But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
A *f* Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Q *m* 4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
mf In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
A Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour! always Thine.

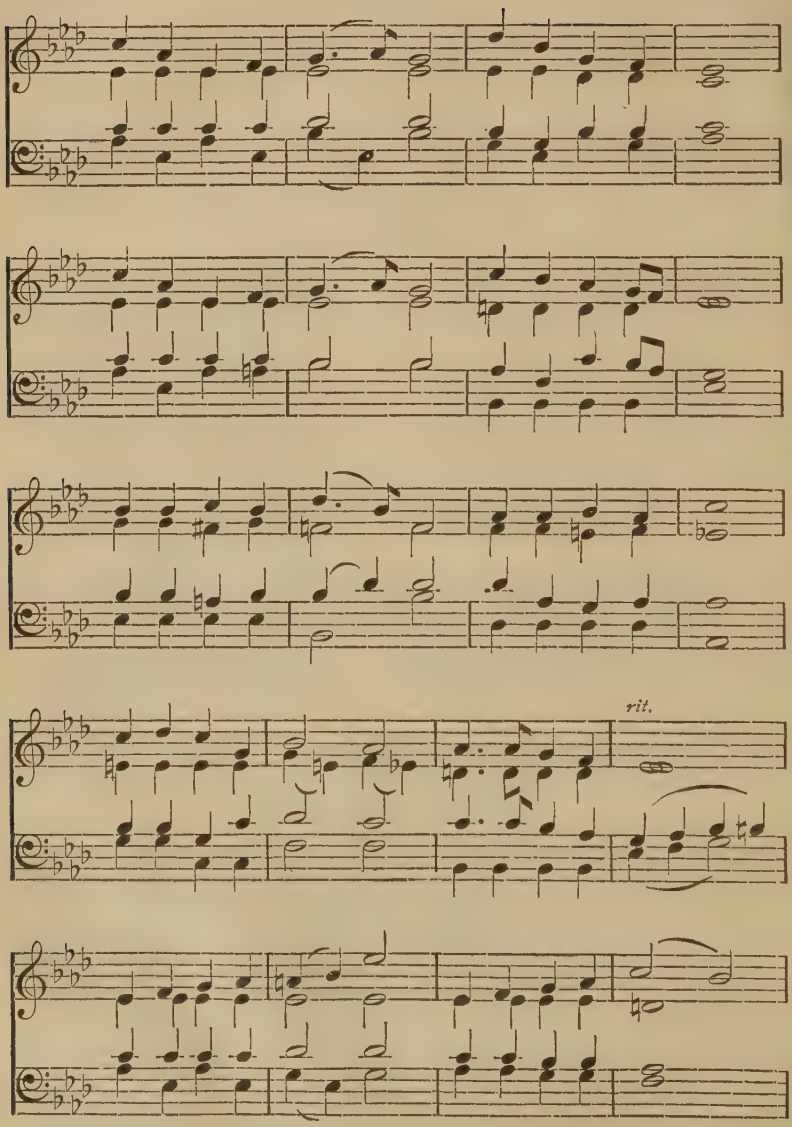


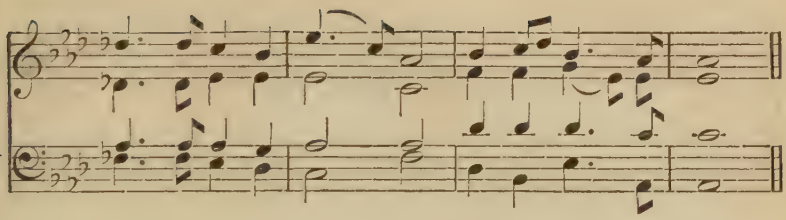
A - men.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

225

ROSMORE. SECOND TUNE H. G. TREMBATH.





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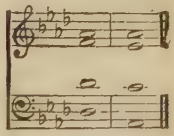


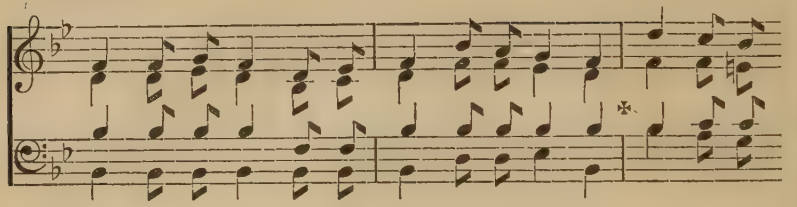
A - men.

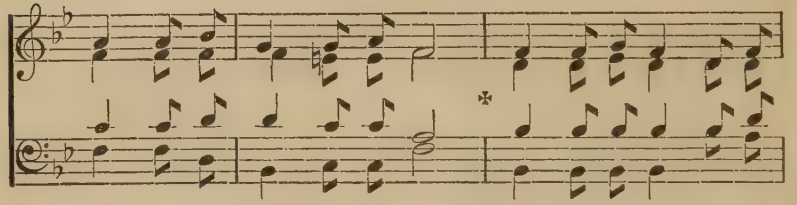
F. R. HAVERGAL.

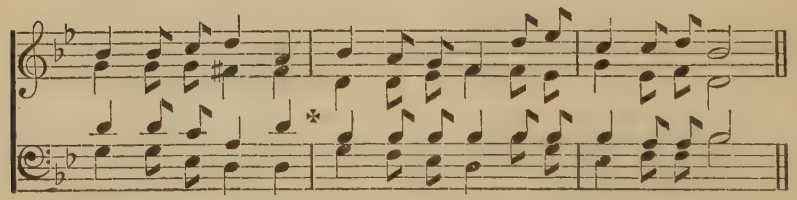
226

TRUE-HEARTED.

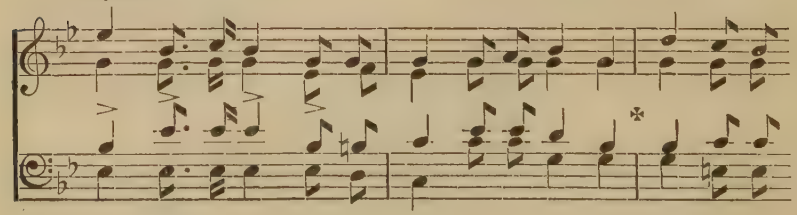
JOSIAH BOOTH.

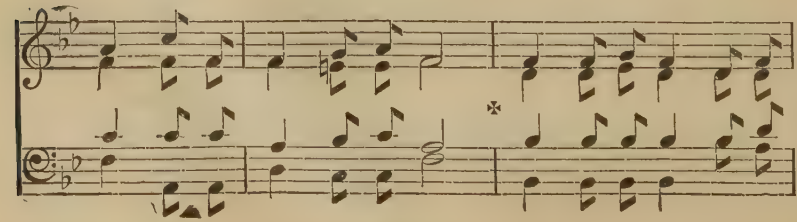


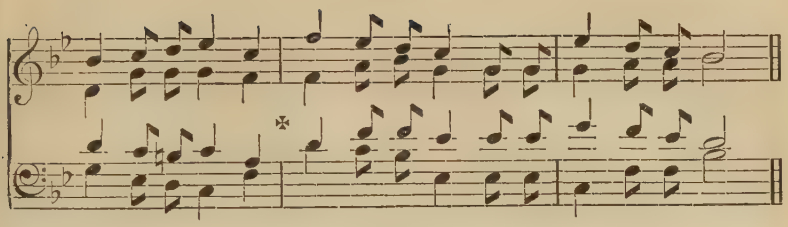




Refrain.







Let your heart be perfect with the Lord our God.

mf 1 TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

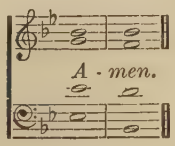
f *Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,*
Song of our spirits rejoicing and free,—
'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

mf 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

mp 3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous; (*m*) yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

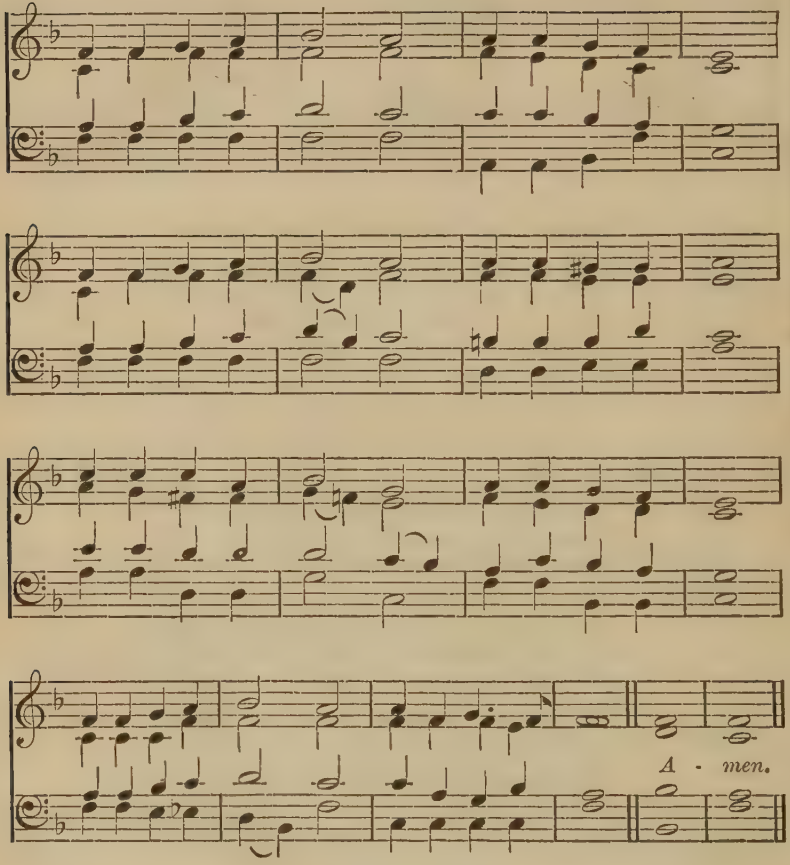
mf 4 Whole-hearted! Saviour, belovèd and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrender'd, and wholly Thine own. *Amen.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.



227

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. J. B. DYKES.



I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.

mp 1 IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

mp 2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
d Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

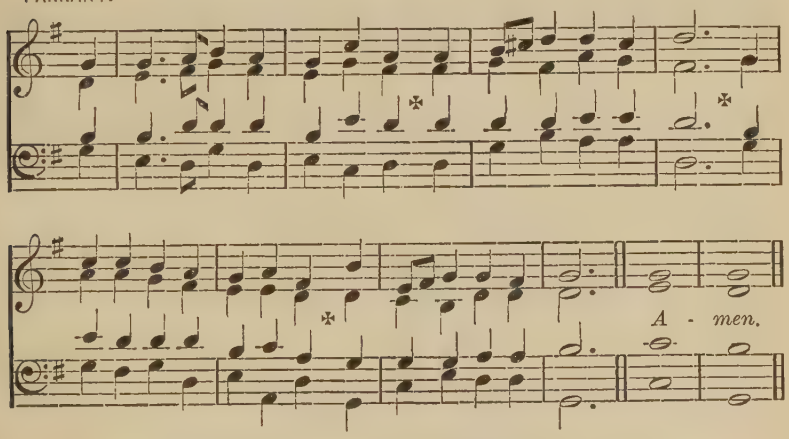
p 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offer'd up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

pp 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
c While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
m On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life. *Amen.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

228

FARRANT. RICHARD FARRANT *or* JOHN HILTON.



Heal my soul; for I have sinned against Thee!

mp 1 O THOU who lov'st to send relief
In time of our distress,
Because Thyself didst bear our grief,
And feel our sicknesses,

2 Thy will be done, I still would say,
Whate'er that will may be,
And let this trial, day by day,
Fulfil its end in me.

3 But, since Thou never didst forbid
To pray for earthly good,
As in old time Thy people did,
So now Thy servant would.

m 4 As when on earth Thou still art nigh
To bid diseases flee;
O raise me also up, that I
May minister to Thee.

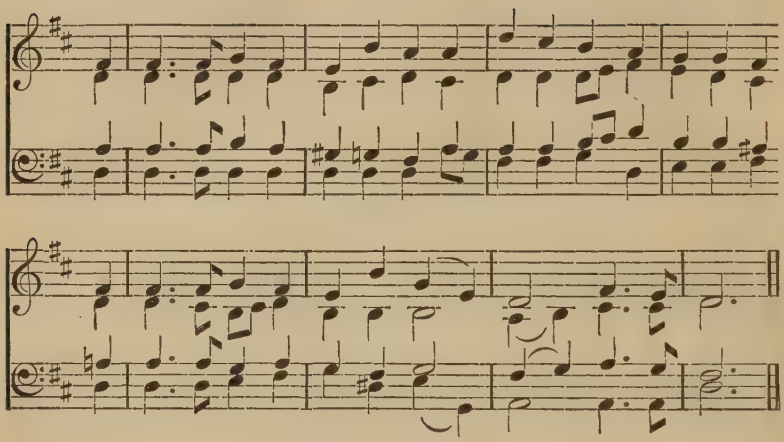
mp 5 Yet be it, Saviour, as Thou wilt,
No further would I pray;
Only forgive Thy servant's guilt,
Put all my sins away.

6 And, when, through feebleness or pain,
My thoughts are far from Thee,
Though I forget Thee, Saviour, then,
O yet forget not me. *Amen.*

J. M. NEALE.

229

SHOREHAM. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.



The will of the Lord be done.

m 1 My God and Fa'ther, | while I stray,
Far from my home', in | life's rough way,
O teach me from' my | heart to say,
p 'Thy will be done.'

mp 2 Though dark my path', and | sad my lot,
Let me be still' and | murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer' di | vinely taught,
p 'Thy will be done.'

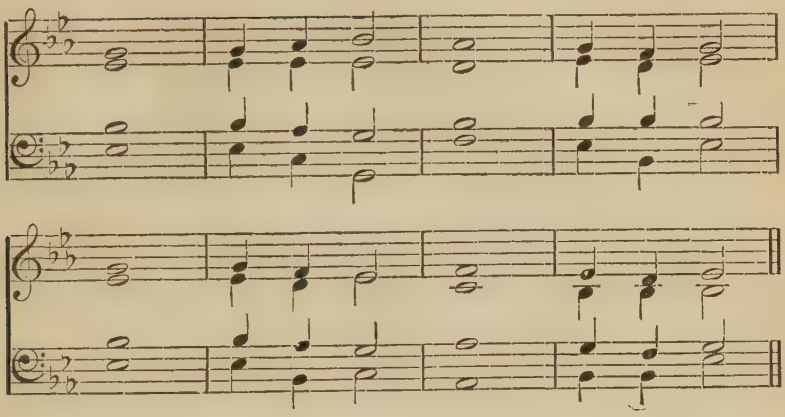
mp 3 [What though in lone'ly | grief I sigh
For friends beloved', no | longer nigh,
Submissive still' would | I reply,
p 'Thy will be done.']

mp 4 If Thou shouldst call' me | to resign
What most I prize', it | ne'er was mine,
I only yield' Thee | what was Thine:
p Thy will be done.

mp 5 [Should grief or sick'ness | waste away
My life in pre'ma | ture decay,
My Father! still' I | strive to say,
p 'Thy will be done.']

229

TROYTE. SECOND TUNE A. H. D. TROYTE.



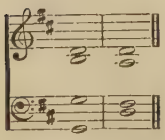
m 6 Let but my faint'ing | heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spir'it | for its guest,
My God! to Thee' I | leave the rest:
p Thy will be done.

m 7 Renew my will' from | day to day;
Blend it with Thine'; and | take away
All that now makes' it | hard to say,
p 'Thy will be done.'

m 8 Then, when on earth' I | breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd' with | tears before,
mf I'll sing upon' a | happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

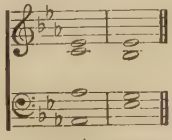
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

FIRST TUNE.



A - men.

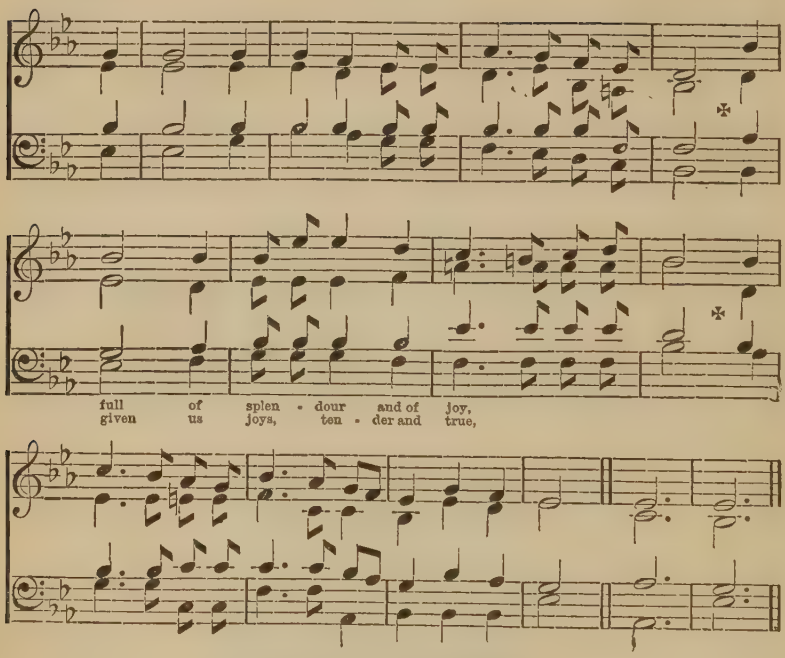
SECOND TUNE.



A - men.

230

CARROW. FIRST TUNE ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



In Thy presence is fulness of joy.

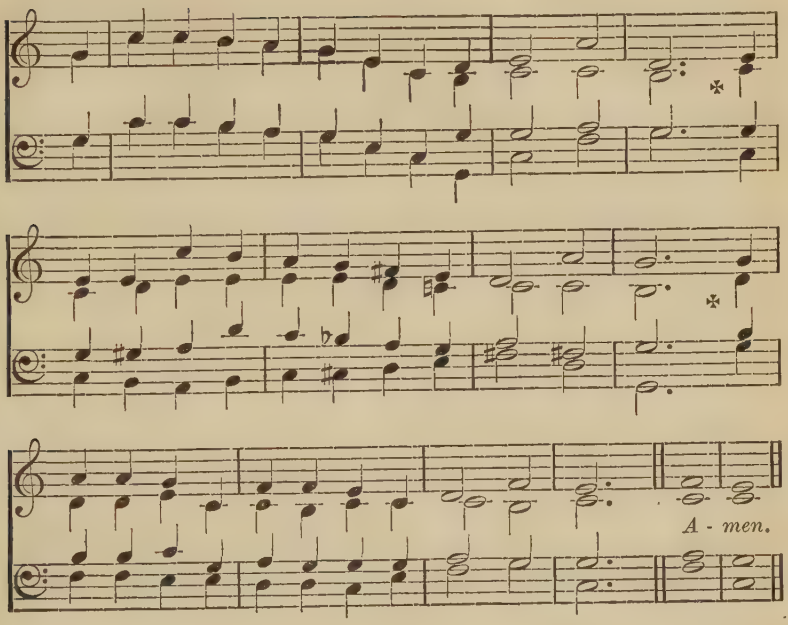
mf 1 My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,—
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,—
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

mp 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touch'd with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
m So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

230

WENTWORTH. SECOND TUNE F. C. MAKER.



mp 4 [For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
c So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.]

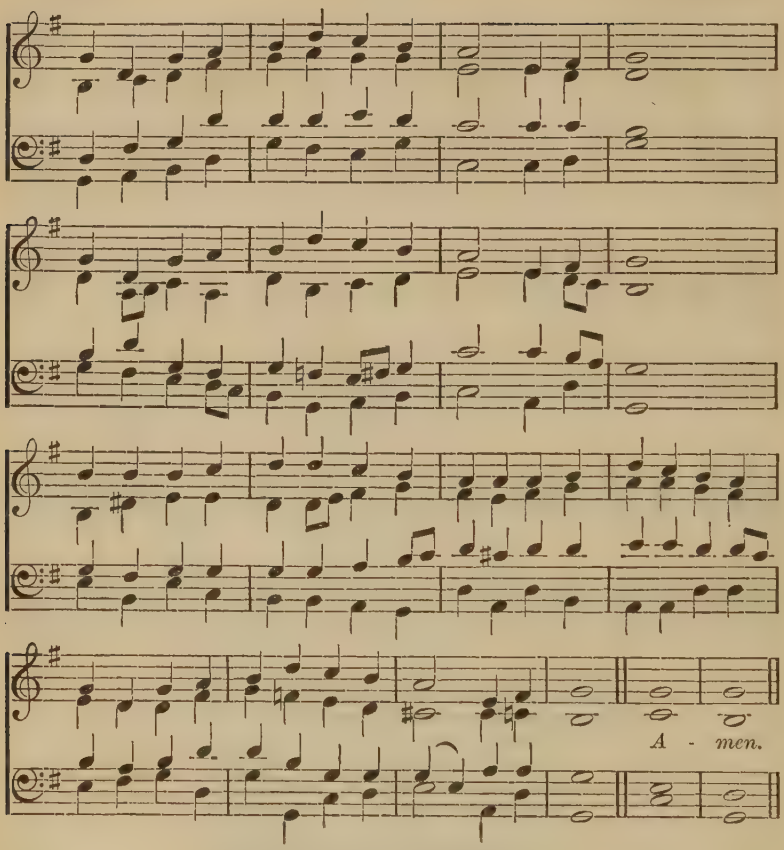
m 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. *Amen.*

A. A. PROCTER.

231

EVENSONG. T. B. SOUTHGATE.



He hath done all things well.

m 1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.

mf Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield us;
All must be well.

m 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.

mf Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

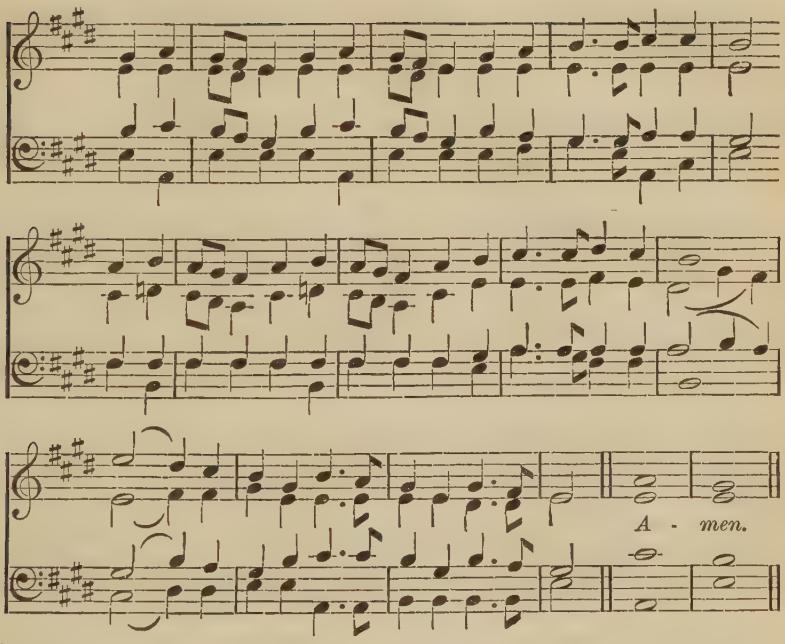
3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.

f On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well. *Amen.*

MARY PETERS.

232

PILGRIM CHILDREN. C. HARFORD LLOYD.



Your little ones will I bring in.

R *m* 1 WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel march'd, a mighty band,
Little children number'd with them
Journey'd to the promised land,
Little children
Trod the desert's trackless sand.

L 2 Little children cross'd the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore;
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more;
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

A 3 Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be;
From the chains of sin and Satan
Thou hast died to set us free;
We would traverse
All the wilderness with Thee.

mp 4 Guide our feeble, erring footsteps;
Shade us from the heat by day;
Be our light from shadowy nightfall
Till the darkness pass away:
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers of the way.

p 5 When we reach the cold, dark river,
mp Bid us tremble not nor fear:
Be Thou with us in the waters,
m We are safe if Thou art near;
Through the billows
Let the emerald bow appear.

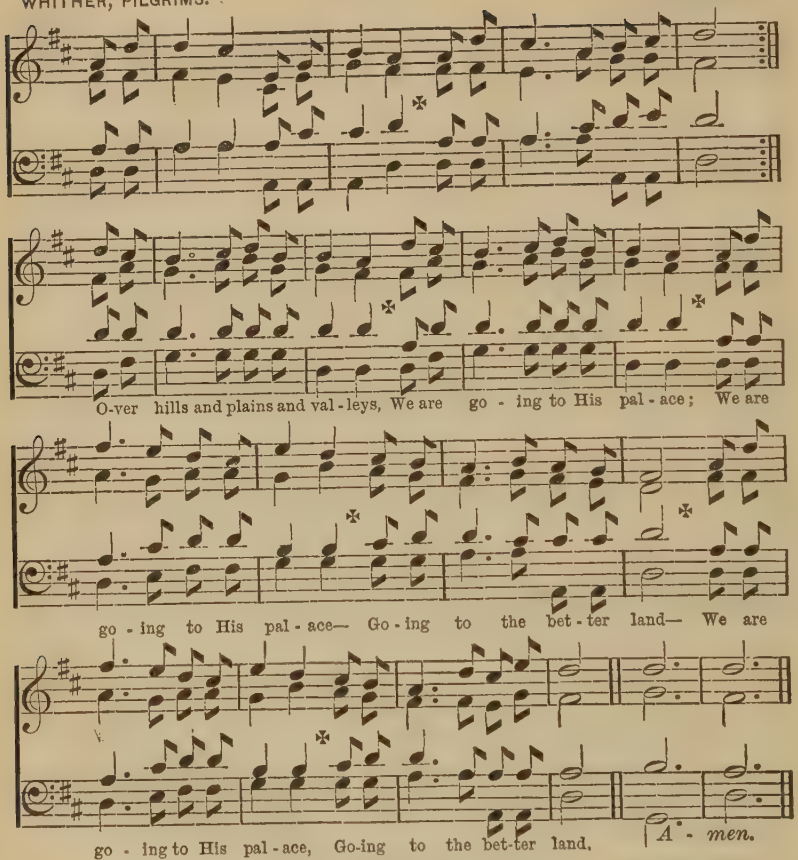
mf 6 Then, our pilgrim journey ended,
All Thy glory we shall see,
Dwell with saints and holy angels,
Rest beneath life's healing tree;
f Happy children,
Praising, blessing, loving Thee.
Amen.

JENNETTE THRELFALL.

233

WHITHER, PILGRIMS.

W. B. BRADBURY.



We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us.

R *m* 1 WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
L We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command;
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

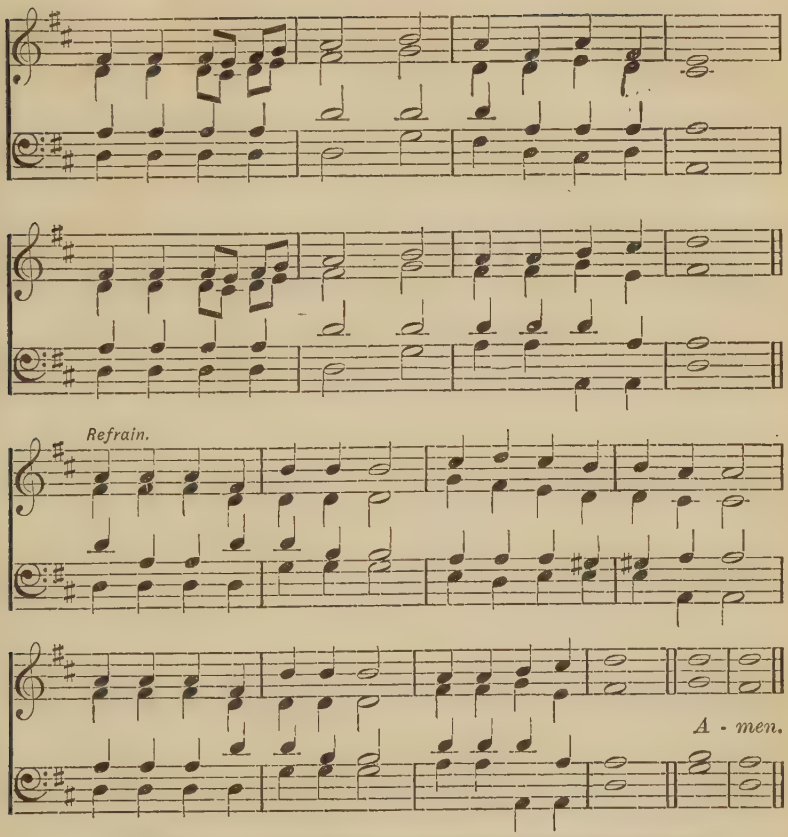
R *mp* 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely
You a little, feeble band?
L *mf* No; for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand;
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us,
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land.

R *m* 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
L *f* Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand:
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.

R *m* 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
L *mf* Come and welcome! come and welcome!
Welcome to our pilgrim band!
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright and better land.

234

LITTLE PILGRIM. FIRST TUNE W. B. BRADBURY.



I am a stranger in the earth; hide not Thy commandments from me.

m 1 I'M a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

mf *Jesus loves our pilgrim band;*
He will lead us by the hand,
Lead us to the better land,
To our home on high.

mf 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

m 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he 'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

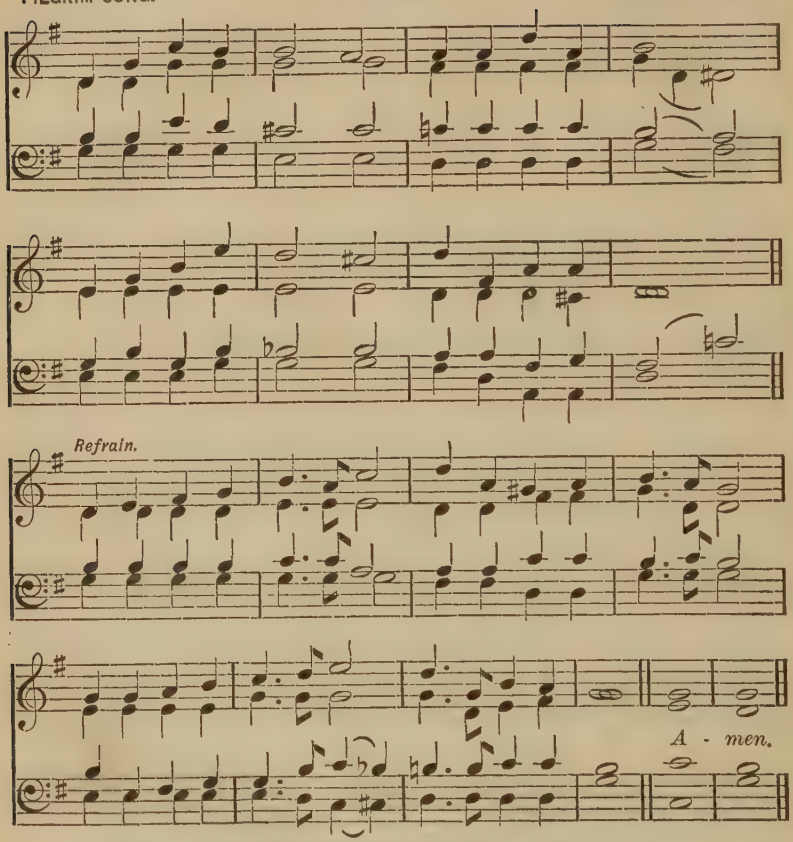
mp 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

m 5 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here,
mf But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near. *Amen.*

JOHN CURWEN.

234

PILGRIM SONG. SECOND TUNE BERTHOLD TOURS.



I am a stranger in the earth; hide not Thy commandments from me.

m 1 I'M a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

mf *Jesus loves our pilgrim band;*
He will lead us by the hand,
Lead us to the better land,
To our home on high.

mf 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

m 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

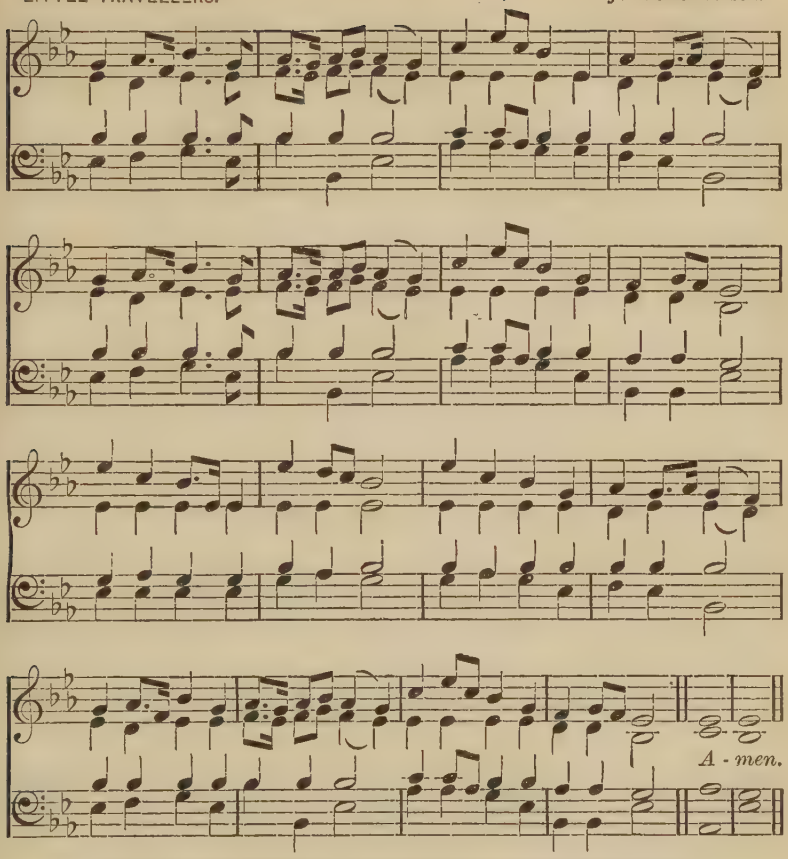
mp 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

m 5 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here,
mf But my home in heav'n
Cometh ever near. *Amen.*

JOHN CURWEN.

235

LITTLE TRAVELLERS. JOHN RICHARDSON.



Thou hast redeemed us to God, by Thy blood, out of every nation.

A *m* 1 LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win:
mf Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

m 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing earth's dark journey through, [seat
Now have reach'd that heavenly
They had ever kept in view?

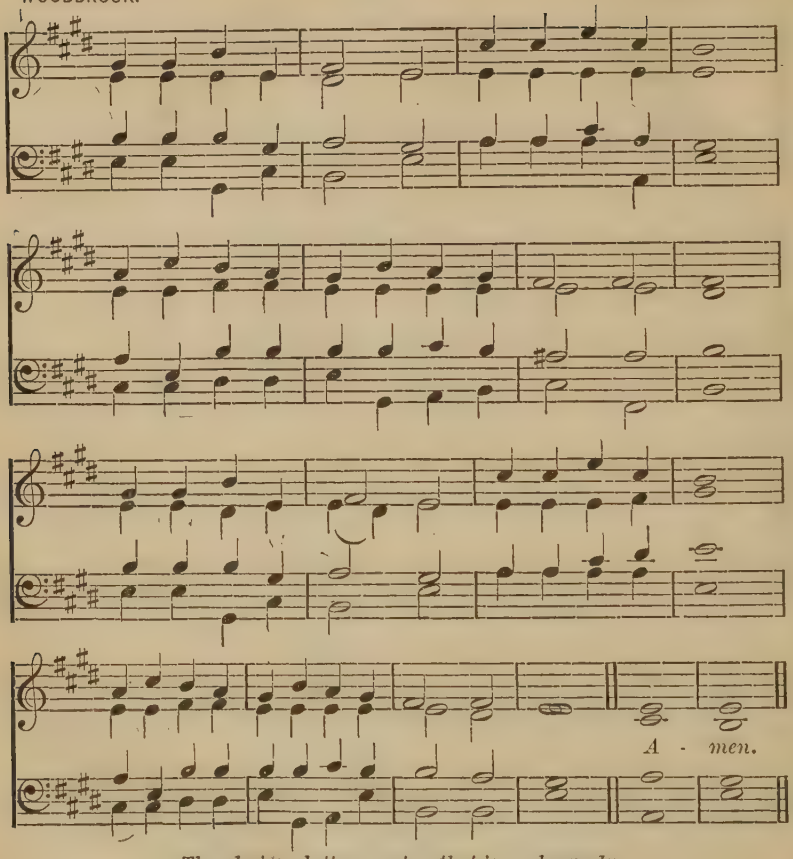
R *m* 'I from Greenland's frozen land,'
L 'I from India's burning plain,'
R 'I from Afric's desert sand,'
L 'I from islands of the main.'

A *mf* 3 All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky;
Each the welcome, 'Come,' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
f Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!
Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON.

236

WOODBROOK. JOHN ADCOCK.



They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.

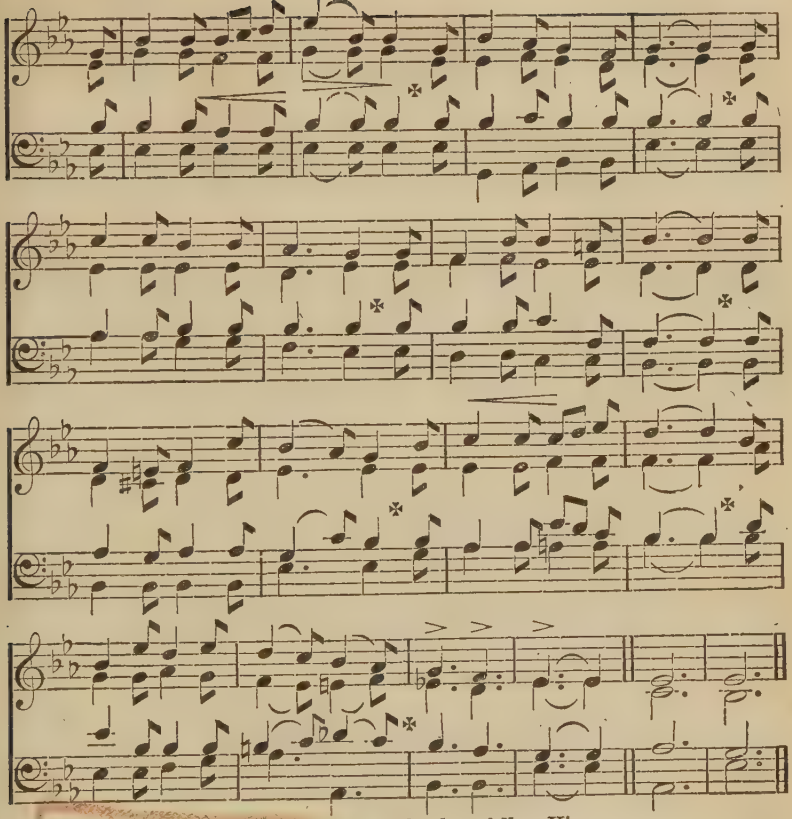
m 1 LITTLE feet are passing
O'er the homeward way,
With their joyous singing,
And their merry play.
Though as little pilgrims
They must longer roam,
Still with eager footsteps
Do they hasten home.

mf 2 Home from every sorrow,
Home from every care,
Home where endless praises
Float upon the air,
mf Home where never gather
Storms of wintry night,
Home where all are happy,
Home where all is bright.

m 3 Thus the little children
Pass along their way,
c From the night of sorrow
To that cloudless day:
mf And the loving Saviour
Heads the little band,
And will bring them safely
To the better land. *Amen.*

237

CLIFTONVILLE. F. C. MAKER.



He goeth before, and the sheep follow Him.

mf 1 THE world looks very beautiful,
And full of joy to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see;
I know I shall be happy,
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus
All the way.

m 2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
mp They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done:
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering, they say,
mf But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

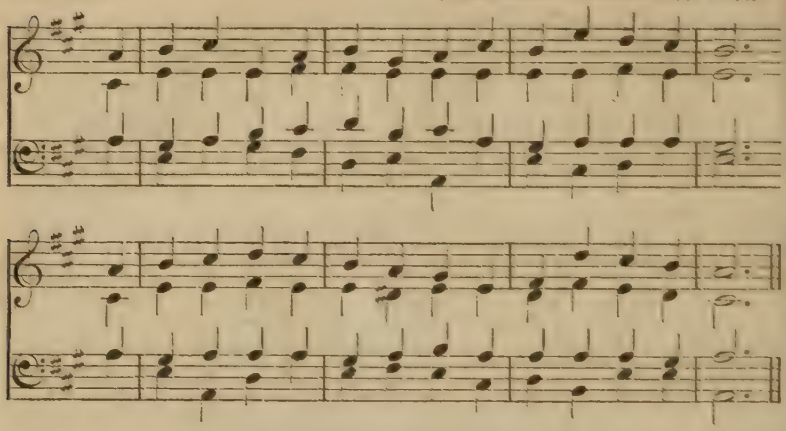
m 3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
To lay at Jesus' feet:
mf He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

m 4 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For, when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near:
mp Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day,
mf To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way. *Amen.*

ANNA WARNER.

238

ST. PAUL. *James Chalmers' Collection*, 1748 or 1749.



The Lord shall be my God.

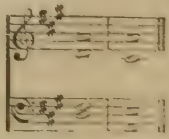
mp 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

m 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race:

mp 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide;

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

m 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore,
mf And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

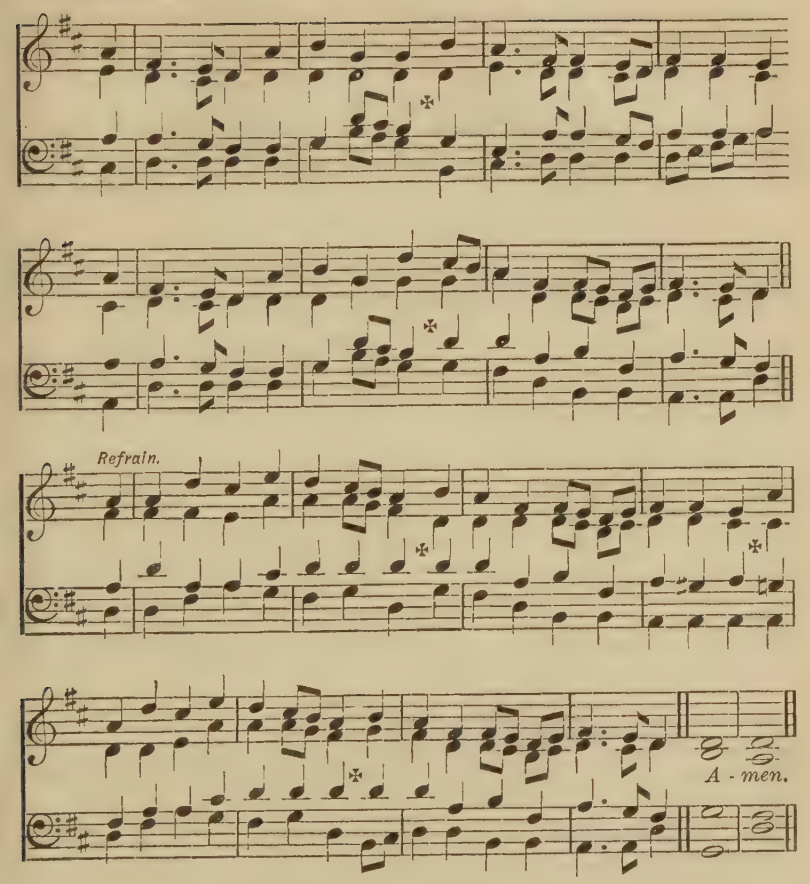


A - men.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

239

HE LEADETH ME. W. B. BRADBURY.



The Lord thy God leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.

m 1 HE leadeth me! O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

mf *He leadeth me! He leadeth me!*
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

m 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
m By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

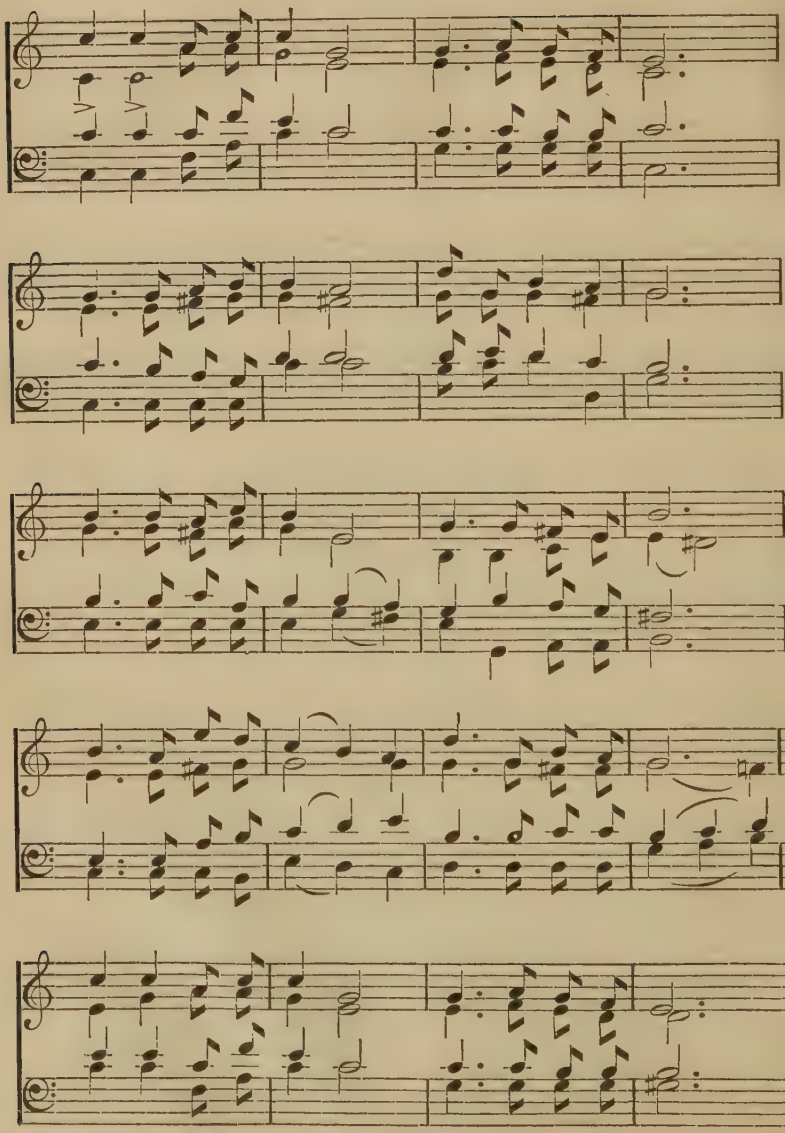
mf 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

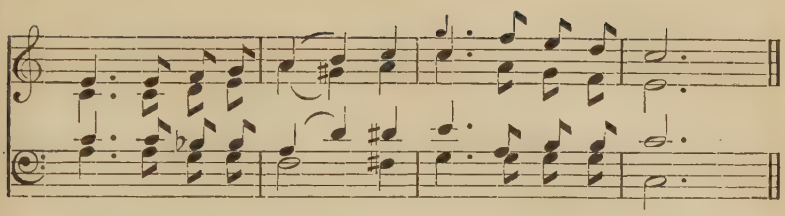
4 And, when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory 's won,
pc Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me.

J. H. GILMORE.

240

WATCHWORD. FIRST TUNE JOHN STAINER.





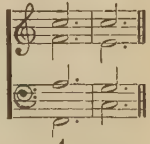
Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.

mf 1 FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

mf 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speech a word:
f Forward, marching forward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

mf 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold:
f Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

4 To the Father's glory,
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done:
m Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
f Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

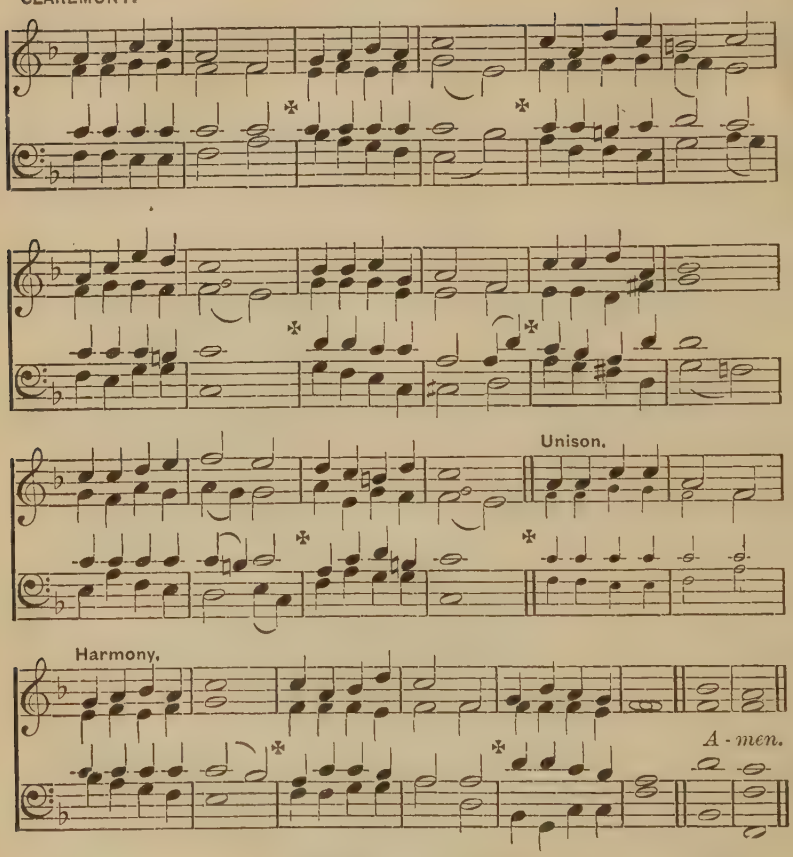


A - men.

HENRY ALFORD.

240

CLAREMONT. SECOND TUNE EDWARD BROWN.



Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.

mf 1 FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

mf 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speech a word:
f Forward, marching forward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

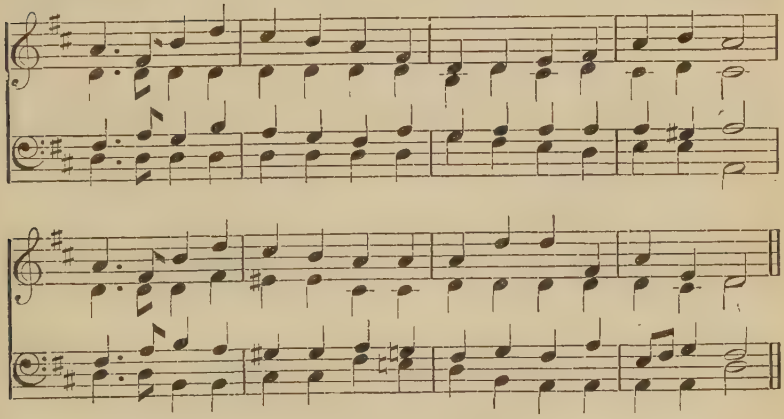
mf 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold:
f Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

f 4 To the Father's glory,
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done:
m Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
f Forward into triumph,
Forward into light! *Amen.*

HENRY ALFORD.

241

ST. OSWALD. J. B. DYKES.



We being many are one body.

mf 1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land;

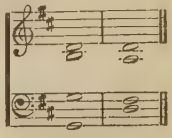
2 And before us, through the darkness,
Gleameth clear the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

m 3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Banishing the gloom and terror,
Brightening the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

m 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;

mf 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us shining
In His love for evermore.



A - men.

B. S. INGEMANN, *tr.* S. BARING-GOULD.

242

ST. THERESA. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Treble Voices in Unison.

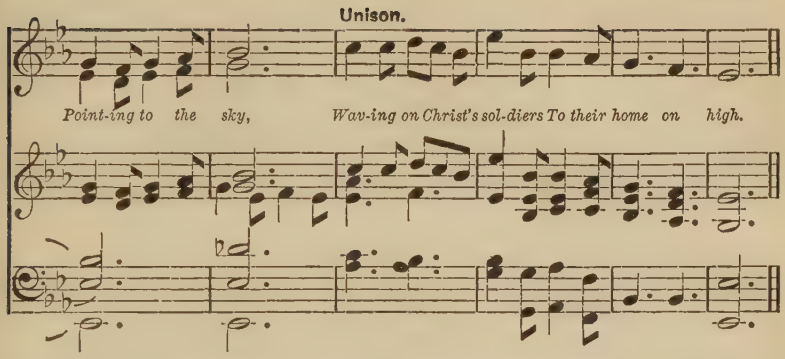
Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's sol - diers

To their home on high. March-ing through the de - sert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

Refrain.

Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing-ing on our way. *Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner,*

Ped.



I have given Him for a Leader and Commander.

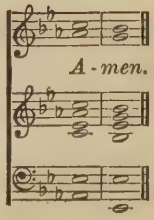
mf 1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way.
mf Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
mf Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
mp Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
m Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 [Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?]

m 4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
d Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

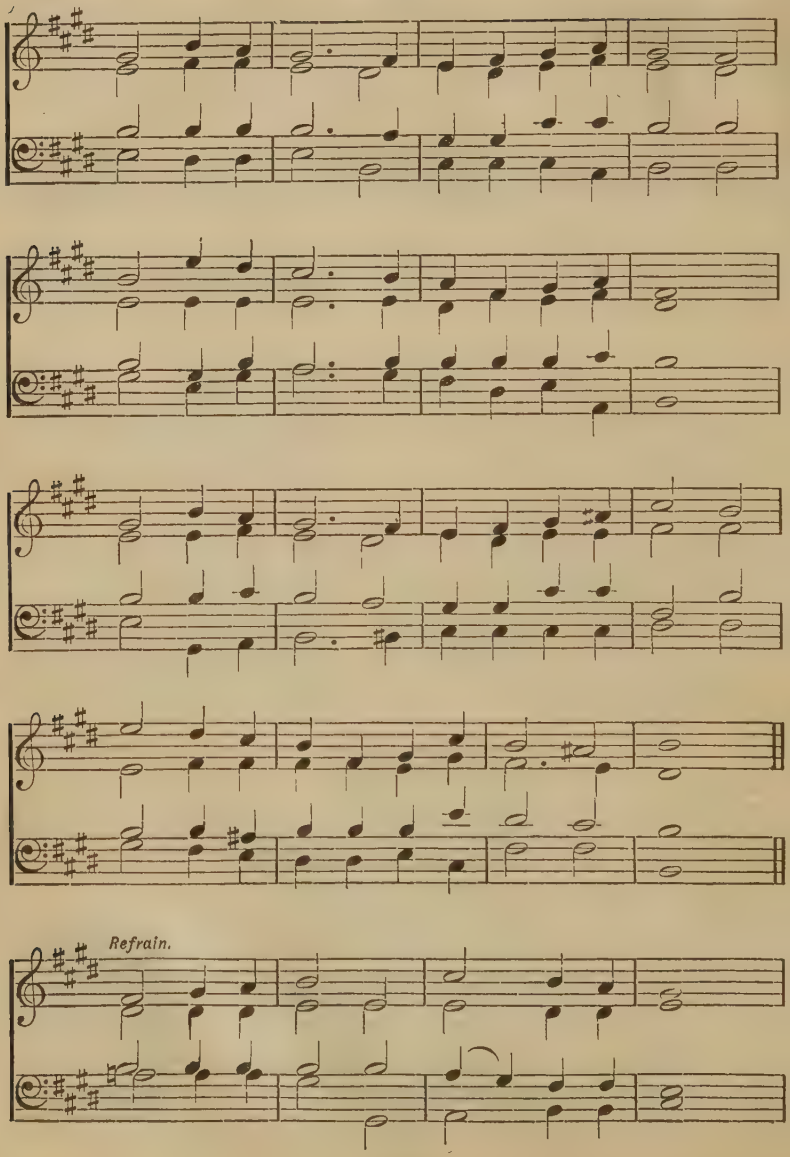
mf 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
f When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

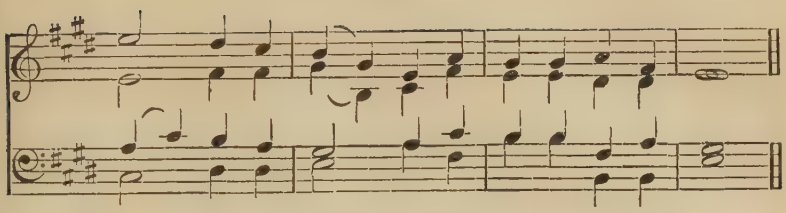


T. J. POTTER *and* OTHERS.

243

PILGRIMS. FIRST TUNE HENRY SMART.





With gladness and rejoicing they shall enter into the King's palace.

Q *m* 1 HARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

A *mf* *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Q *m* 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,—
mp 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;'
m And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

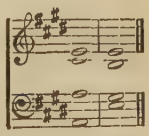
A *mf* *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Q *mp* 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

A *mf* *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Q *m* 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

A *mf* *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

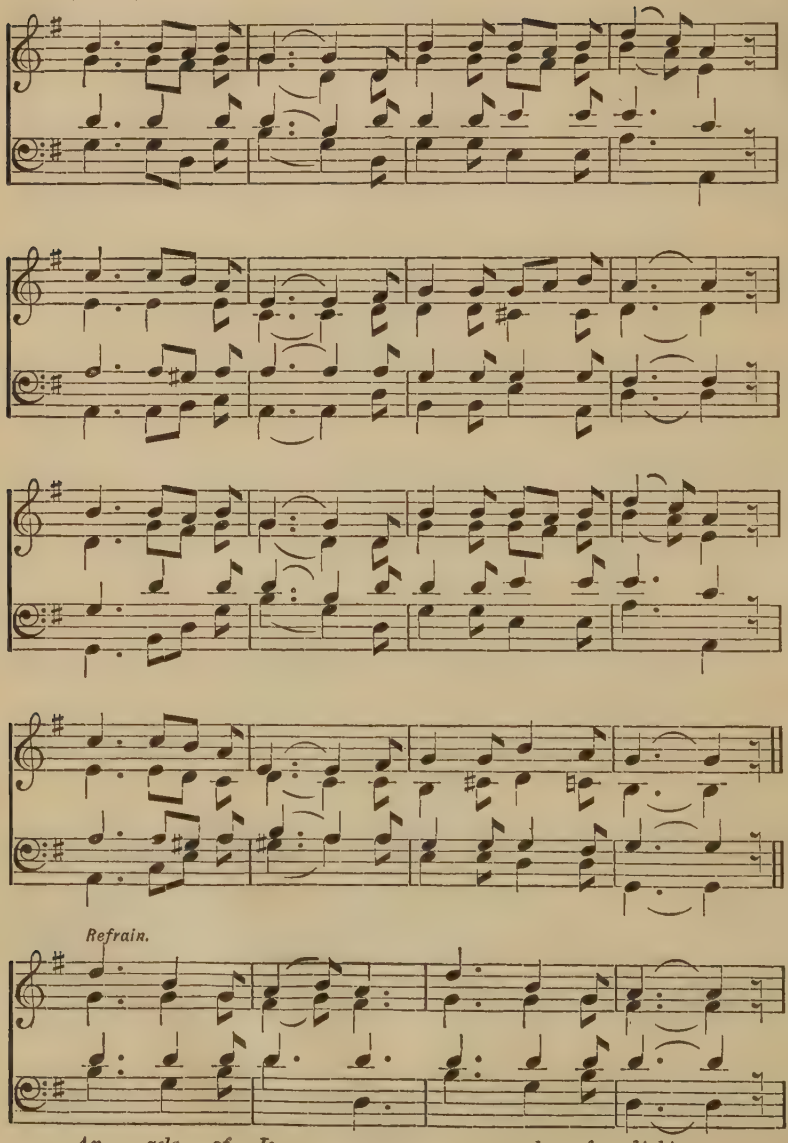


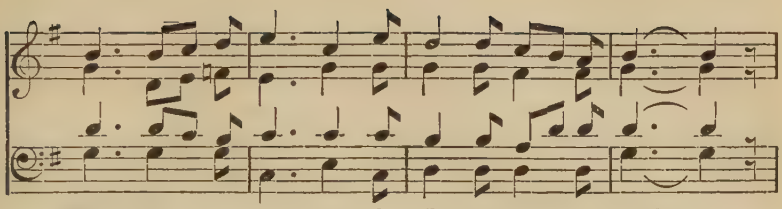
A-men.

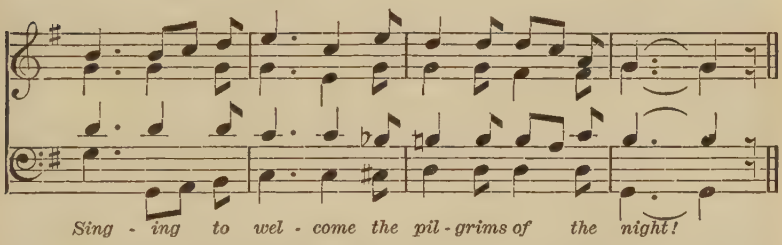
F. W. FABER.

243

HARK, HARK, MY SOUL. SECOND TUNE *French Melody.*







With gladness and rejoicing they shall enter into the King's palace.

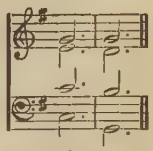
Q *m* 1 HARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

A *mf* *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Q *m* 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,—
mp 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;'
m And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

mp 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

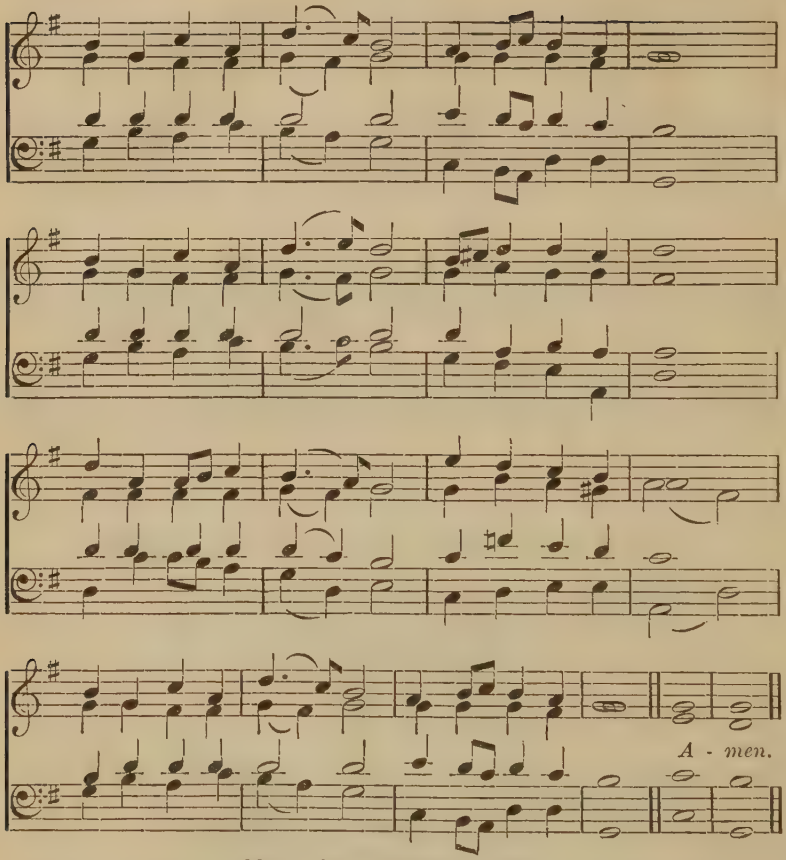
m 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.



F. W. FABER.

244

PRINCETHORPE. FIRST TUNE WILLIAM PITTS.



They go from strength to strength.

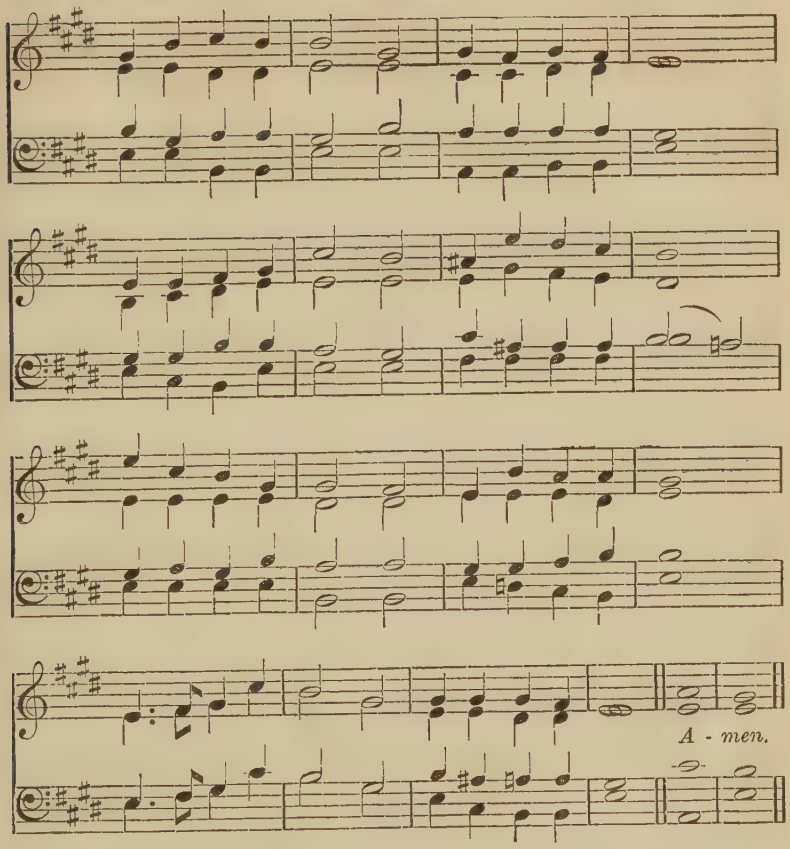
m 1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be;
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

p 2 Further, ever further
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wander'd,
Wander'd far and wide;
m Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

mp 3 [Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee.
m Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
mf Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.]

244

KIRKBRADDAN. SECOND TUNE E. C. WALKER.



mf 4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
f Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

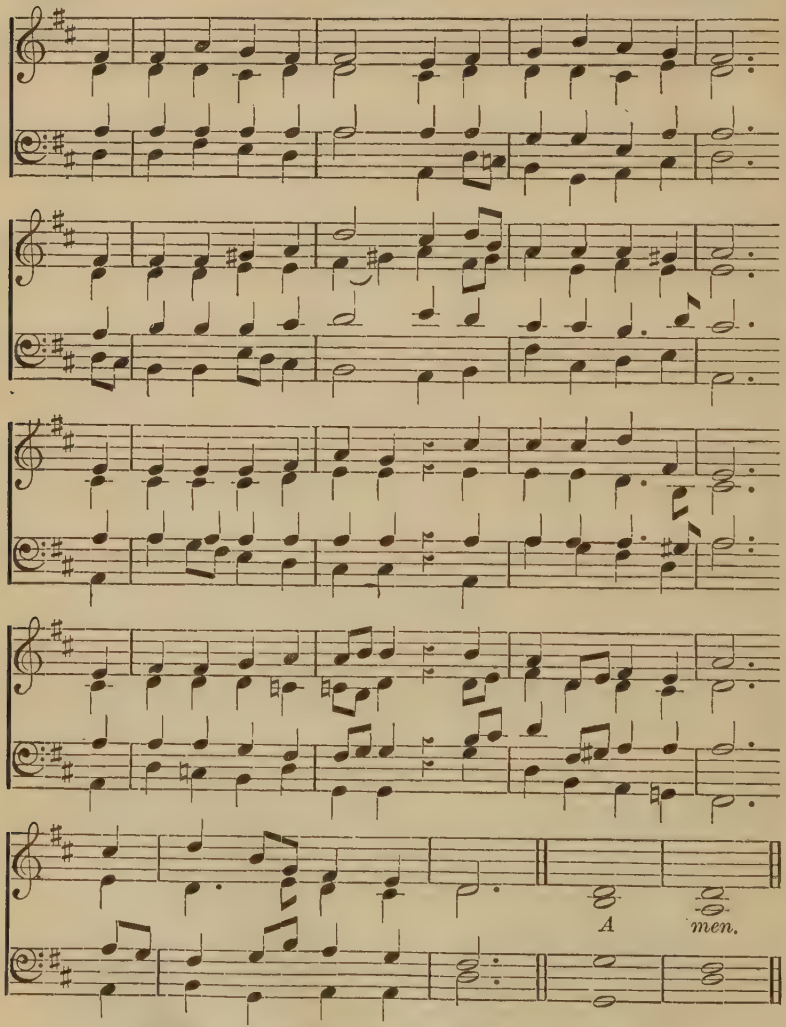
mf 5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
mf Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal,
f Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. *Amen.*

GODFREY THRING.

245

REQUIES. FIRST TUNE *Kocher's Zionsharfe*, 1855.



My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.

m 1 THOUGH often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above;
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.

mf O let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil and care and pain.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

245

BETHSHAN. SECOND TUNE W. B. BRADBURY.

There is sweet rest in heaven—There is sweet rest in heaven—There is

A - men.

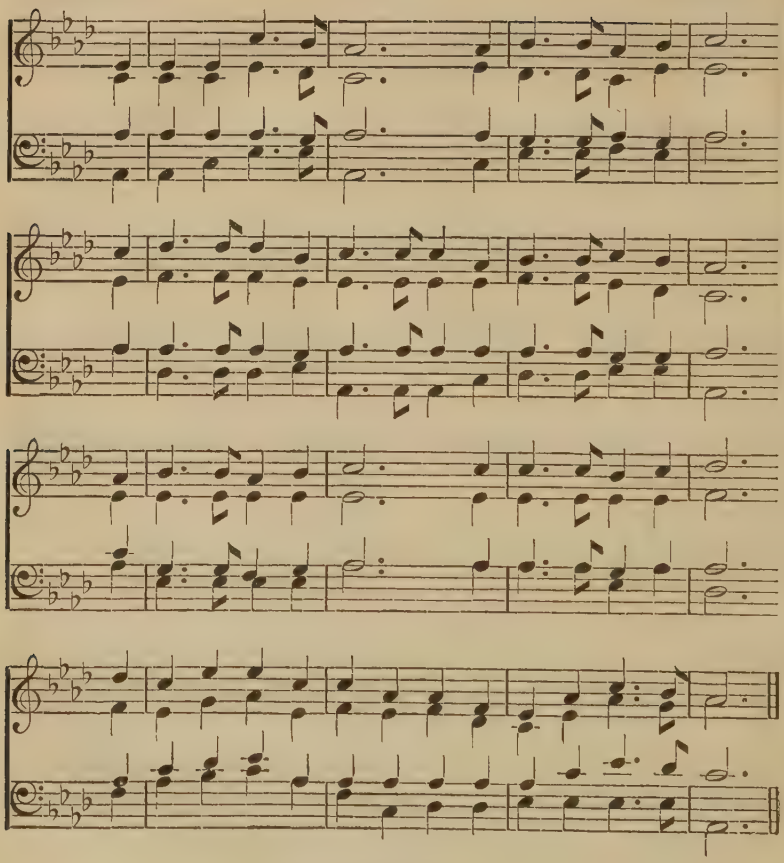
sweet rest There is sweet rest There is sweet rest in heaven.

m 2 Our Saviour will be with us,
Even to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend;
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
He 'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.
mf There is sweet rest in heaven.

f 3 All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
All glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with His blood;
All glory to the Spirit,
Who keeps us to the end;
Unto our God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend.
There is sweet rest in heaven.
Amen.

246

MONTGOMERY. I. B. WOODBURY.



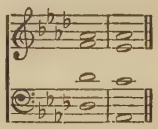
At home with the Lord.

mf 1 'FOR ever with the Lord!'
Amen—so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
mp Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
c Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

m 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
mp Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
c The bright inheritance of saints.
Jerusalem above.

mf 3 'For ever with the Lord!'
m Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail:
c Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

p 4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
c By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
mf Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
f 'For ever with the Lord!'

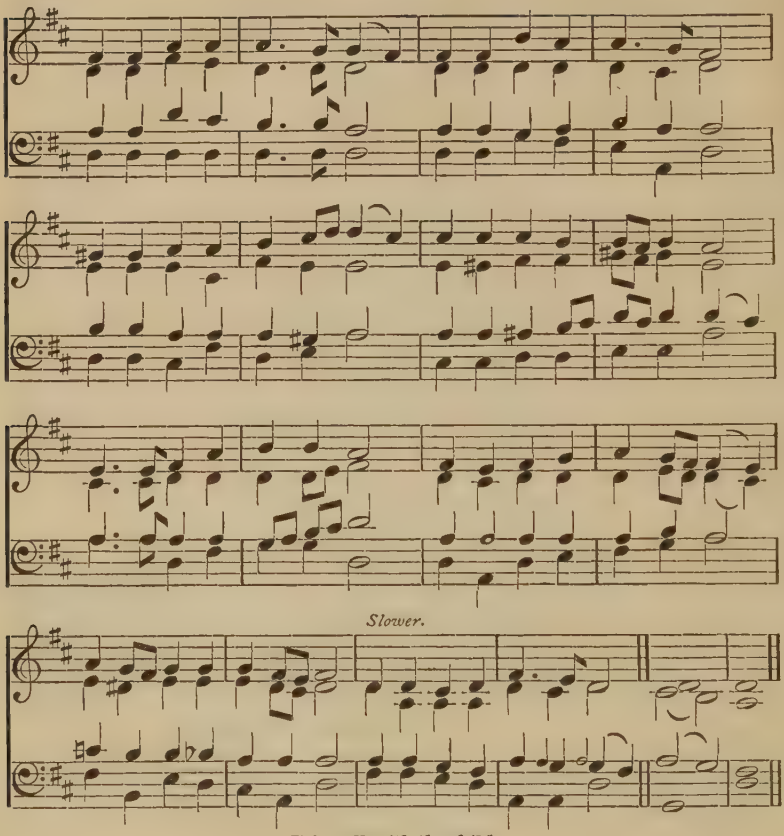


A-men.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

247

MONICA. MYLES B. FOSTER.



It is well with the child.

mp 1 SAFELY, safely gather'd in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath pass'd from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belovèd, sleep.

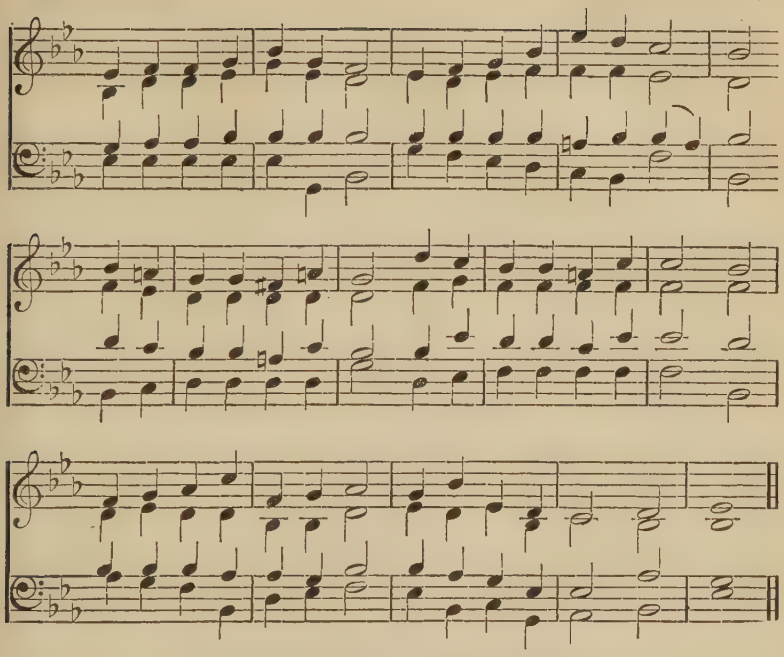
m 2 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Pass'd beyond all grief and pain,
Death, for thee, is truest gain:
m For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gather'd in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet. *Amen.*

H. O. DOBREE.

248

THE LONG HOME. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

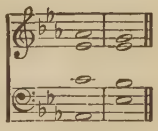


I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

p 1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

m 2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

mp 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.



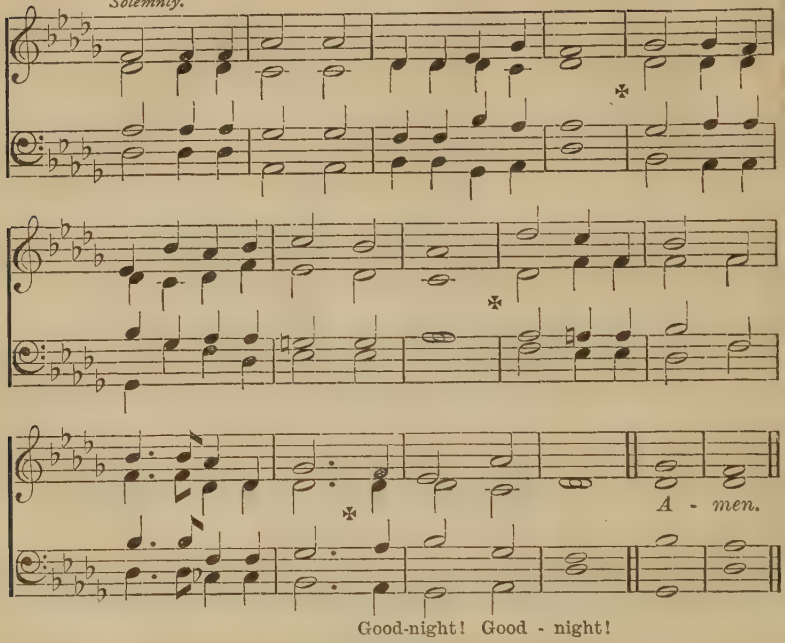
A- men.

J. W. MEINHOLD, *tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

249

THE BLESSED REST. FIRST TUNE JOSEPH BARNBY.

Solemnly.



Until the day dawn.

mp 1 SLEEP on, belovèd, sleep, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best:
Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep:
Good-night!

m 3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is overpast,
Good-night!

mf 4 Until the Lord's new glory floods the skies,
Until the loved in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night!

249

SLEEP ON. SECOND TUNE MYLES B. FOSTER.

Andante solenne.

Good - night! Good - night! A - men.

mf 5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
Good-night!

m 6 Only 'good-night,' belovèd, not 'farewell;'
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallow'd union, indivisible:
Good-night!

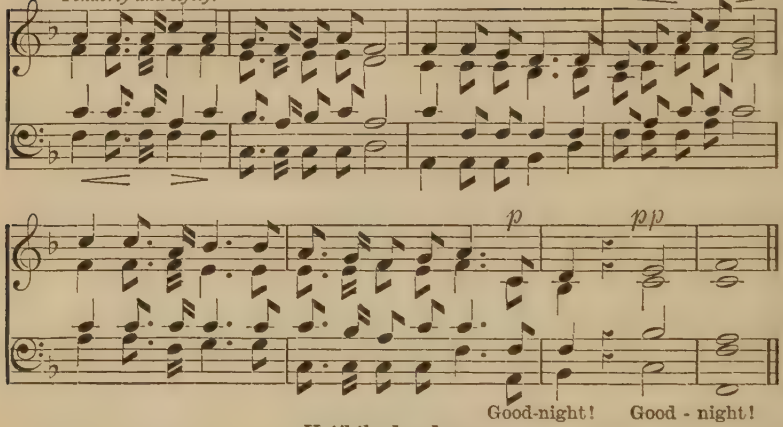
mf 7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known,
Good-night! *Amen.*

SARAH DOUDNEY.

249

LULWORTH. THIRD TUNE JOSIAH BOOTH.

Tenderly and softly.



Until the day dawn.

mp 1 SLEEP on, belovèd, sleep, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best:
Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep:
Good-night!

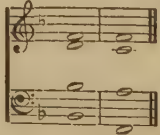
m 3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is overpast,
Good-night!

mf 4 Until the Lord's new glory floods the skies,
Until the loved in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
Good-night!

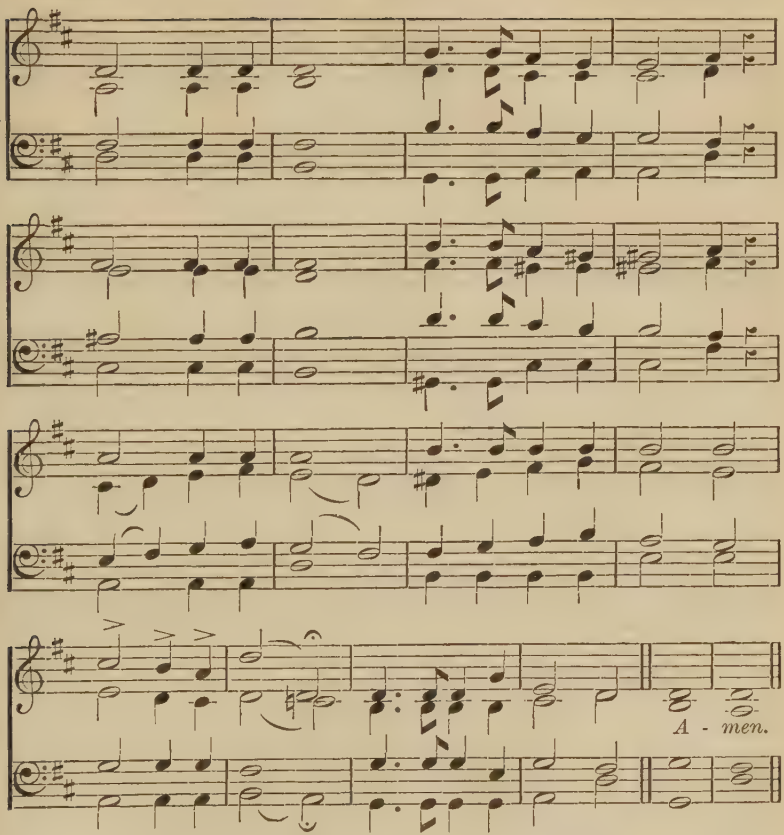
m 6 Only 'good-night,' belovèd, not 'farewell;'
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallow'd union, indivisible:
Good-night!

mf 7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known,
Good-night!



250

REQUIEM. JOSEPH BARNBY.



Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

p 1 SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow.
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

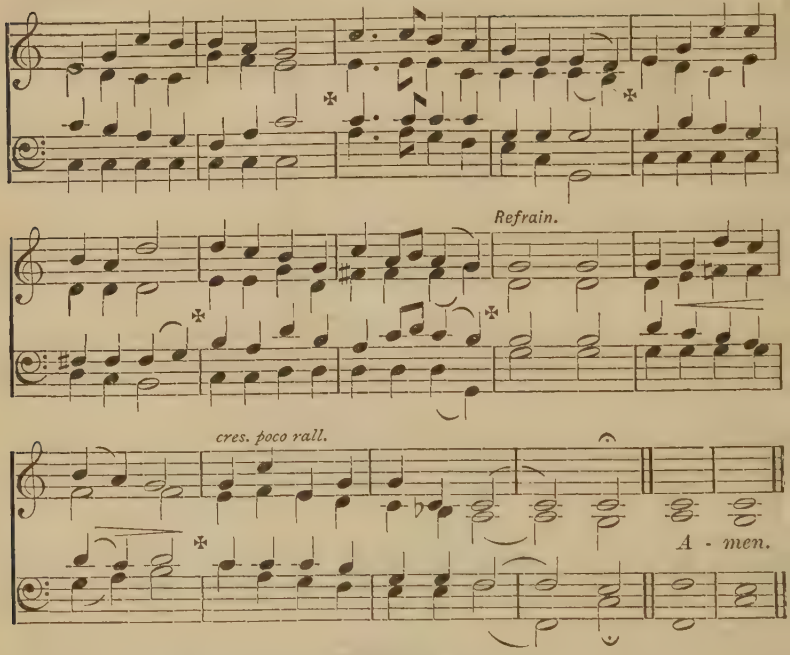
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
c Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
mp Under the sod,
Earth receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
m They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
mf Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. *Amen.*

E. A. DAYMAN.

251

REQUIESCAT. FIRST TUNE J. B. DYKES.



With the Lord.

mp 1 Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the further shore
Lands the voyager at last.

p *Father, in Thy gracious keeping*
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

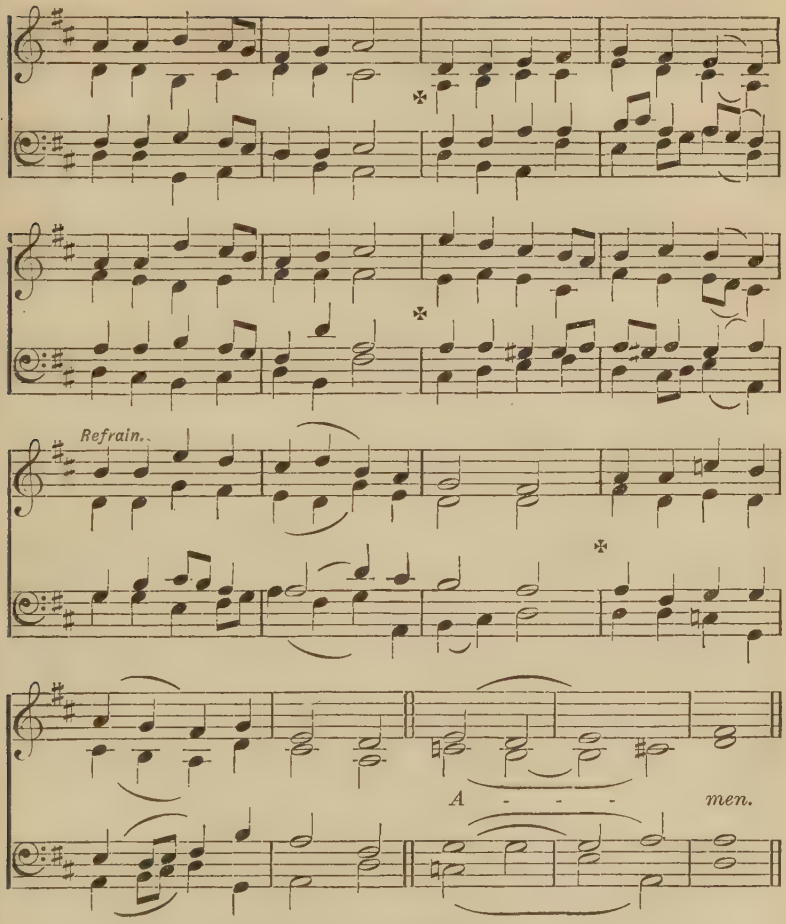
mp 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and stray'd,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

4 There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.

251

LUARD. SECOND TUNE C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

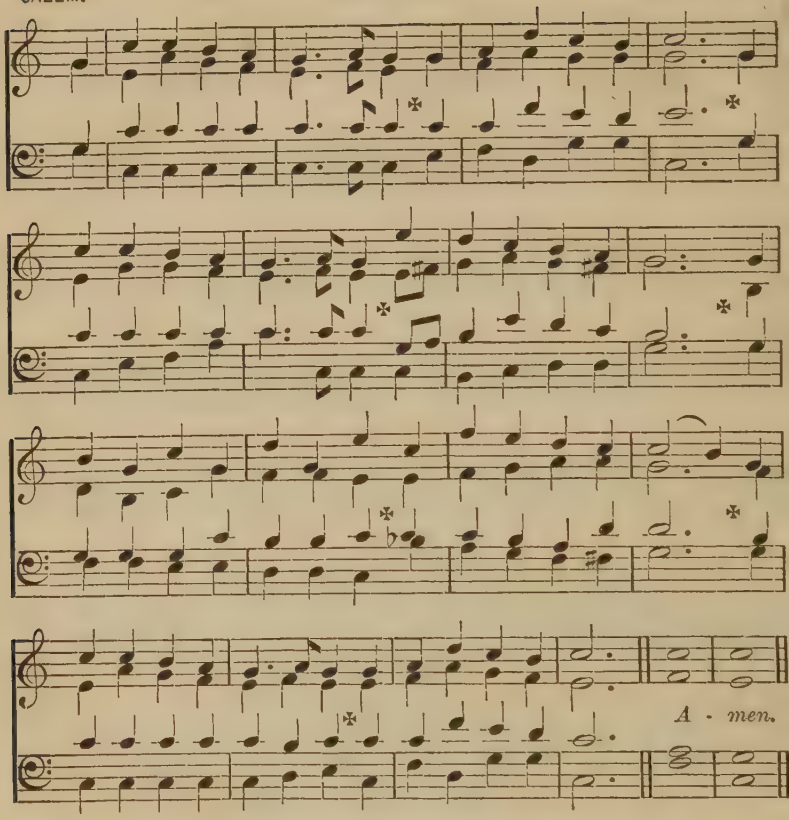


mp 5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

6 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day. *Amen.*

252

SALEM. *Church Hymns*, 1874.



The whole family in heaven and earth.

mf 1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

f Let saints on earth unite to sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

m 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

m One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

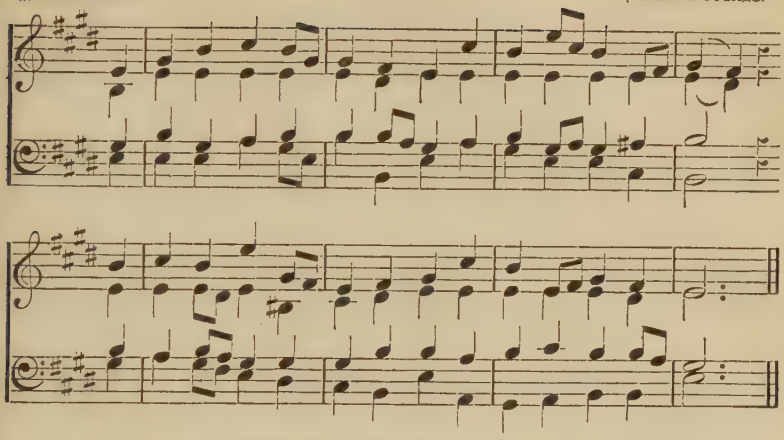
mf 3 Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

O that we now may grasp our Guide
Then, when the word is given,
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

253

KILMARNOCK. NEIL DOUGALL.



Comfort one another with these words.

m 1 [TAKE comfort, Christians, when
your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?]

2 [Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.]

mf 3 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So His disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

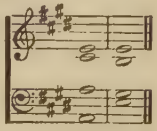
mp 4 The time draws nigh, when from
the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

m 5 Then they who live shall changèd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

f 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

mf 7 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

m 8 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

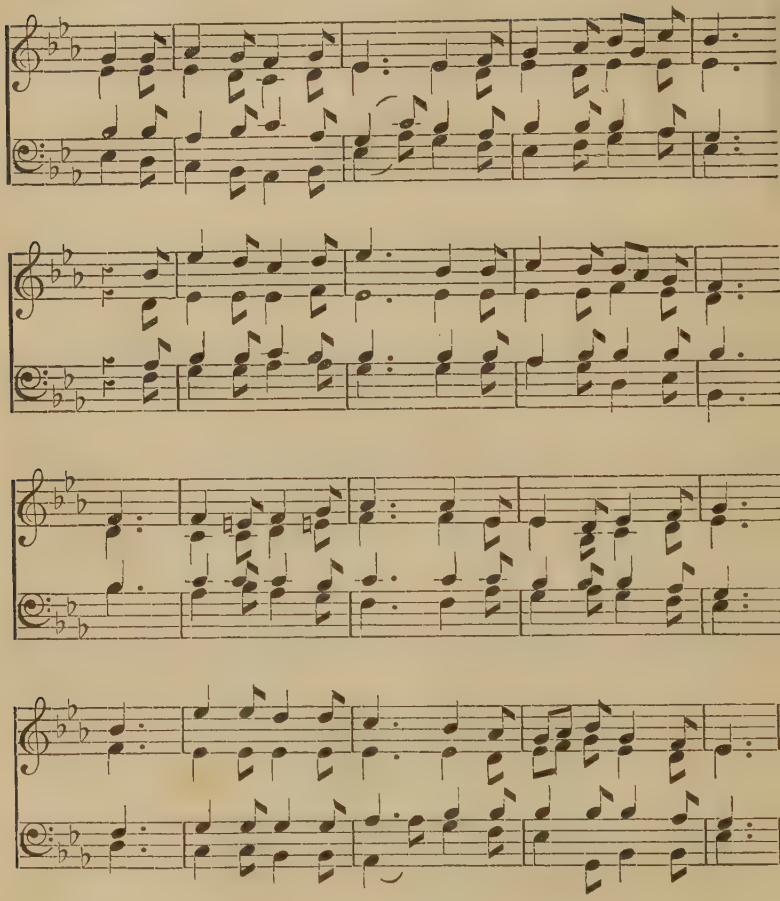


A-men.

JOHN LOGAN *and* — (?).

254

IN MEMORIAM. FIRST TUNE JOHN STAINER.



The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

mf 1 THERE's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

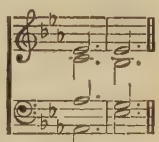
m 2 [There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry:
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.]

mf 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour,
And loved His name below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
m A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

mf 6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
c And-a harp of sweetest music,
And-a palm of victory.
mf All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own!



ALBERT MIDLANE.

254

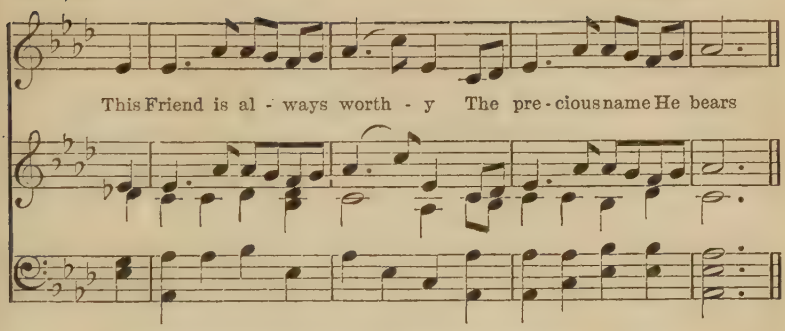
CANTEMUS JESU. SECOND TUNE F. L. H. MONPOU.

Unison.

There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,

A Friend who ne - ver chang - eth, Whose love can ne - ver die.

Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang-ing years,



The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

mf 1 THERE's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
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The precious name He bears.

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No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
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Nor could be happier, there.

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They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

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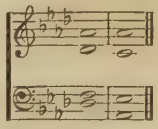
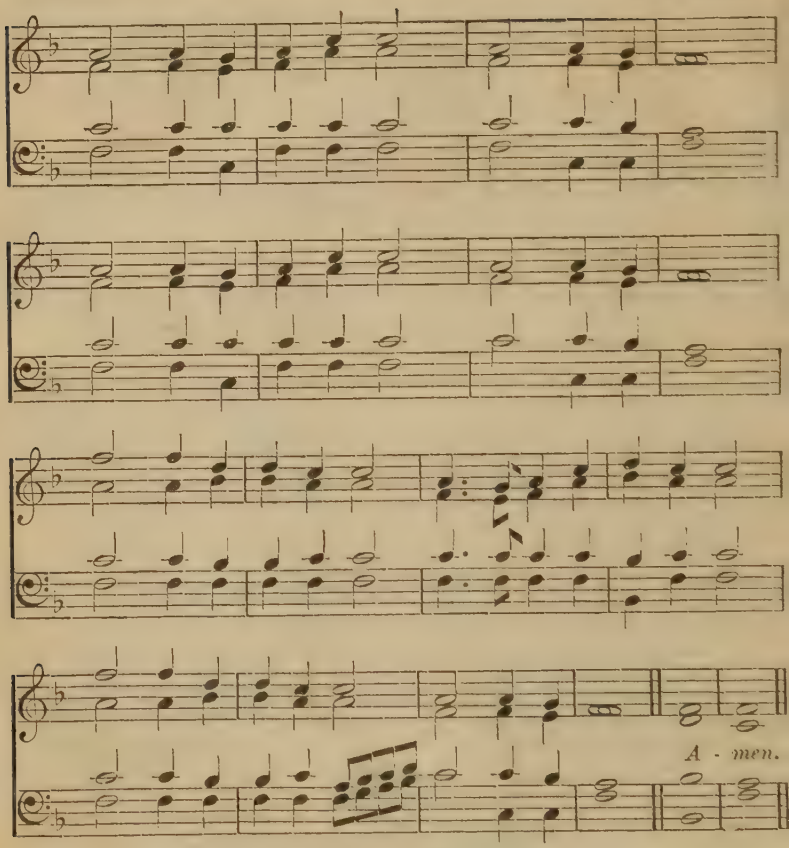
c And-a harp of sweetest music,
And-a palm of victory:
mf All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own!



A-men.

255

HAPPY LAND. *Indian Melody.*



The land is an exceeding good land.

m 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
c O how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy is our Saviour King!'
f Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

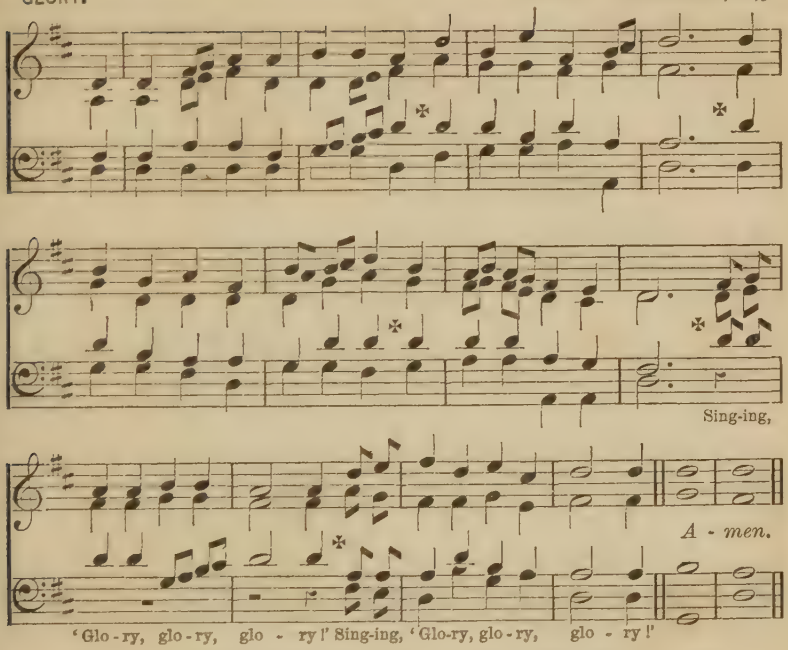
m 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
mf O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

m 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
mf On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye. *Amen.*

ANDREW YOUNG.

256

GLORY. — *Bateman's Sacred Melodies*, 1843.



They washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

mf 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

mf 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

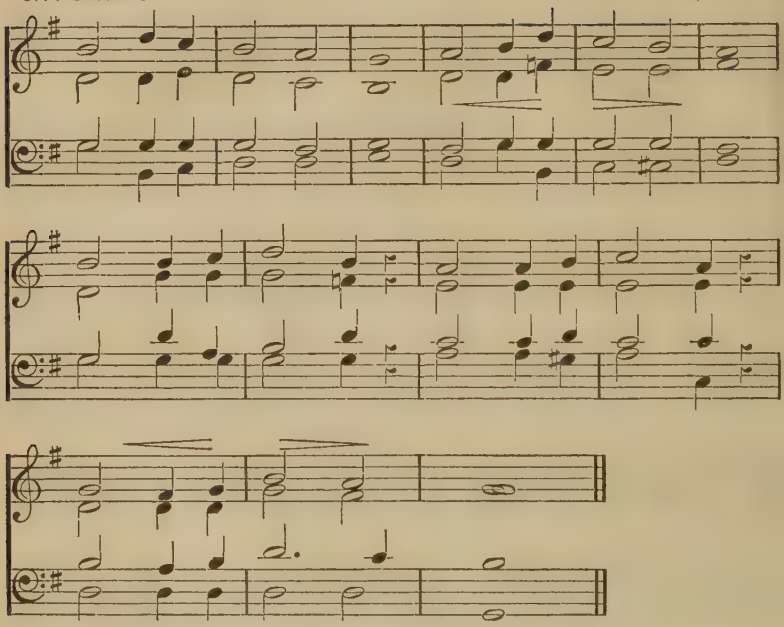
mp 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love,
How came those children there,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory'?

m 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
c Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

m 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
mf So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!' *Amen.*

257

CITY BRIGHT. J. S. TYLER.



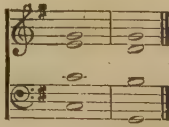
Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may enter in by the gates into the city.

m 1 THERE is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

mp 2 Saviour, I come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,—
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

m 3 Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee.

mf 4 Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeem'd I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

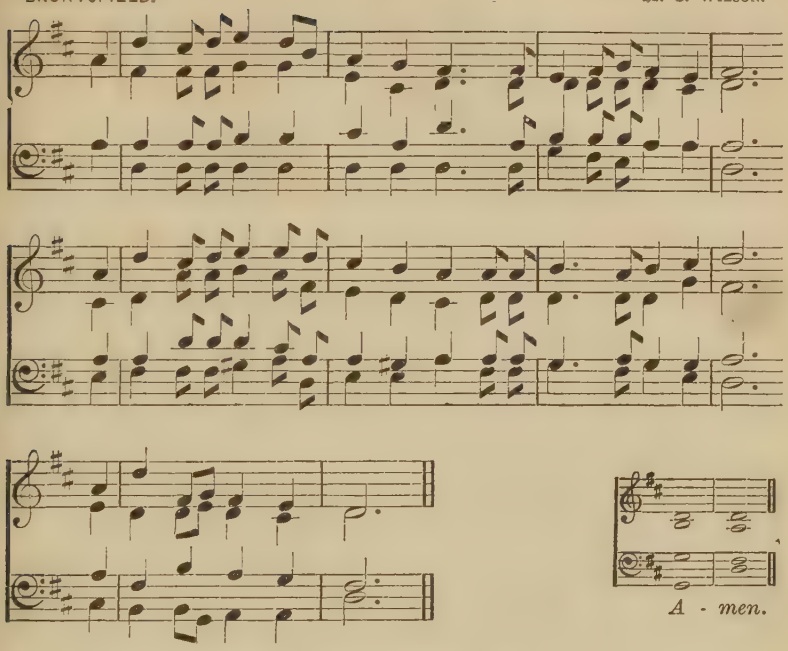


A - men.

M. A. S. DECK.

258

BRUNTSFIELD. M. C. WILSON.



The redeemed shall walk there.

mf 1 WE know there 's a bright and glorious home,
Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus dwell;
mp But will you be there, and I?
Will you be there, and I?

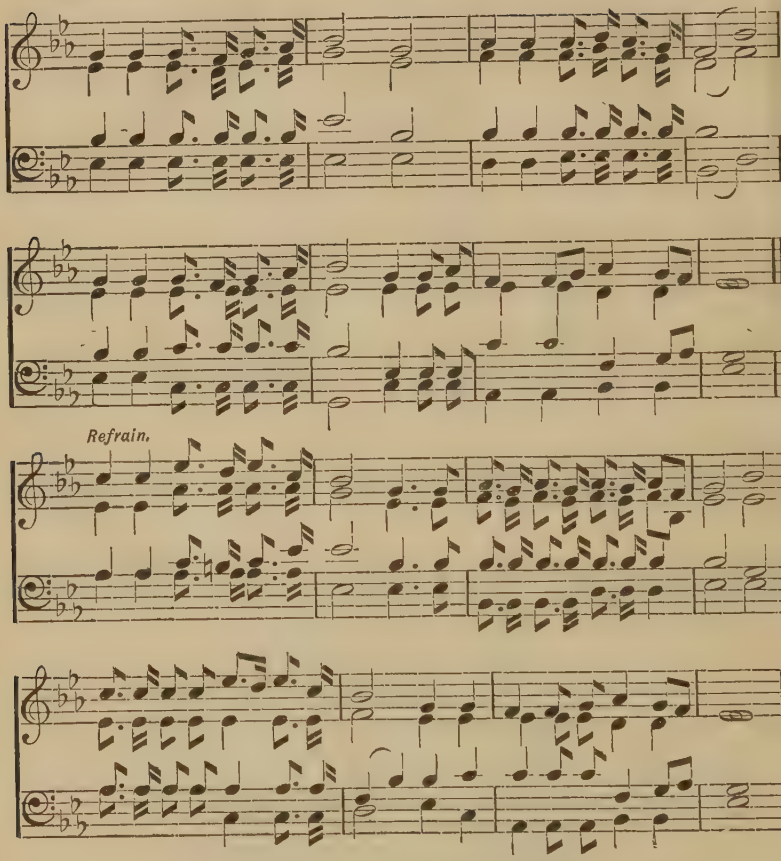
mf 2 In robes of white, o'er the streets of gold,
Beneath a cloudless sky,
They walk in the light of their Father's smile;
mp But will you be there, and I?
Will you be there, and I?

mf 3 From every kingdom of earth they come,
To join the triumphal cry
Of 'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!'
mp But will you be there, and I?
Will you be there, and I?

m 4 If we seek the loving Saviour now.
And follow Him faithfully,
c When He gathers His children in that bright home,
mf Then you will be there, and I!
Yes, you will be there, and I! *Amen.*

259

BEAUTIFUL RIVER. ROBERT LOWRY.



A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal.

R *m* 1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have [trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing from the throne of God?

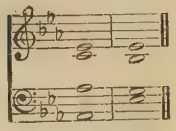
A *mf* *Yes, we'll gather at the river,*
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river [*God.*
That flows from the throne of

L *m* [2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worshi
ever,
All the happy golden day.]

R 3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and
crown.

L *m* 4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

A *mf* 5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

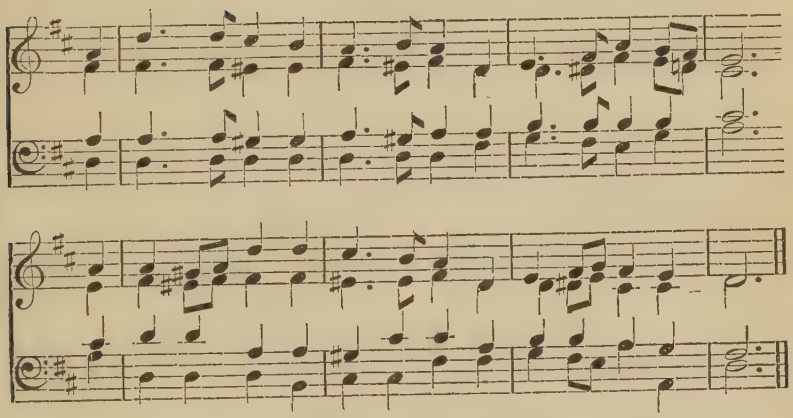


A - men.

ROBERT LOWRY.

260

ARISTIDES. A. H. MANN.



I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

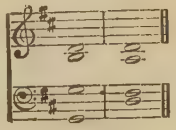
m 1 I HAVE a dear and happy home,
And much my home I love;
mf And yet I know there is for me
A better home above.

mf 2 There sin and sorrow cannot come
Or thought of pain and care;
God wipes the tears from every face,
And all are happy there.

m 3 No angry passions there are felt,
No quarrels ever come;
mf For every heart is full of love,
Within that happy home.

4 They praise with joy the Father's name,
His glorious likeness bear;
They love Him with a perfect love;
For all are holy there.

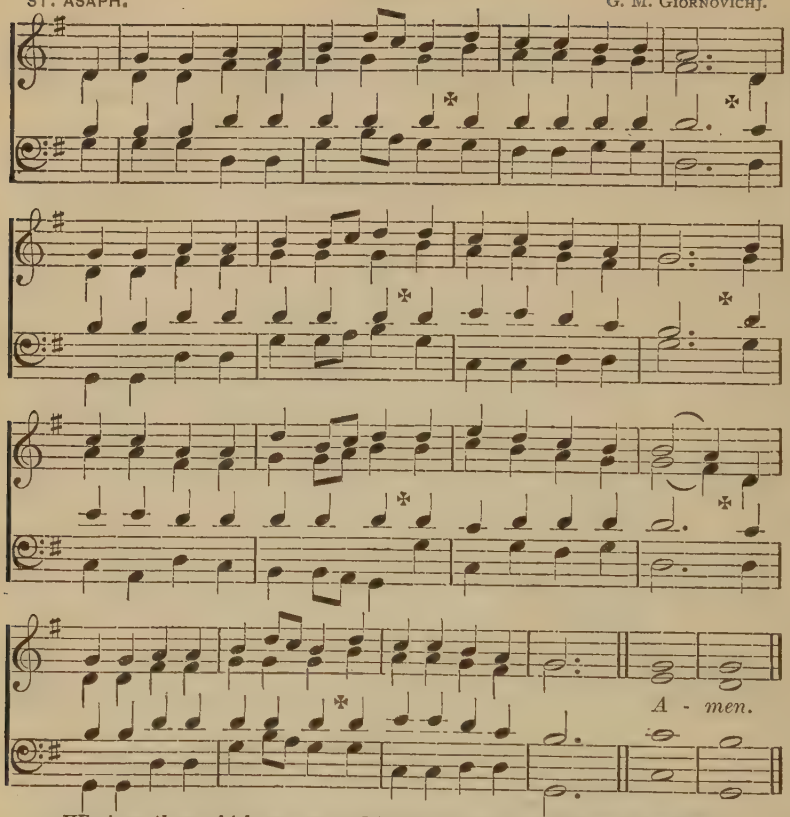
m 5 Lord, when my work on earth is done,
A place for me prepare;
And take me to that happy home
To dwell for ever there.



A - men.

261

ST. ASAPH. G. M. GIORNOVICHJ.



What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

m 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

mp 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

f 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

mf 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the [throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

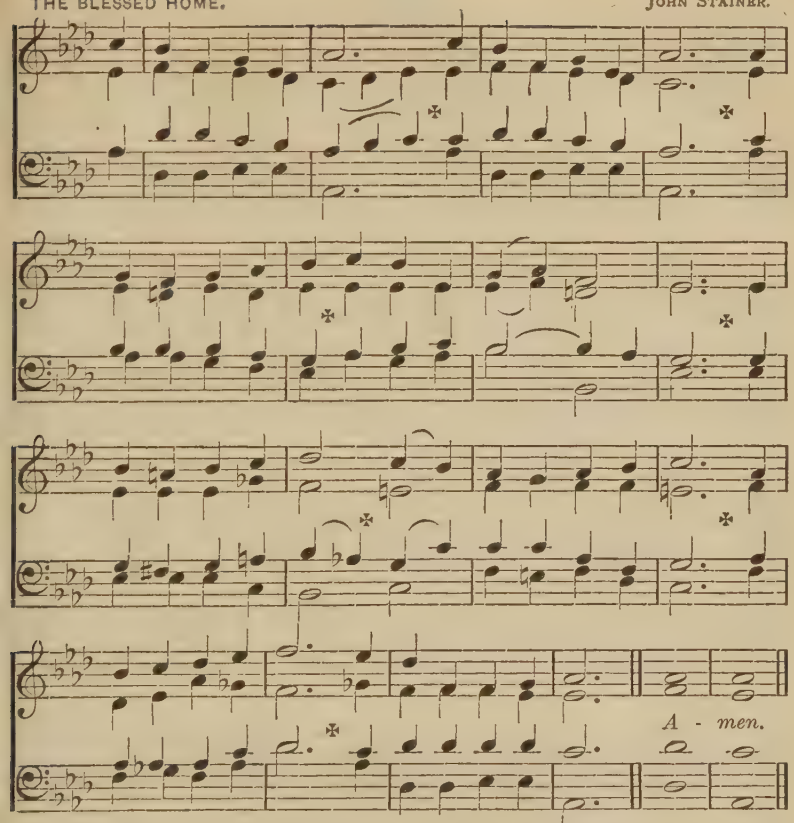
7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His [flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

f 8 To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore. *Amen.*

ISAAC WATTS *and* OTHERS.

262

THE BLESSED HOME. JOHN STAINER.



They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

m 1 THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
c Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
mf And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

mp 2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
m Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

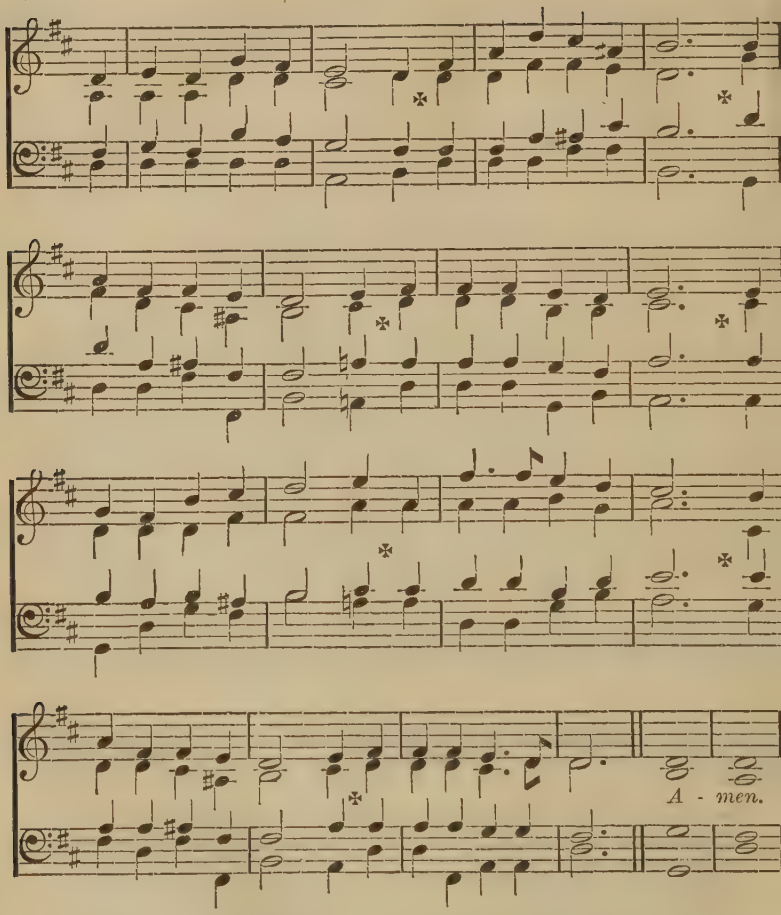
mf 3 O joy all joys beyond!
To see the Lamb who died,
mp And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
mf To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

m 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
c His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. *Amen.*

H. W. BAKER.

263

EWING. FIRST TUNE ALEXANDER EWING.



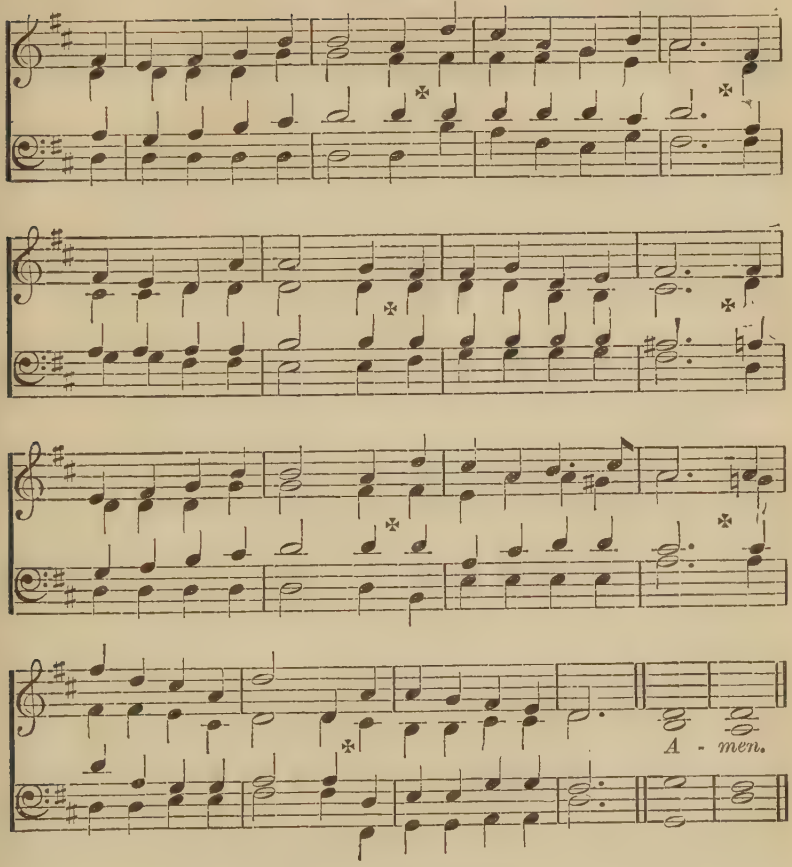
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

m 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
mf I know not, O! I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

f 2 They stand, those halls of Zion
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an ange
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

263

BENTLEY. SECOND TUNE JOHN HULLAH.



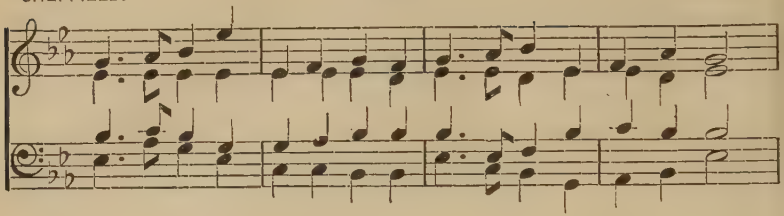
mf 3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

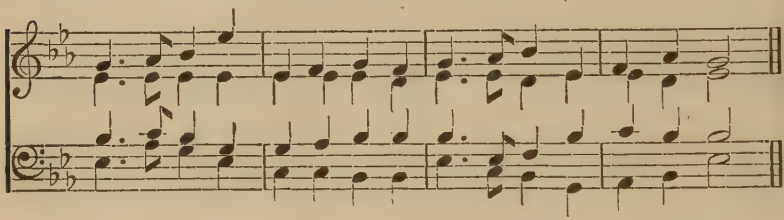
m 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
mp Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. *Amen.*

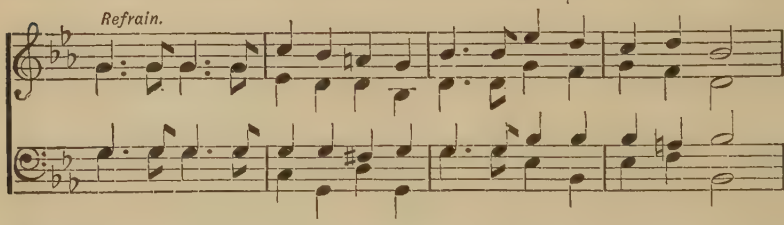
BERNARD OF MORLAIX, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

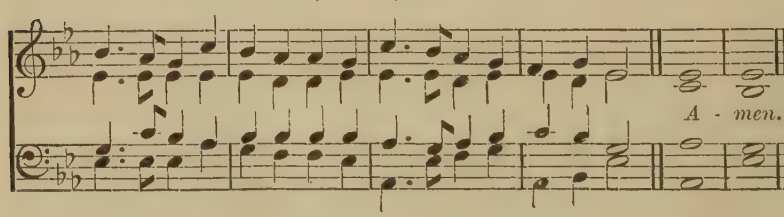
264

SHEFFIELD. FIRST TUNE W. STERNDALE BENNETT.









In my Father's house are many mansions.

mf 1 IN the Paradise of Jesus
There are many homes of light,
And they shine beyond the darkness
With a radiance clear and bright.

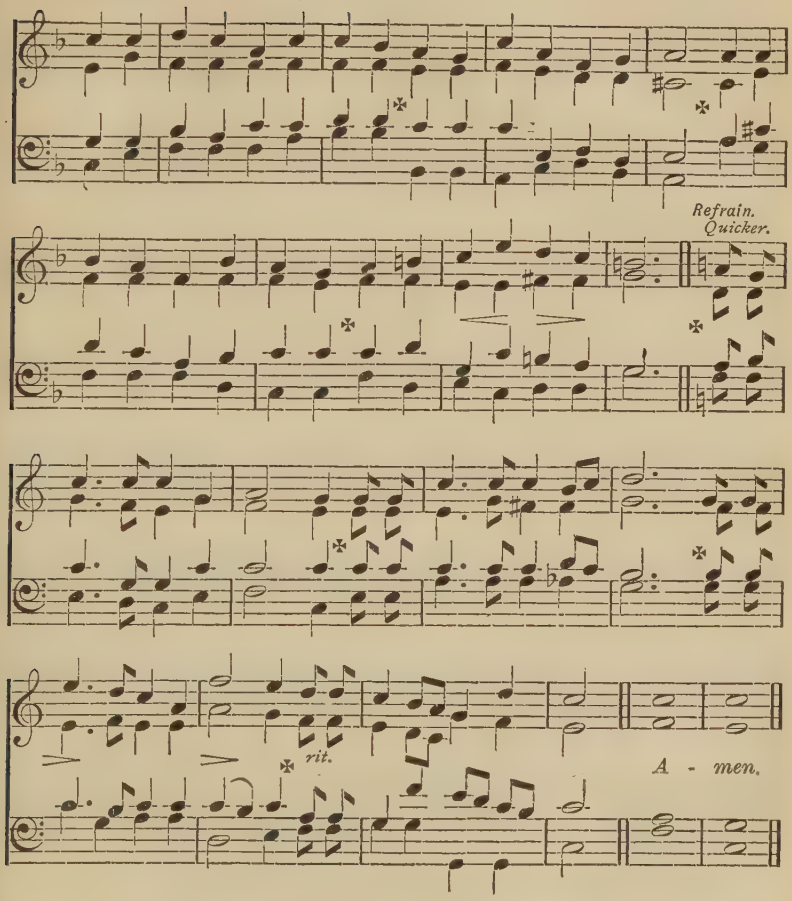
m *O that I might reach the haven*
Where my longing soul would be,
And amid the many mansions
Find a home prepared for me.

mf 2 There are sounds of many voices
In the golden streets above,
Thrilling all the air with gladness
And with joyous tones of love.

m 3 All around the hills of Zion,
'Mid the pastures green and fair
Jesus gathers in the homeless,
And He dwells among them
there.

264

NORTHWOOD. SECOND TUNE A. CROIL FALCONER.



mp 4 [Can we see the happy faces
Of the dear ones gone before?
m They are ready now to greet us,
When we gain that blessèd shore.]

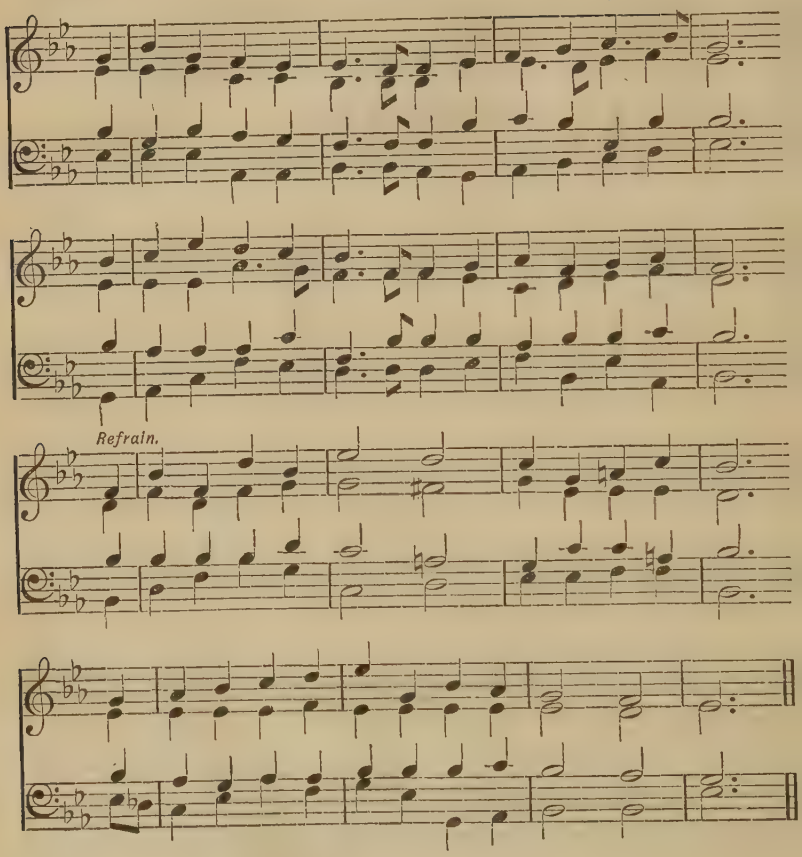
mf 5 [Now the pearly gates, unfolding,
Never shall be closed again;
We may see within the city
Jesus, and His white-robed train.]

mf 6 O to join the hallelujahs,
And the glad thanksgiving raise,
With the ransom'd hosts of Jesus,
In their songs of endless praise! *Amen.*

C. N. STREATFEILD.

265

PARADISE. FIRST TUNE HENRY SMART.



Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.

m 1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that love are blest?

mf *Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

mp 2 [O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?]

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
m I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,

265

BEATITUDE. SECOND TUNE A, L. PEACE.

Refrain.

m 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,

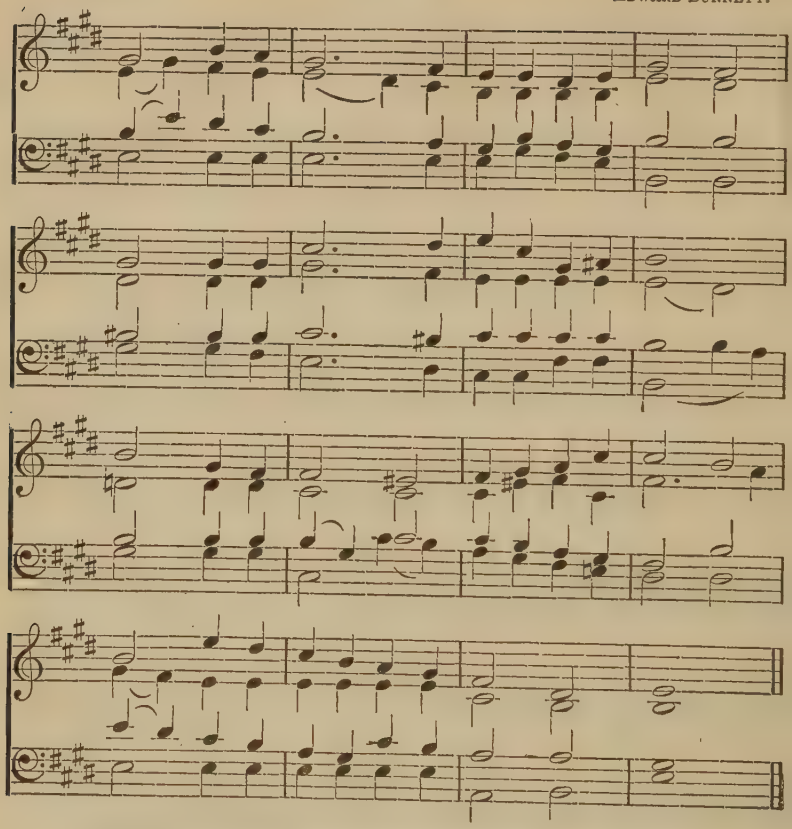
mf 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above!

A - men.

F. W. FABER.

266

HAPPY HOME. EDWARD BUNNETT.



The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous.

m 1 O HAPPY home! where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race;
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place.

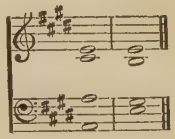
2 O happy home! where two in heart united,
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun.

3 O happy home! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mothers' care.

m 4 O happy home! where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

mf 5 O happy home! where Thou art not forgotten,
When joy is overflowing, full and free;
m O happy home! where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee.

f 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love.



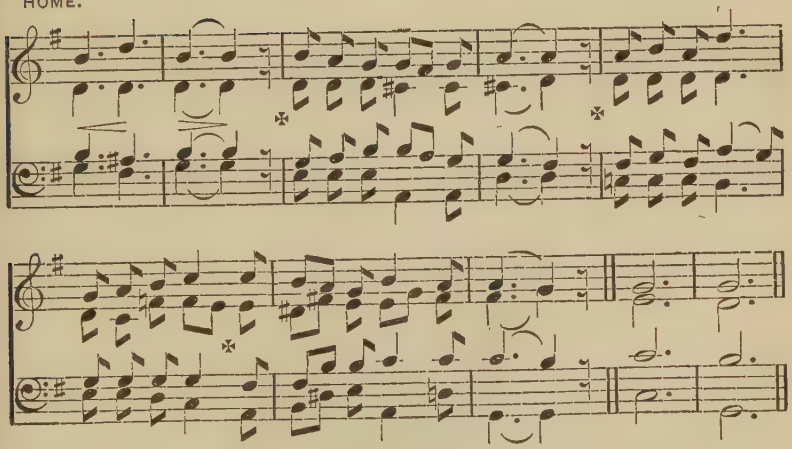
A . men.

K. J. P. SPITTA, *tr.* S. L. FINDLATER.

267

HOME.

MYLES B. FOSTER.



Let me depart, that I may go to mine own country.

m 1 HOME, home, home!
Who does not long for home?
Though we may stray
Far, far away,
We ever long for home.

2 Home, home, home!
Vision of peace, sweet home!
Midst toil and strife
Of daily life,
Our dream of rest is home.

mp 3 Home, home, home!
Our childhood's happy home!
O vision bright
Of joy and light,
Our dear departed home!

mf 4 Home, home, home!
Our future happy home!
O guide us right,
Thou one true Light,
To our eternal home. *Amen.*

G. R. PRYNNE.

268

LAUNCESTON. C. H. PERROT.

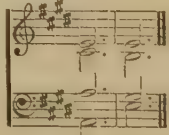
Seek of Him a right way for us, and for our little ones.

m 1 To Thee, the Giver of all good,
With glad and thankful hearts we come,
To praise Thee for the sweet new gift
Which Thou hast sent to bless our home.

mp 2 With trembling joy we take the trust,
To cherish and to keep for Thee;
O grant us all the help we need
To guard the treasure faithfully.

m 3 Our little ones, we know, are Thine;
But, while they share Thy tender care,
'Tis ours the happy task to show
The way to heaven, and lead them there.

4 We thank Thee for this precious gift,
A sacred pledge of heavenly love,
And pray that we and ours at last
May gather in Thy home above.

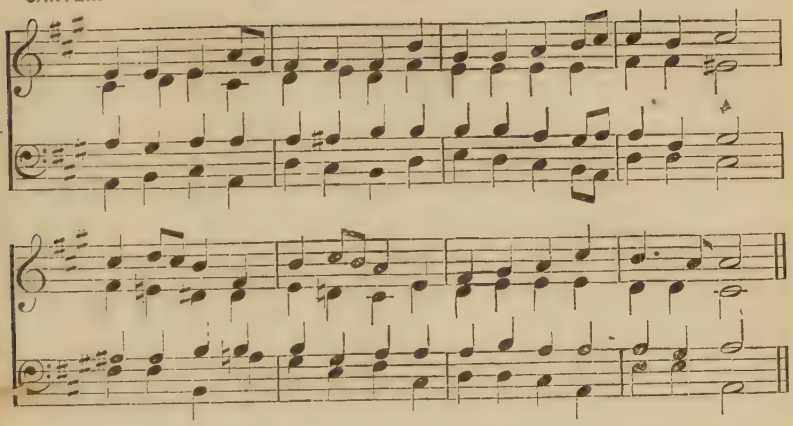


A - men.

H. P. HAWKINS.

269

CARTER. E. S. CARTER.



Honour thy father and thy mother.

m 1 To thy father and thy mother
Honour, love, and reverence pay;
This command, before all other,
Must a Christian child obey.

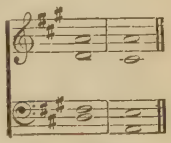
2 Jesus Christ, my Lord, fulfill'd it,
In His home at Nazareth—
So His heavenly Father will'd it—
While a child He dwelt beneath.

mp 3 Help me, Lord, in this sweet duty;
Guide me in Thy steps divine;
Show me all the joy and beauty
Of obedience such as Thine.

4 Teach me how to please and gladden
Those who toil and care for me;
Many a grief their heart must sadden,
Let me still their comfort be.

m 5 Then, when years are gathering o'er them,
When they're sleeping in the grave,
Sweet will seem the love I bore them,
Right the reverence which I gave.

6 All my wilful ways confessing,
Now I'd keep this first command,
Seek to win the appointed blessing—
Life within the promised land.

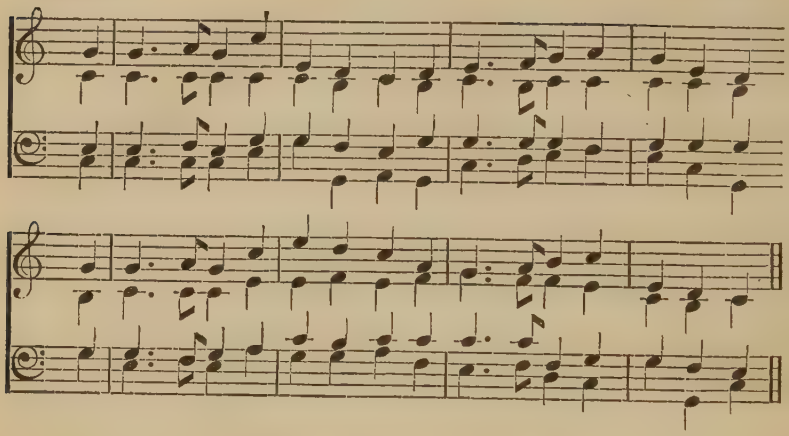


A - men.

A. R. COUSIN.

270

ALSTONE. FIRST TUNE C. E. WILLING.



Even a child is known by his doings.

m 1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

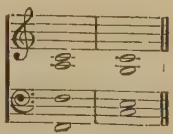
2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,
mp A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,

m 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

mf 5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

m 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

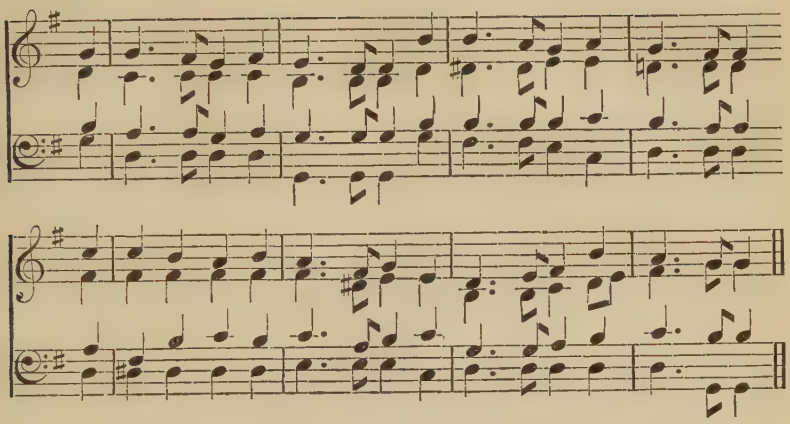


A - men.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

270

RACHEL. SECOND TUNE E. M. WREN.



Even a child is known by his doings.

m 1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

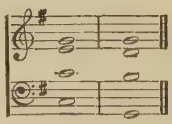
2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,
mp A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,

m 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

mf 5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

m 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.



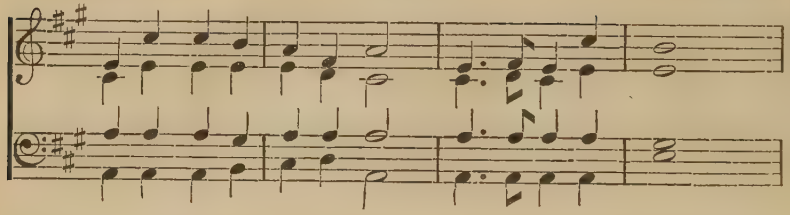
A - men.

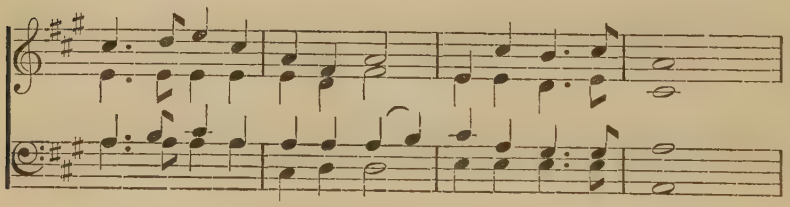
C. F. ALEXANDER.

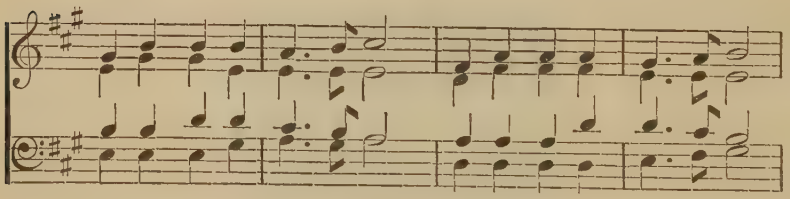
271

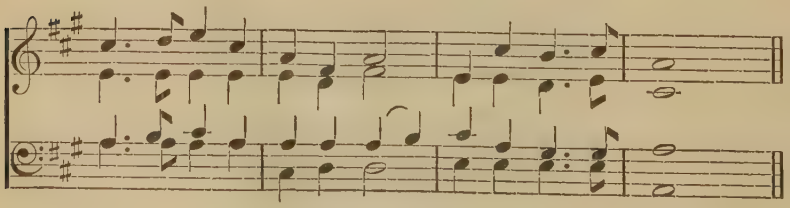
LOVE AT HOME.

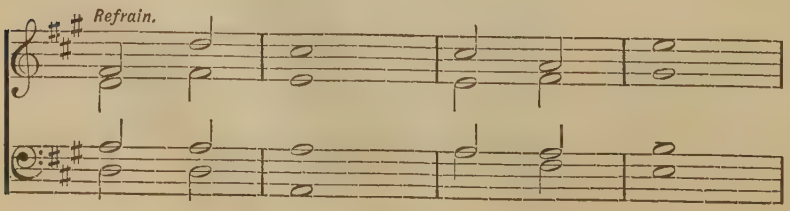
J. H. McNAUGHTON.

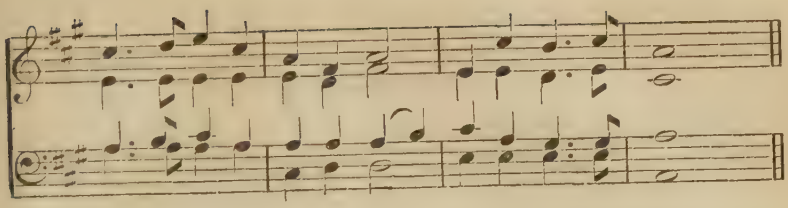












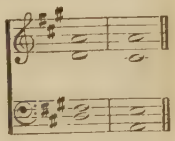
Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

m 1 THERE is beauty all around
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home;
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling glad on every side;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide
When there's love at home.

mf *Love at home, love at home!*
Time doth softly, sweetly glide
When there's love at home!

m 2 Kindly heaven smiles above
When there's love at home;
All the earth is fill'd with love
When there's love at home;
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
O, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home.

mf *Love at home, love at home!*
Time doth softly, sweetly glide
When there's love at home!

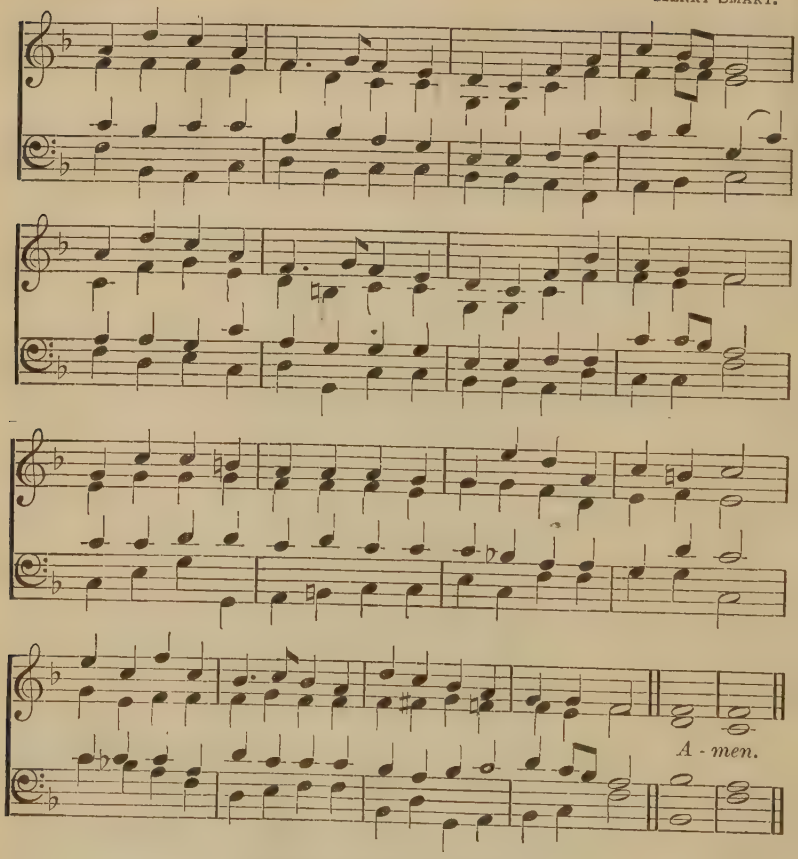


A - men.

J. H. McNAUGHTON.

272

CRUCIFER. HENRY SMART.



Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

m 1 HEAVENLY Father, Thou hast brought us
Safely to the present day;
Gently leading on our footsteps,
Watching o'er us all the way.
Friend and Guide through life's long journey,
Grateful hearts to Thee we bring;
But for love so true and changeless
How shall we fit praises sing?

mf 2 Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past;
Watchful care and loving-kindness
Always near from first to last;
Tender love, Divine protection
Ever with us day and night;
Blessings more than we can number,
Strow the path with golden light

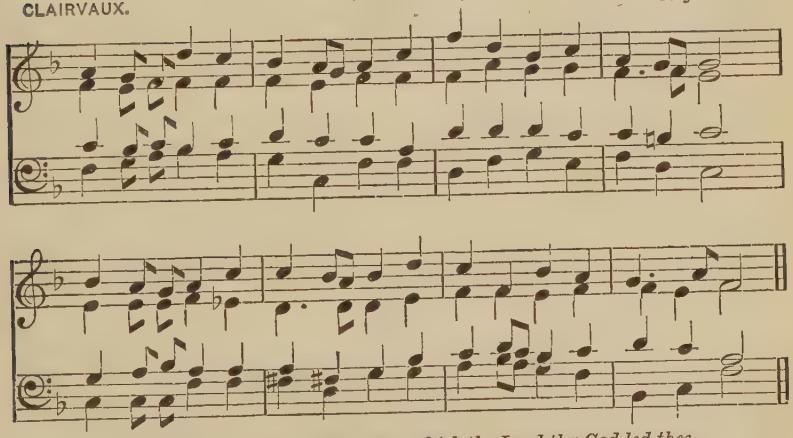
p 3 Shadows deep have cross'd our pathway;
We have trembled in the storm;
Clouds have gather'd round so darkly
That we could not see Thy form;
m Yet Thy love hath never left us
In our griefs alone to be,
And the help each gave the other
Was the strength that came from Thee.

mp 4 Many that we loved have left us,
Reaching first their journey's end;
m Now they wait to give us welcome,
Brother, sister, child, and friend.
mp When at last our journey's over,
And we pass away from sight,
c Father, take us through the darkness
Into everlasting light. *Amen.*

H. P. HAWKINS.

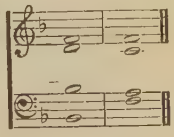
273

CLAIRVAUX. G. J. ELVEY.



Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.

m 1 THOU gracious God, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gather'd flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.
2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
m The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?
mp 3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;
mp 4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres;
mf 5 We thank Thee, Father! let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

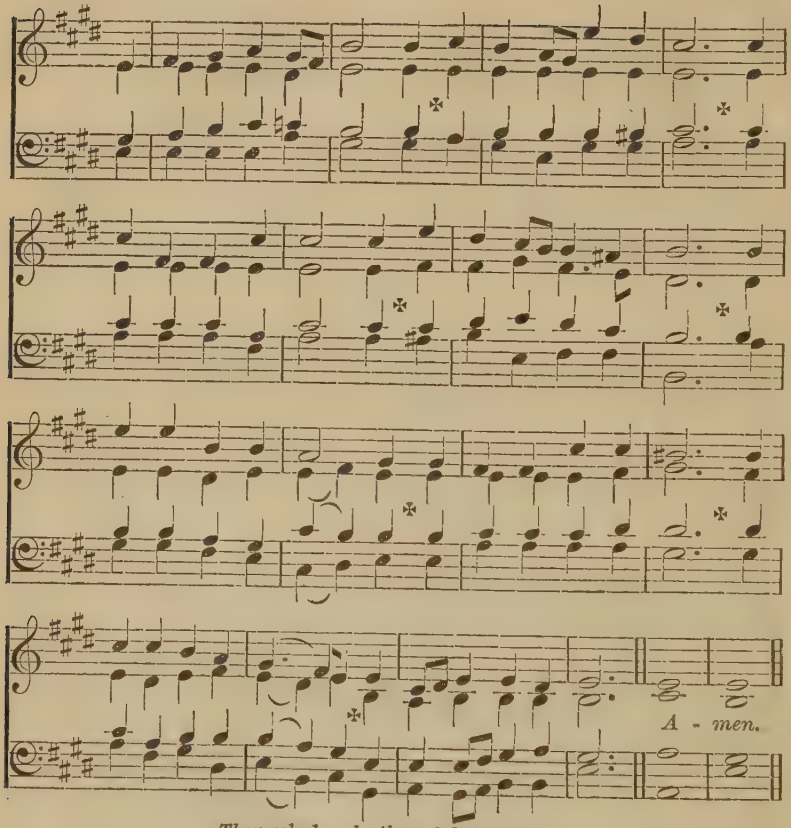


A - men.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

274

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY. J. S. ANDERSON.



They asked each other of their welfare.

m 1 STILL on the homeward journey
Across the desert-plain,
Beside another landmark,
We pilgrims meet again;
We meet in cloud and sunshine,
Beneath a changeful sky,
With calm and storm before us,
As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
Fond wishes from the heart,
As brothers often parted,
And soon again to part;
mp With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear,
We meet; for some are wanting,—
All loved ones are not here.

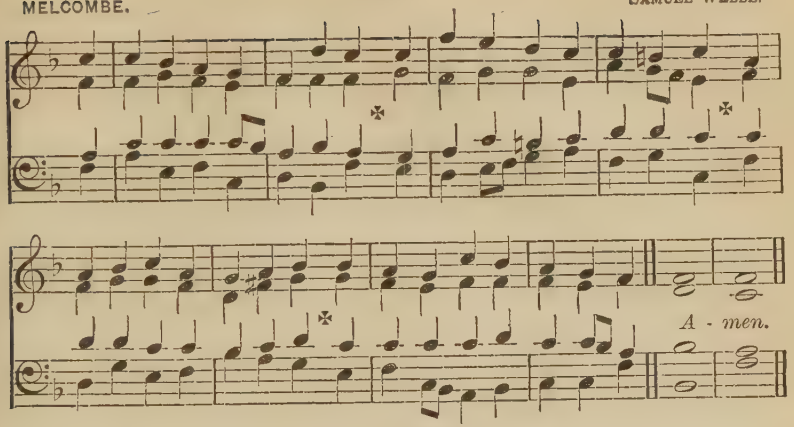
mf 3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
With Him for ever blest,
How glorious is their portion,
How undisturb'd their rest!
m How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house, at last!

mp 4 Thus round the silent landmark,
Here on the desert-plain,
We pilgrims meet together
With loving hearts again.
The storm may gather round us,
m But Christ has gone before;
We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more. *Amen.*

JANE BORTHWICK.

275

MELCOMBE. SAMUEL WEBBE.



GRACE AT MEAT.

m GREAT God, Thou Giver of all good,
Accept our praise, and bless our food;

m Grace, health, and strength to us afford
Through Jesus Christ, our risen Lord.
Amen.

276

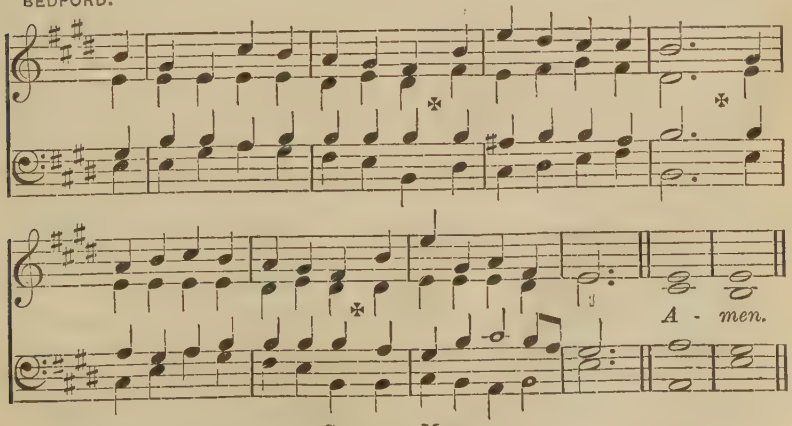
GRACE AT MEAT.

m WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health and every good;

m May manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.
Amen.

277

BEDFORD. WILLIAM WHEALL.



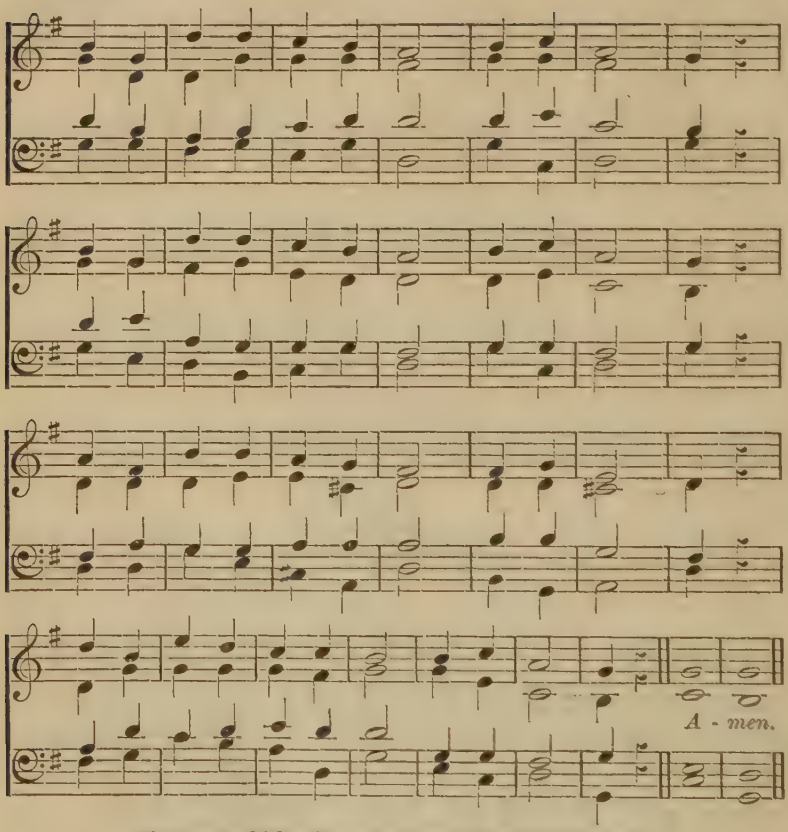
GRACE AT MEAT.

m To God, who gives our daily bread,
A thankful song we raise,

m And pray that He who sends us food
May fill our hearts with praise. *Amen.*

278

MAGDEBURG. *German Melody.*



The Angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads.

m 1 STANDING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
mp O! we know not what of harm
May betide them;
m 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

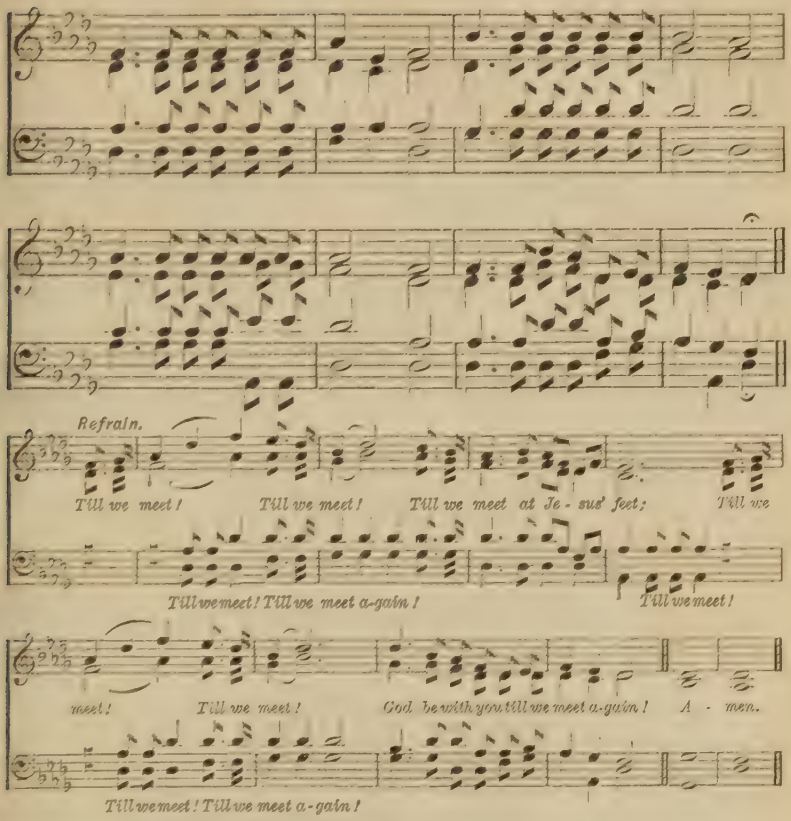
2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
m 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them:
mp In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
mf Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them. *Amen.*

 WILLIAM BRYANT.

279

GOD BE WITH YOU. W. G. TOMER.



I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.

m 1 God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

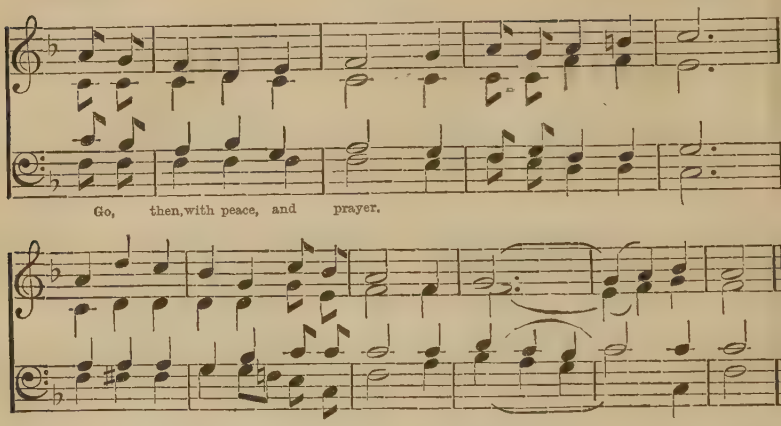
mp 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

m 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. RANKIN.

280

THORNFIELD. FIRST TUNE . CHARLES VINCENT.



Brethren, farewell; and the God of love and peace be with you.

m 1 WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

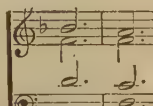
2 With the good word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

mf 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee;
That the sure promise of Thy truth
Faithful shall be.

5 And the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting shine,
The shade of absent days light up
With rays Divine.

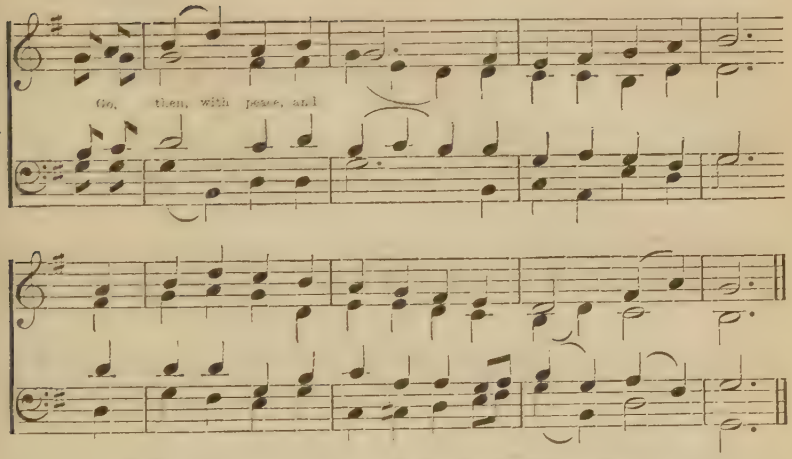
m 6 Go, then, with peace, and prayer,
And love, and faith, and hope,
His guardian angels everywhere
Shall bear you up.



GEORGE WATSON.

280

ADIEU. SECOND TUNE R. RIACH THOM.



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Peace, as a river to increase,
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2 With the good word of prayer
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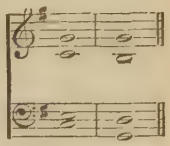
And love, and faith, and hope,
His guardian angels everywhere
Shall bear you up.

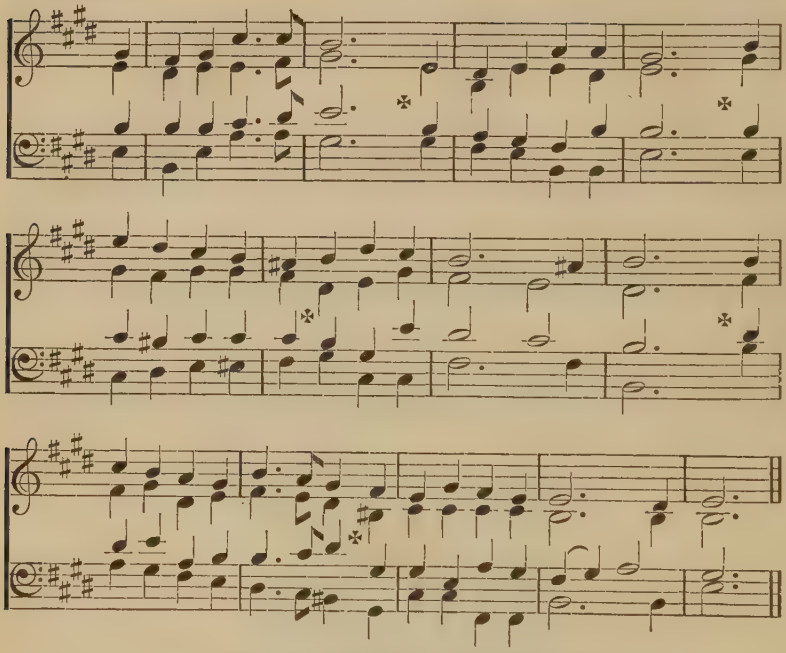


A - men.

GEORGE WATSON.

281

RALEIGH. EBENEZER PROUT.



The Lord preserveth all them that love Him.

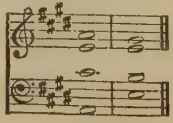
m 1 FATHER, who art alone
Our helper and our stay,
O hear us, as we plead
For loved ones far away,
mf And shield with Thine almighty hand
Our wanderers by sea and land.

m 2 For Thou, our Father-God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

m 3 O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread,
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
mf That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

m 4 Guard them from every harm,
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail.
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

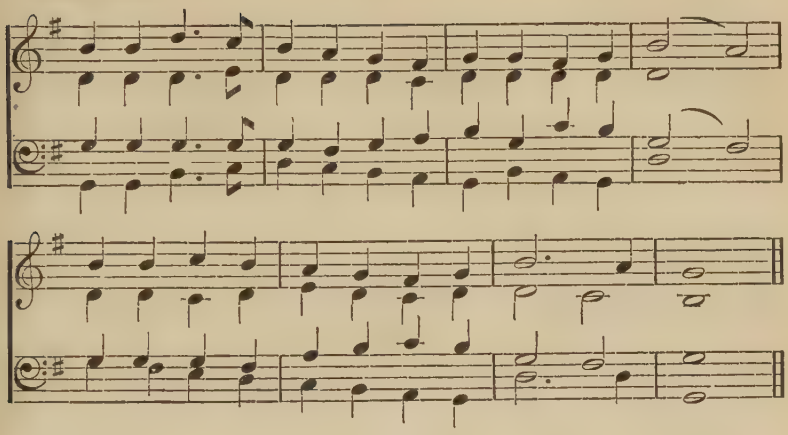
mp 5 We all are travellers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
mf Till we shall mount to God;
At home at last with those we love,
Within the Fatherland above.



A - men.

282

CAIRNBROOK. EBENEZER PROUT.



We do not cease to pray for you, that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will.

m 1 HOLY Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

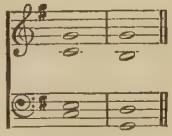
2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

mp 3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

mf 4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love, and may they praise Thee,
Day by day.

m 5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

mf 6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God, the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

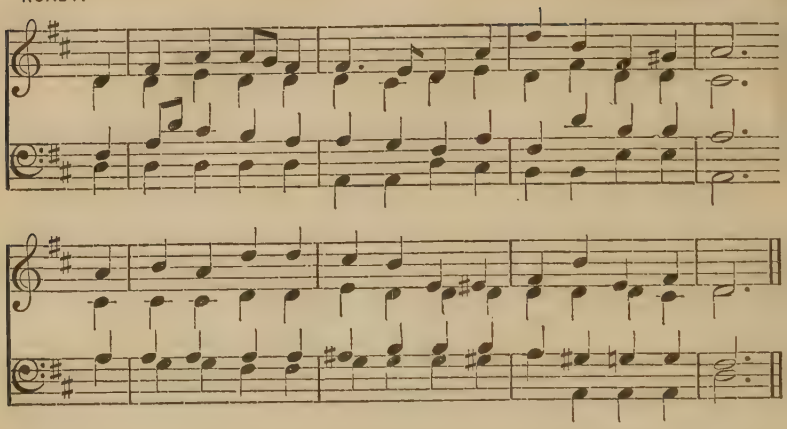


A - men.

I. S. STEPHENSON.

283

ROXBY. H. WALMSLEY LITTLE.



The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul.

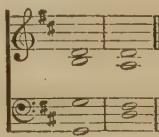
m 1 O GOD, our Father in the heaven,
To Thee we humbly pray
For those we love in distant lands,
For dear ones far away.

mp 2 We cannot guard their hearts from grief,
Their steps we cannot guide,
m But, blessèd Lord, we know that Thou
Art ever by their side.

3 Preserve them from all evil ways,
And from temptation's snare;
We give them unto Thee to keep,
We cast them on Thy care.

4 Be Thou the crown of all their joys,
Their comfort in distress,
Their solace in the hour of grief,
Their rest in weariness.

mf 5 So guide them, Lord, that wheresoe'er
In far-off lands they roam,
They may, when falls the eventide,
Be gather'd safely home.

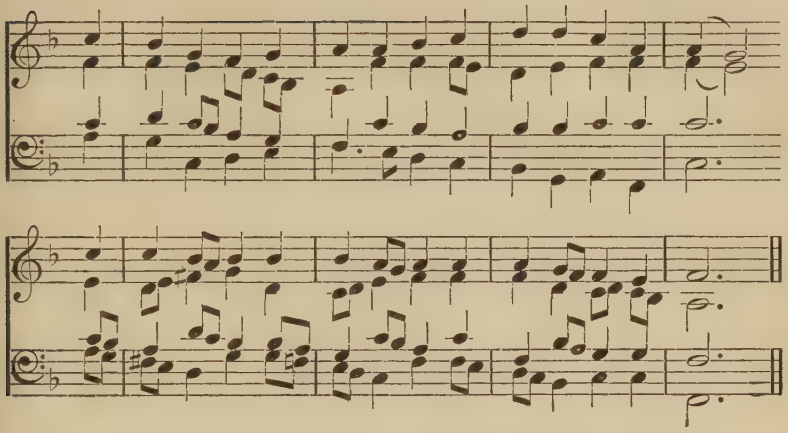


A - men.

R. RIACH THOM.

284

BURTON AGNES. J. B. DYKES.



Thou art the confidence of them that are afar off upon the sea.

m 1 O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

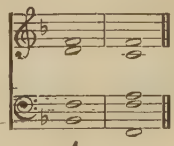
2 We need not fear, (*mp*) though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
mf For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thine hand.

m 4 As, when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quail'd in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So, when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts,
To whisper, (*mp*) 'Peace, be still!'

m 6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
mf Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

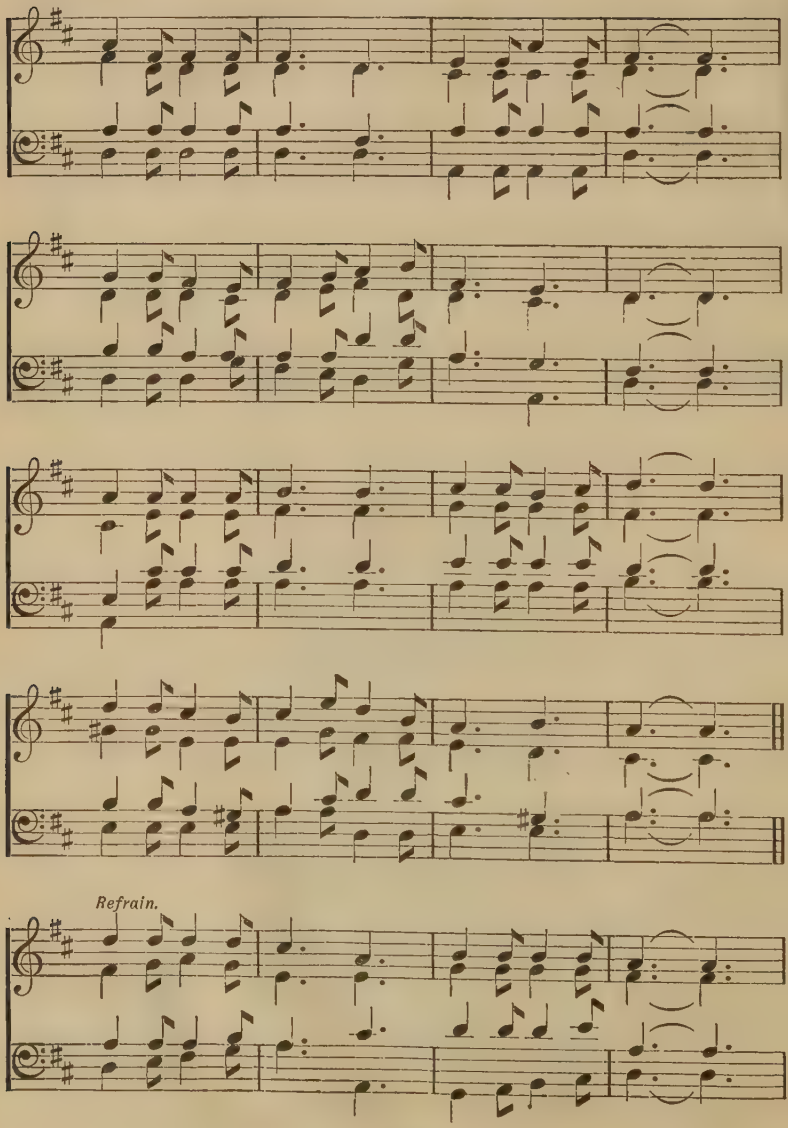


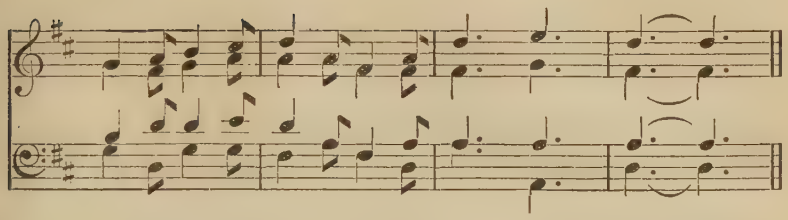
A - men.

E. A. DAYMAN.

285

JESUS IS OUR PILOT.





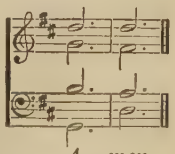
The winds and the sea obey Him.

m 1 JESUS is our Pilot!
No one else can guide
Our frail bark in safety
O'er life's stormy tide.
When the waves of trouble
Baffle human skill,
He can always calm them
With His 'Peace, be still!'

mf *Jesus is our Pilot!*
Guided by His hand,
We shall reach the haven
On the golden strand.

mf 2 Jesus is our Pilot!
Leaning on His arm
We are safe from danger,
Safe from fear and harm:
In His strong protection
Let us ever rest;
Refuge from all sorrow
On His faithful breast.

m 3 Jesus is our Pilot!
Well He knows the way
From these earthly shadows
To the realms of day;
He can find that harbour
Others seek in vain:
mf Where as Lord of glory
Evermore He 'll reign.

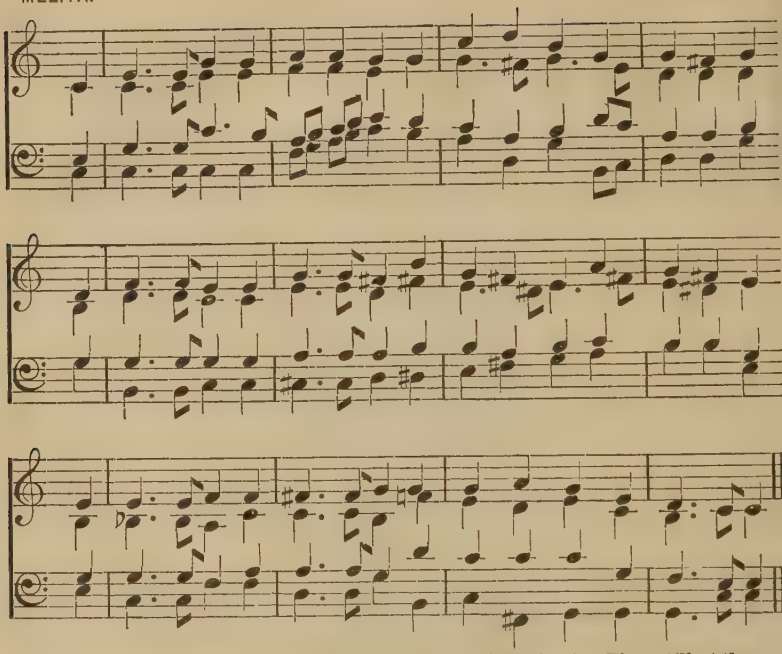


A - men.

M. B. W. BARNES.

286

MELITA. J. B. DYKES.



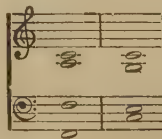
Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.

m 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,—
pc O hear us when we cry to Thee
d For those in peril on the sea!

m 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,—
pc O hear us when we cry to Thee
d For those in peril on the sea!

m 3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
pc O hear us when we cry to Thee
d For those in peril on the sea!

mf 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go!
e Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

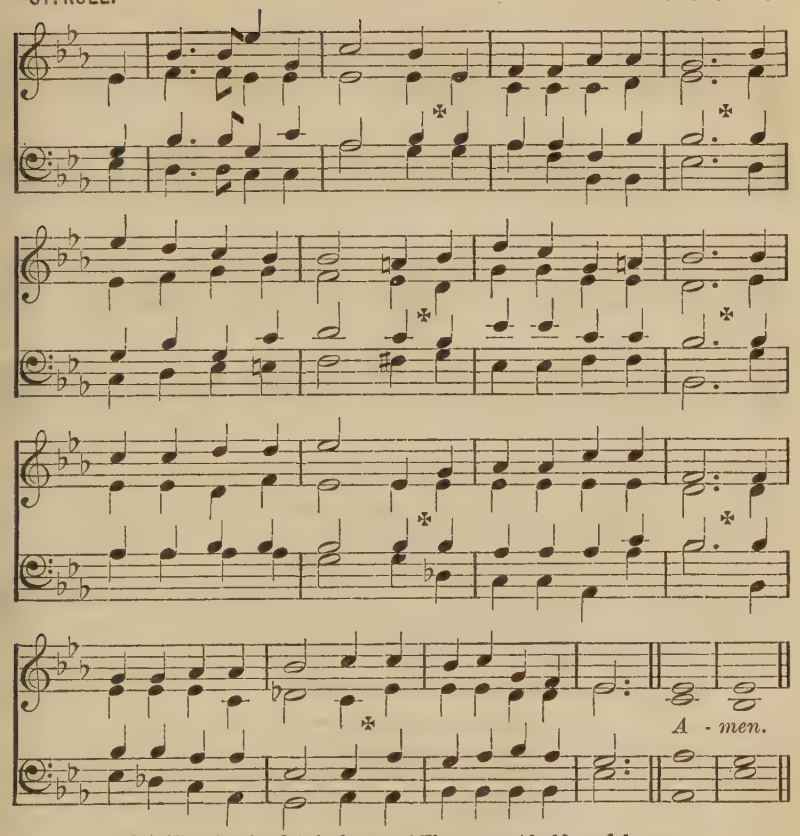


A - men.

388 WILLIAM WHITING.

287

ST. RULE. C. H. PURDAY.



With Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed for ever.

mp 1 O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power,
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
m To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

mp 2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
m Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With those who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is Thine.

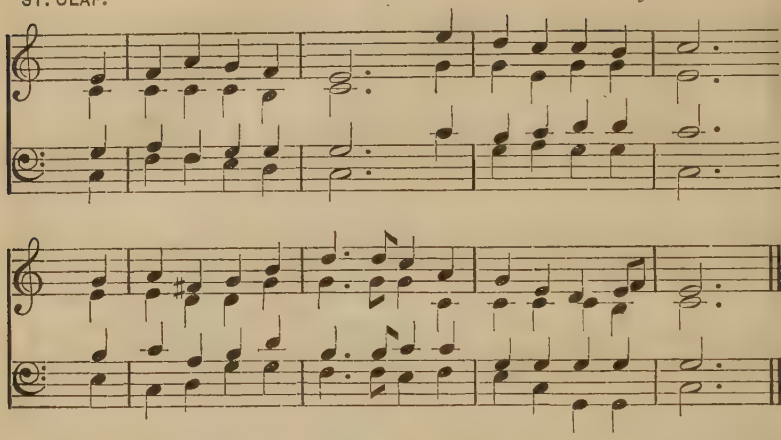
mp 3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
m That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
mf But nought can break the marriage
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun. *Amen.*

JOHN ELLERTON.

288

ST. OLAF. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.

mf 1 How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deign'd in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

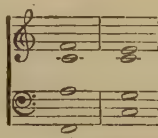
2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power Divine
The water-vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

m 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flow'd
Forth from Thy piercèd side.

mp 6 Before Thy gracious throne
This mercy we implore;—
c As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.



H. W. BAKER.

289

PERFECT LOVE. *By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.* JOSEPH BARNBY.

NOTE.—Arranged from the Anthem written for the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Louise with the Duke of Fife.

Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.

mp 1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
m That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

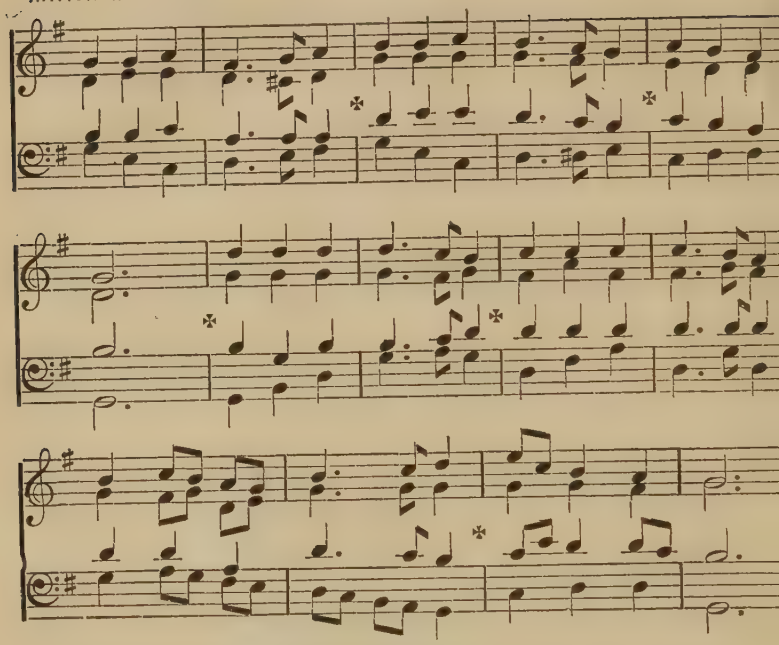
3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
f And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

A · men.

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD.

290

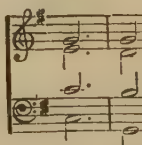
NATIONAL ANTHEM.



THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

mf 1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

2 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!



291

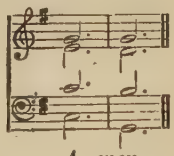
I exhort that prayers be made for all men.

mf 1 God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transform'd to friend,
And Britain's sway depend
On war no more.

2 O Lord, our Monarch bless
With truth and righteousness;
Long may she reign;
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our Isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

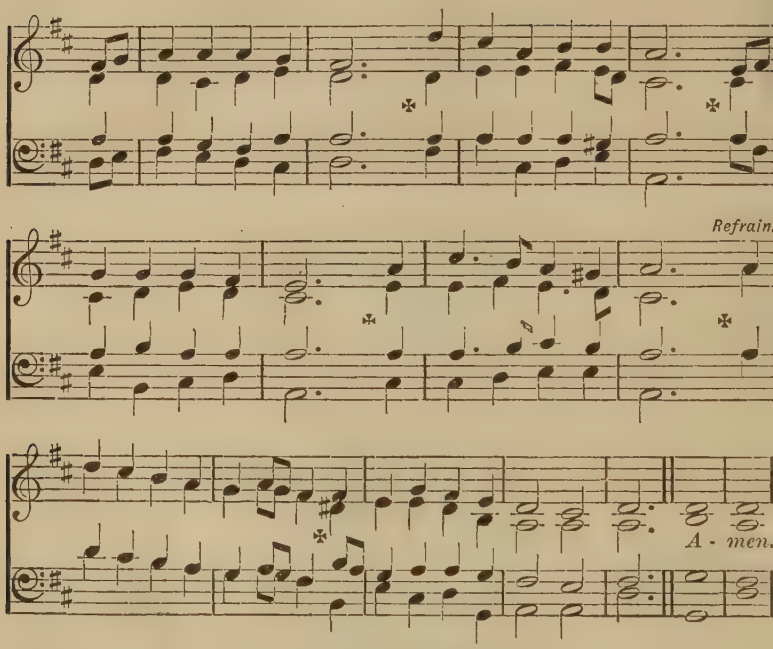
4 Nor on this land alone;
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.



W. E. HICKSON.

292

OMAGH. FIRST TUNE W. A. JEFFERSON.



God, even our own God, shall bless us.

mp 1 To Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.

mf *O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,*
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

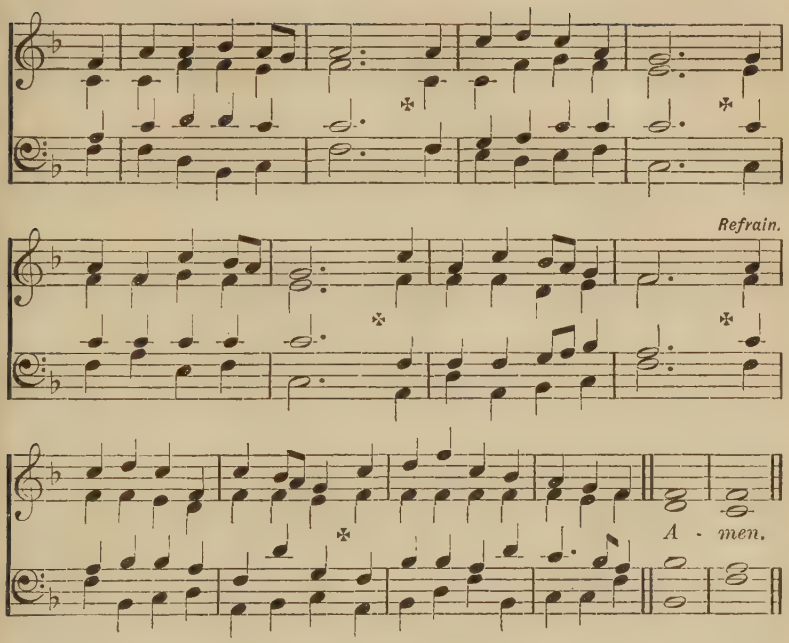
m 2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
mf That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.

m 4 The powers ordain'd by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;

292

EWBADUS. SECOND TUNE *Welsh Melody.*



m May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.

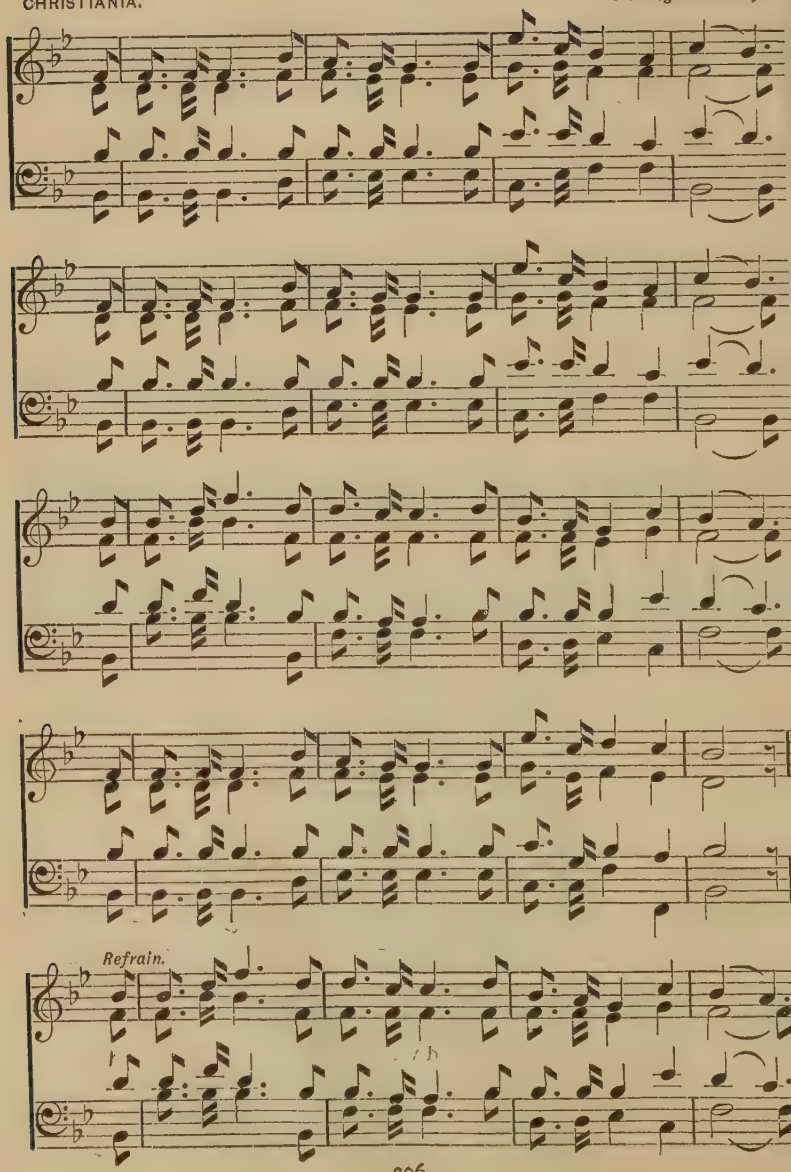
mp 7 Though vile and worthless, (*m*) still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
mf And for our God we will
None other have but Thee. *Amen.*

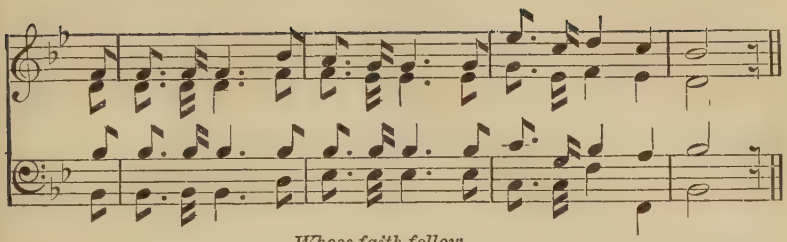
W. W. HOW.

293

CHRISTIANIA.

Norwegian Melody.





Whose faith follow.

U *mf* 1 OUR fathers were high-minded men,
Who firmly kept the faith,
To freedom and to conscience true
In danger and in death.
Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
And bravely won the day.

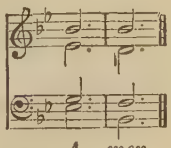
H *f* *Our fathers were high-minded men,*
Who firmly kept the faith,
To freedom and to conscience true
In danger and in death.

U *m* 2 For all they suffer'd little cared
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
Made them the shame despise.
mf Great names had they, but greater souls,
True heroes of their age,
Who, like a rock in stormy seas,
Defied opposing rage.

H *f* *For all they suffer'd little cared*
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
Made them the shame despise.

H *m* 3 And such as our forefathers were
May we their children be;
And in our hearts their spirit live
That gain'd our liberty:
mf O we will bear and give and pray
And do what must be done,
Till for the good old cause of truth
The victory shall be won.

H *f* *And such as our forefathers were*
May we their children be;
And in our hearts their spirit live
That gain'd our liberty.

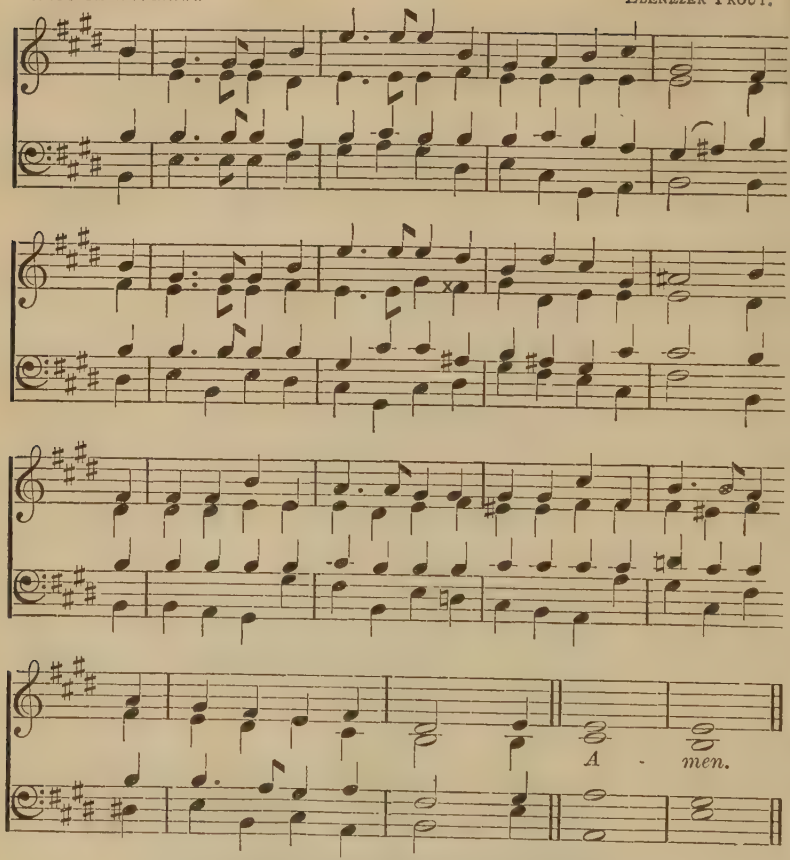


A - men.

H. MAYO GUNN.

294

LAUS SEMPITERNA. EBENEZER PROUT.



One generation shall praise Thy works to another.

mf 1 WE come unto our fathers' God;
Their Rock is our salvation;
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation:
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

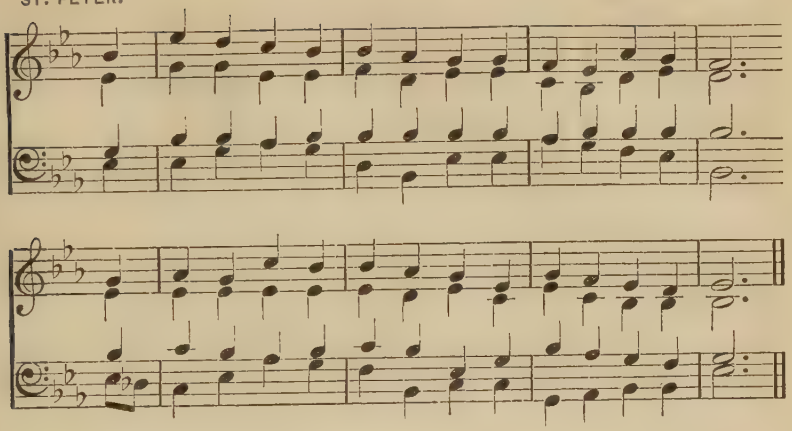
2 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
c His song in them, in us, is one,
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth.

mf 3 Ye saints to come, take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavour!
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver!

T. H. GILL.

295

ST. PETER. A. R. REINAGLE.



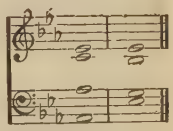
I am the Lord that healeth thee.

m 1 FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;
O pour them from above;

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day,
When pain and death shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;

mf 4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

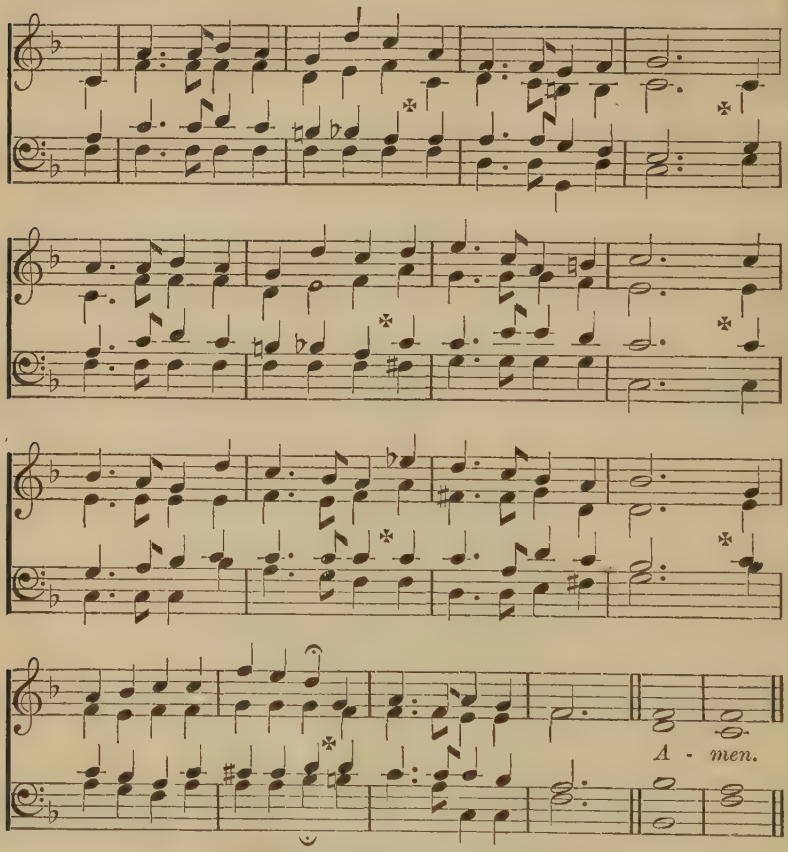


A - men.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

296

LAND OF REST. R. S. NEWMAN.



He healed them that had need of healing.

m 1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumph'd o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fever'd frame;

mf 2 And, lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renew'd and frenzy calm'd
Own'd Thee the Lord of Light.

m And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

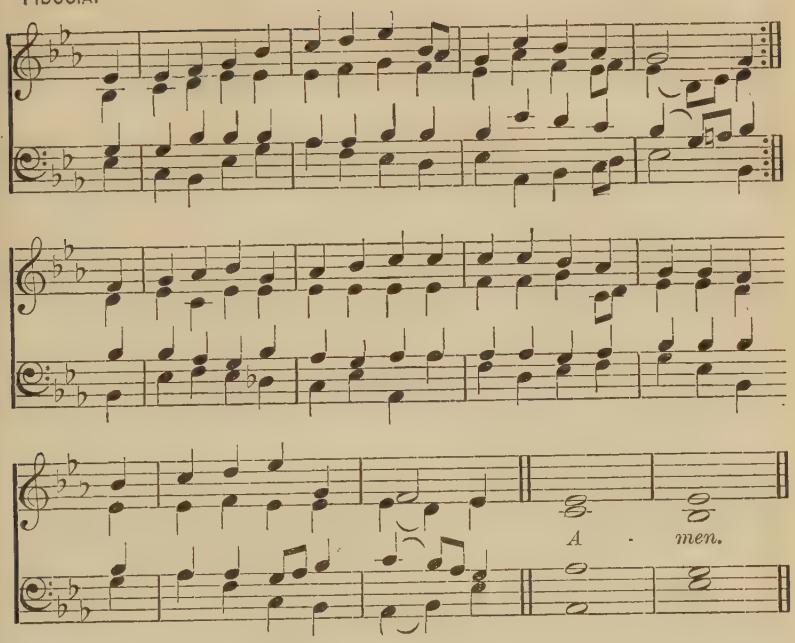
3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,

mf That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore. *Amen.*

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

297

FIDUCIA. *Old Melody*, 1650.



The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us.

m 1 Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We come to Thee, the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

mp 2 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us,
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To reunite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

mf 3 We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou hast been our strength and stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

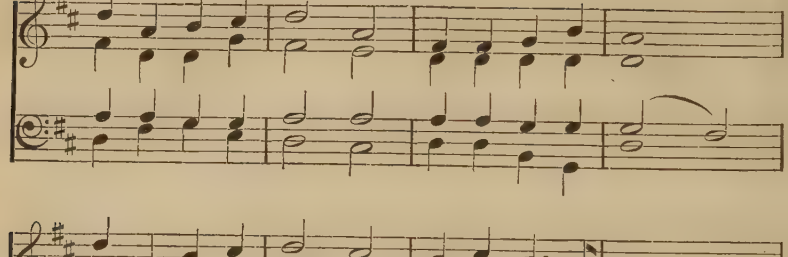
m 4 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
c Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us. *Amen.*

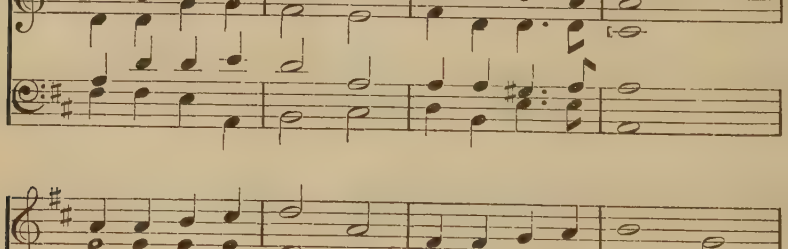
JAMES HAMILTON.

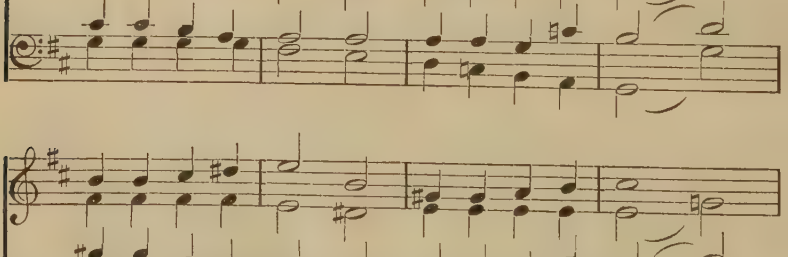
298

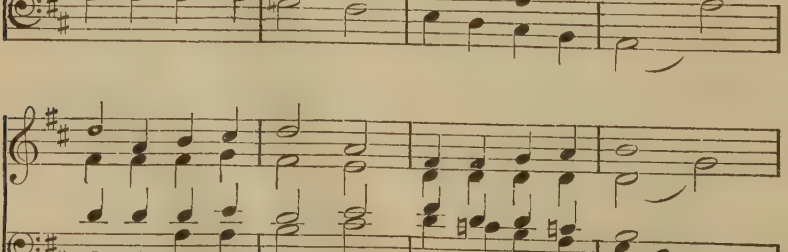
TADCASTER.

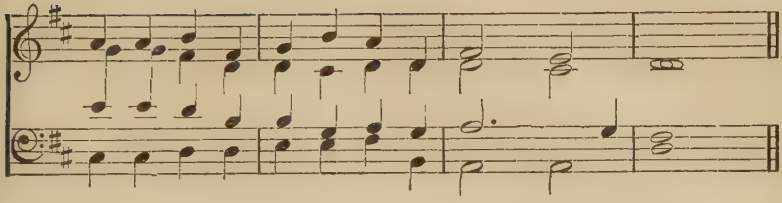
E. J. HOPKINS.











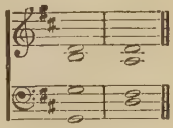
Thou hast holden me by my right hand; Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.

mf 1 JESUS, blessèd Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
O how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
O how many blessings
Every day has seen!
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

mp 2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell.
All our sins—so many!—
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear;
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

m 3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us
As we onward go;
So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the better land.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near;
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

mf 4 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone:
Let each day, each moment
Of this glad new year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
f Then, O blessèd Saviour,
Never need we fear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year.

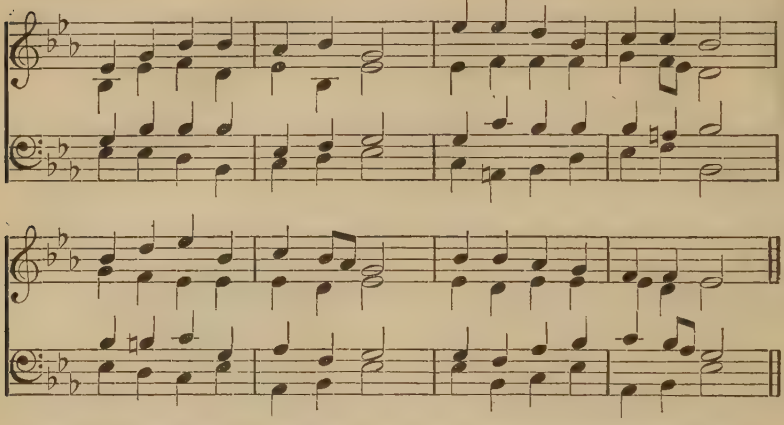


A - men.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

299

CULBACH. *Scheffler's Hirtenlieder*, Book I., 1657.



The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work; and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom.

mf 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear!

m 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

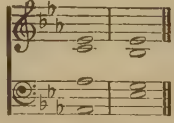
mp 3 [Dark the future: let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight,
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.]

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

p 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
mp With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

m 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

mf 7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

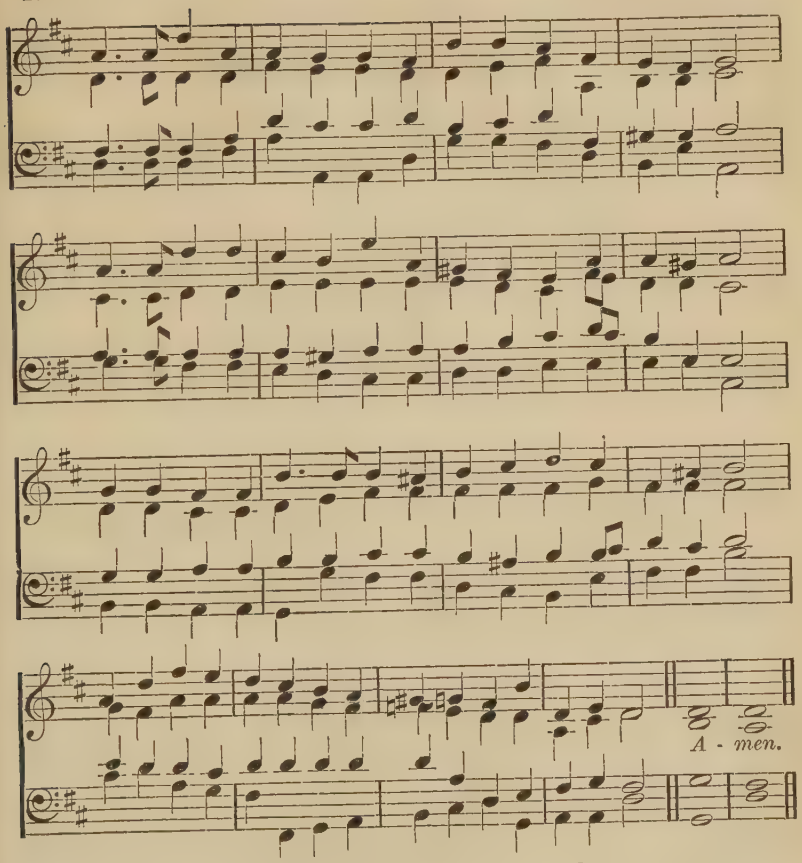


A - men.

HENRY DOWNTON.

300

LUX EOI. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



I will go in the strength of the Lord God.

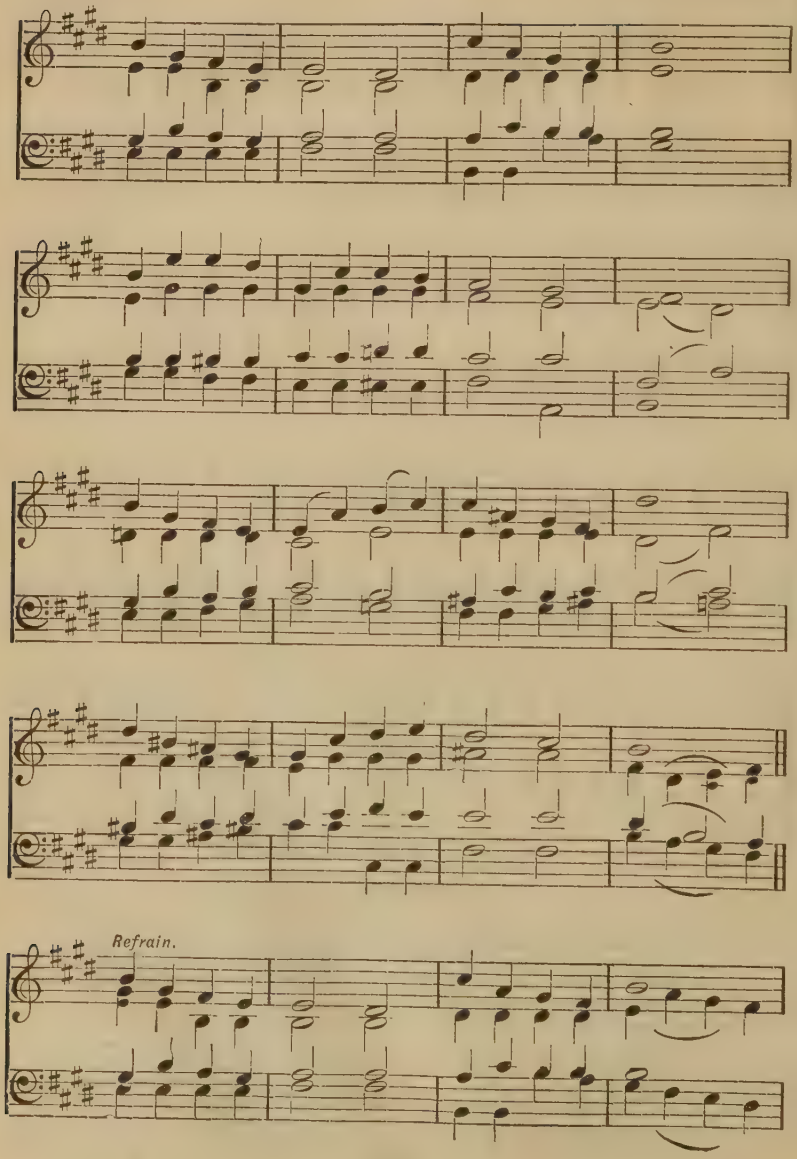
m 1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast bless'd us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise,—
mf Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above,
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.
mp 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
m We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
mf With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.
3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
f Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the City's open gate. *Amen.*

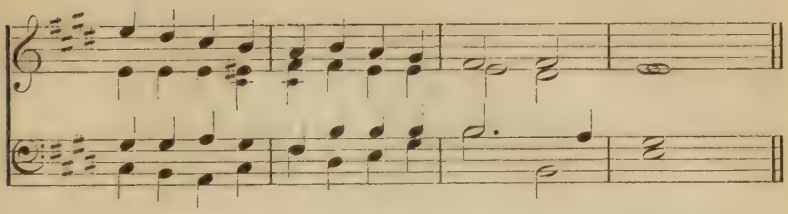
J. D. BURNS.

301

SUMUS TIBI.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.





He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

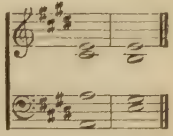
Q *mf* 1 STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

A *f* *Onward, then, and fear not,*
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

Q *m* 2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismay'd;
Yea, I will uphold Thee,
With My own right hand;
Thou art call'd and chosen
In My sight to stand.'

mf 3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.



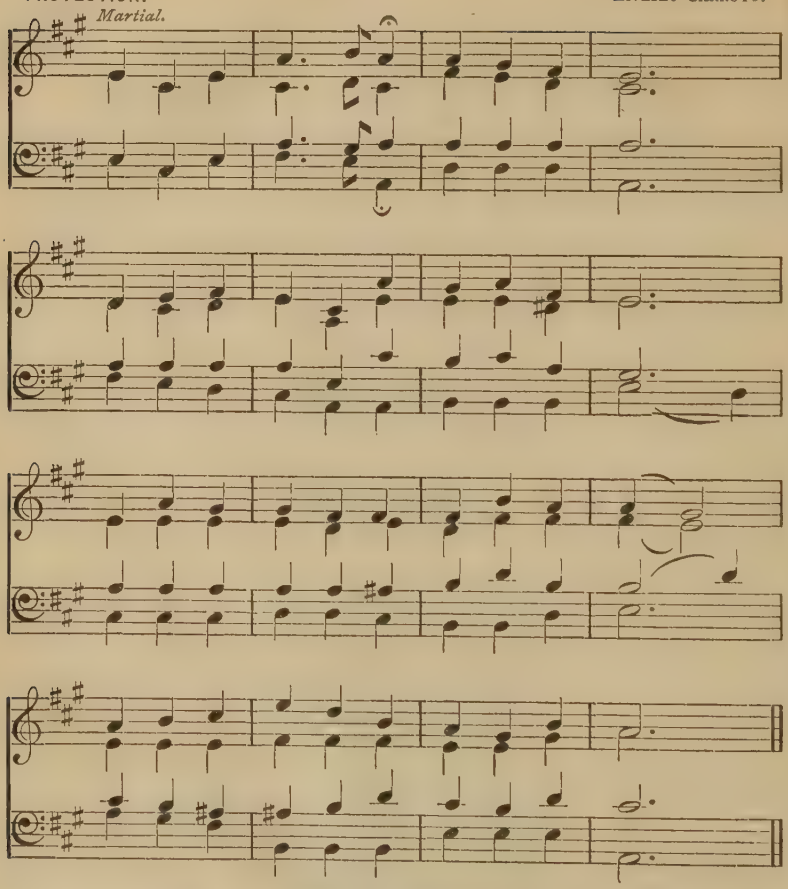
A - men.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

302

PROTECTION. LIVESEY CARROTT.

Martial.



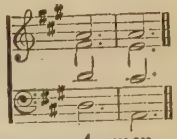
Be careful for nothing; but in everything let your requests be made known unto God.

m 1 GOD will take care of you: all through the day
Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;
Walking or resting, at lessons or play,
Jesus is with you, and watching you still.

2 He will take care of you: all through the night,
Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the light;
He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

m 3 He will take care of you, all through the year,
Crowning each day with His kindness and love,
Sending you blessing, and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.

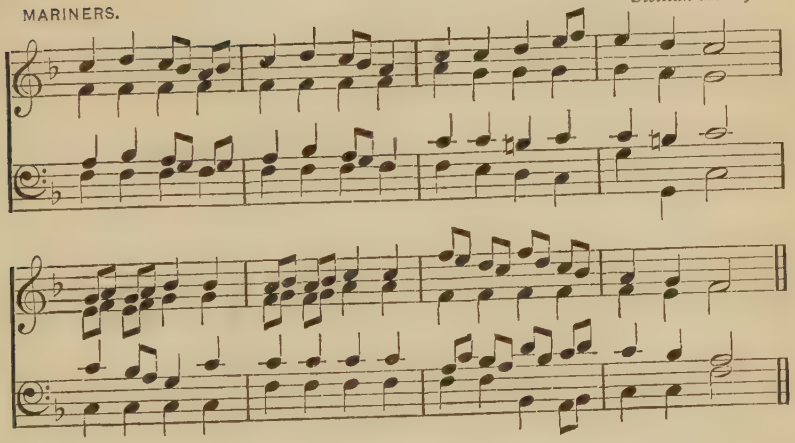
F. R. HAVERGAL.



303

MARINERS.

Sicilian Melody.



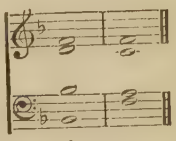
Hold up my goings in Thy paths.

mp 1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us;
Soon our school-days will be done;
p Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

mp 2 O may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

m 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,—
'Little children, follow Me:'
mp Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

p 4 Soon we part: it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
mf O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!



WILLIAM DICKSON.

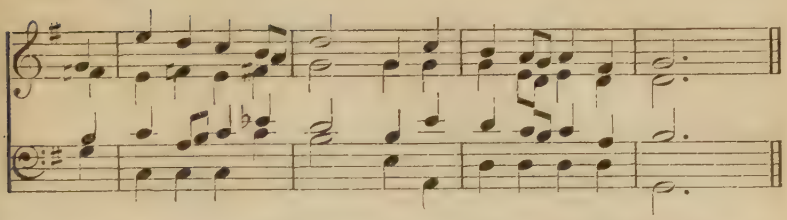
304

HARVEST.

BERTHOLD TOURS

With spirit.

Refrain.



I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

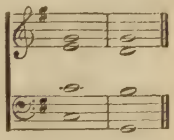
mf 1 It is a day of gladness,
When all our friendly band,
Christ's members, thus together
In Him united stand;
Together lift our voices
To praise Him for His love,
And pray that we may worthy
Of all His mercies prove.

f *Haste forward, then, haste forward,*
Reach to the glorious prize,
The mark of our high calling,
The crown above the skies.

m 2 In lowliness and meekness
May we from day to day
Still in our Master's footsteps
Press on our heavenward way;
O make us, blessèd Master,
Pure, even as Thou art pure,
And grant as faithful servants
We to the end endure.

mf 3 O joy within the vineyard
To labour for the Lord!
Joy on this happy feast-day
To praise with one accord!
Joy of all joys the greatest
To hear Him say, 'Well done;
Rest, good and faithful servant,
Thy heavenly crown is won!'

m 4 Come, Holy Ghost, possess us
With Thy indwelling might;
Come, Jesus, reign within us,
Our King, our Life, our Light;
f So through the endless ages
Our triumph-song shall be,
Praise Father, Son, and Spirit,
One God in Persons three.

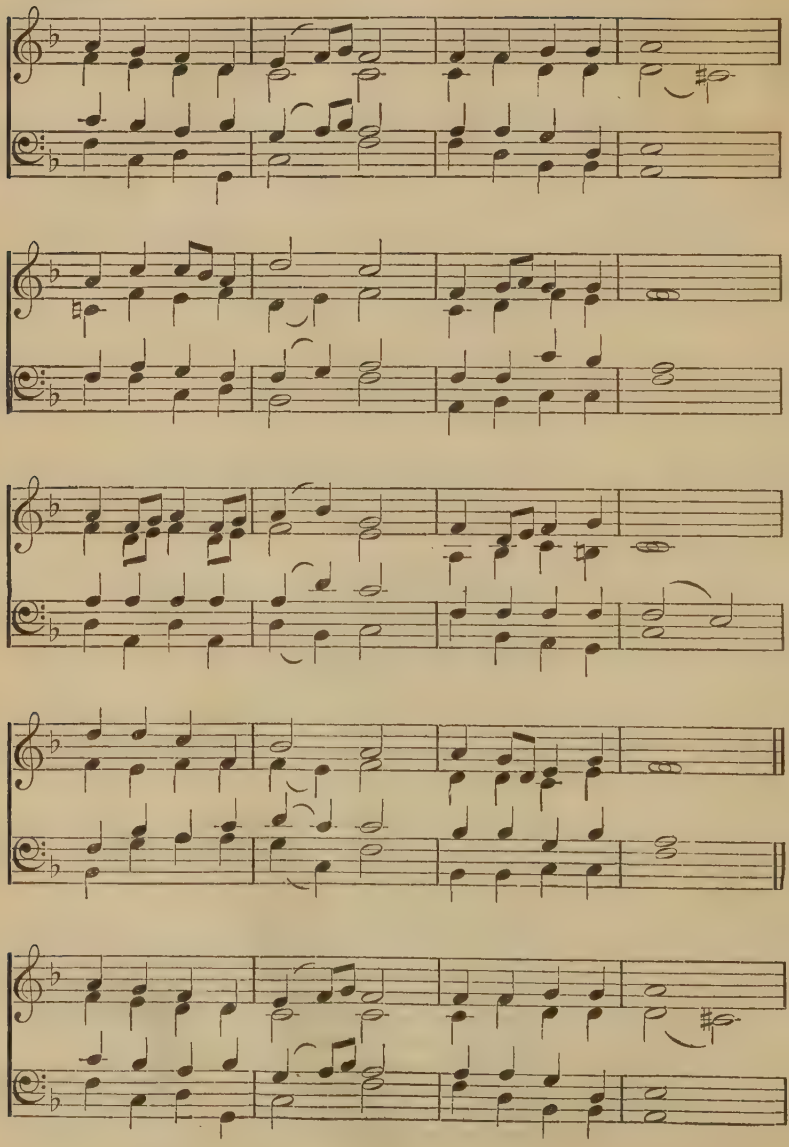


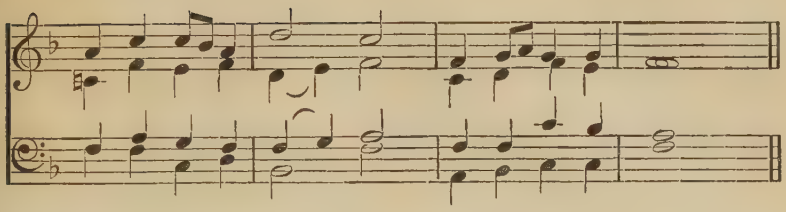
A - men.

411 C. F. HERNAMAN.

305

AMBLESIDE. ALBERT LOWE.





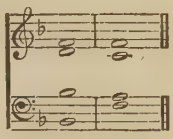
I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

m 1 JESUS, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry;
mp Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin;
m By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.
Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

m 2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee:—
mf Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth;
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

m 3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee,
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace,
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,—
mf Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

mp 4 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day:
m When our course is finish'd,
Ended all the strife,
c Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.
m Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

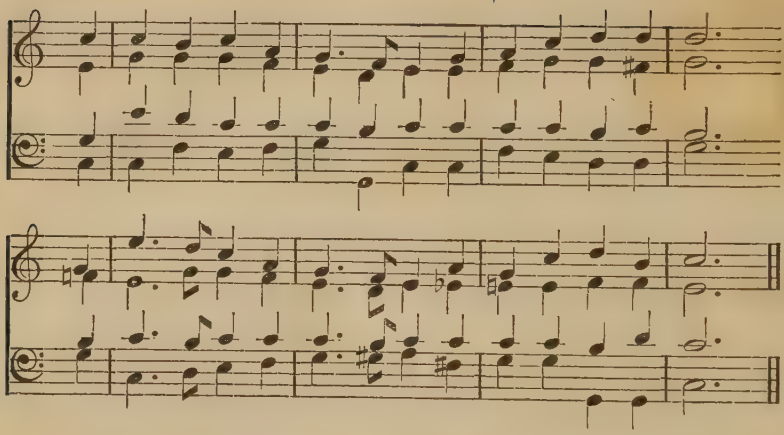


A · men.

W. HOPE DAVISON.

306

ST. SAVIOUR. F. G. BAKER.



Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth.

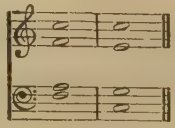
mf 1 THE glory of the Spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad!

2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.

3 But, O! these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new births more divine!

This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair;
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!

m 5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine;
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

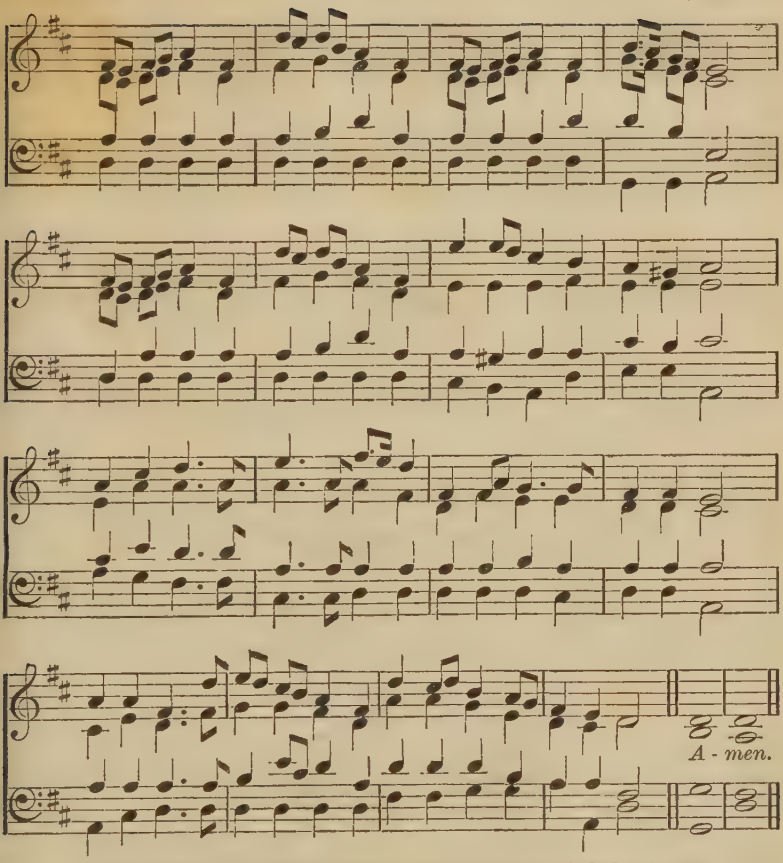


A - men.

T. H. GILL.

307

NORMANDY. AMI BOST.



An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

mf 1 ALL is bright and cheerful round us;
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too.
Every flower is full of gladness;
Dew is bright, and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.

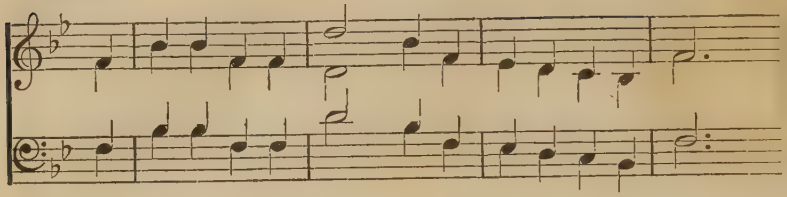
m 2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
m If they all have so much beauty,
mf What must be God's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils, are blest?

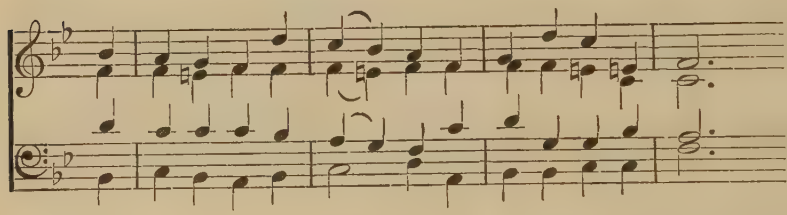
3 There are leaves that never wither;
There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither;
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Wash'd their robes and made them [white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
Now have rest and peace and light.

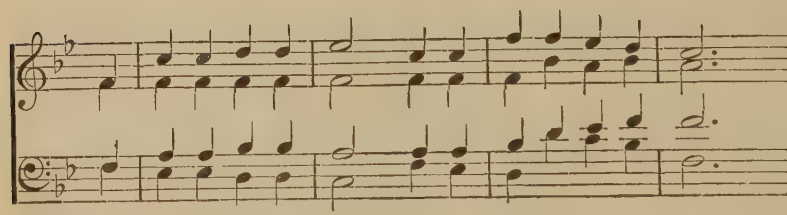
J. M. NEALE.

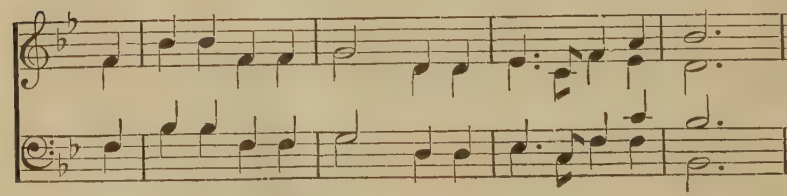
308

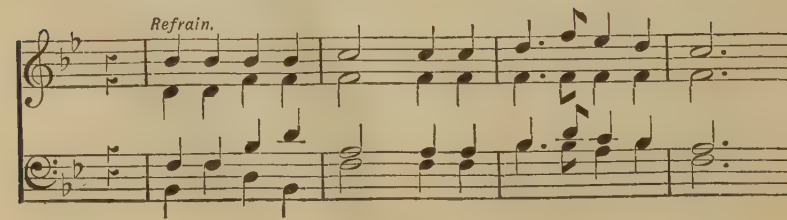
DRESDEN. J. A. P. SCHULZ.

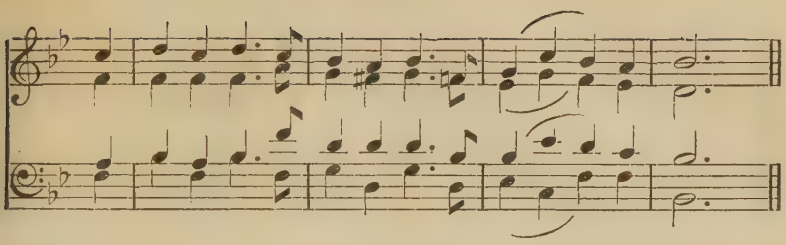












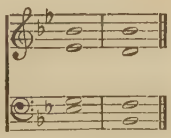
He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

m 1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain.

mf *All good gifts around us*
Are sent from heaven above;
f *Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,*
For all His love.

m 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things, near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him;
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

mf 3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,—
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
m No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
mf But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

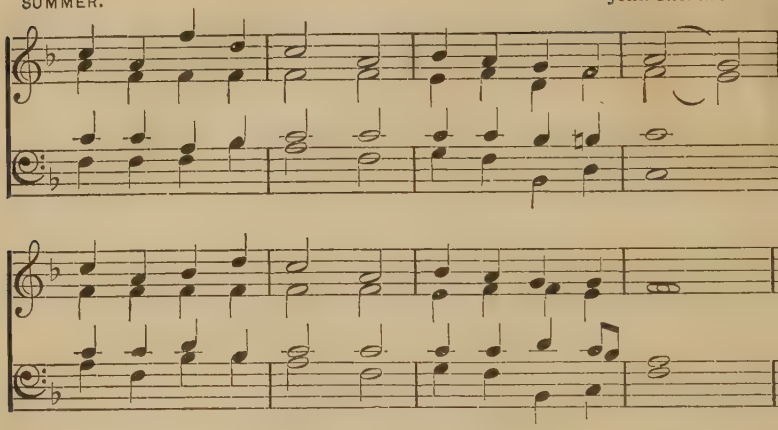


A - men.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, *tr.* J. M. CAMPBELL.

309

SUMMER. JOHN RICHARDSON.



The light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.

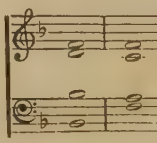
mf 1 SUMMER days are coming,
Winter days are gone;
Merry birds are singing
In the flowery lawn.

2 Now the sun is shining
With his cheerful rays;
O how very pleasant
Are these summer days!

m 3 Honey-bees are gathering
Sweets from all the flowers;
Ever, ever busy
All the sunny hours.

4 May we learn the lesson
To be busy too,
Ever, ever seeking
Useful work to do.

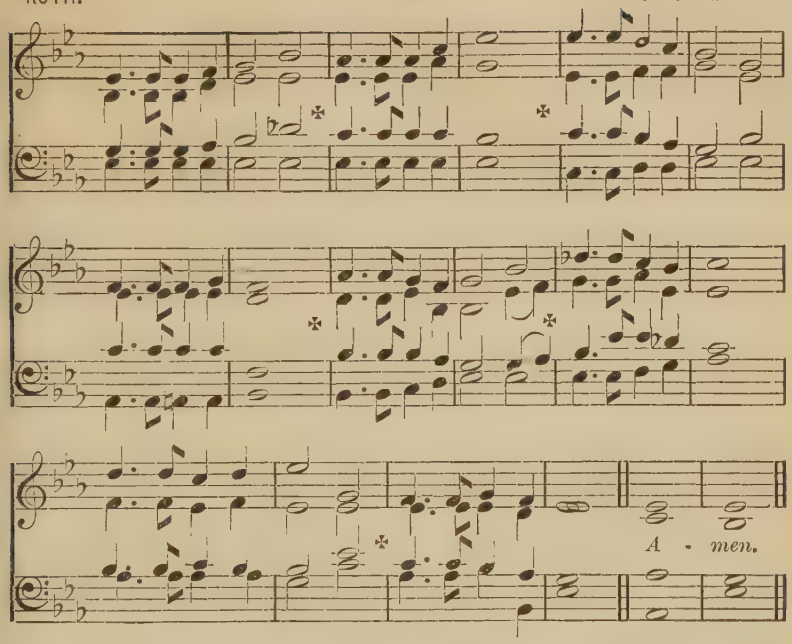
mf 5 God, our great Creator,
Gave these summer days;
May our hearts and voices
Join to give Him praise.



A - men.

310

RUTH. SAMUEL SMITH.



God hath shined in our hearts.

mf 1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurl'd.
f Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

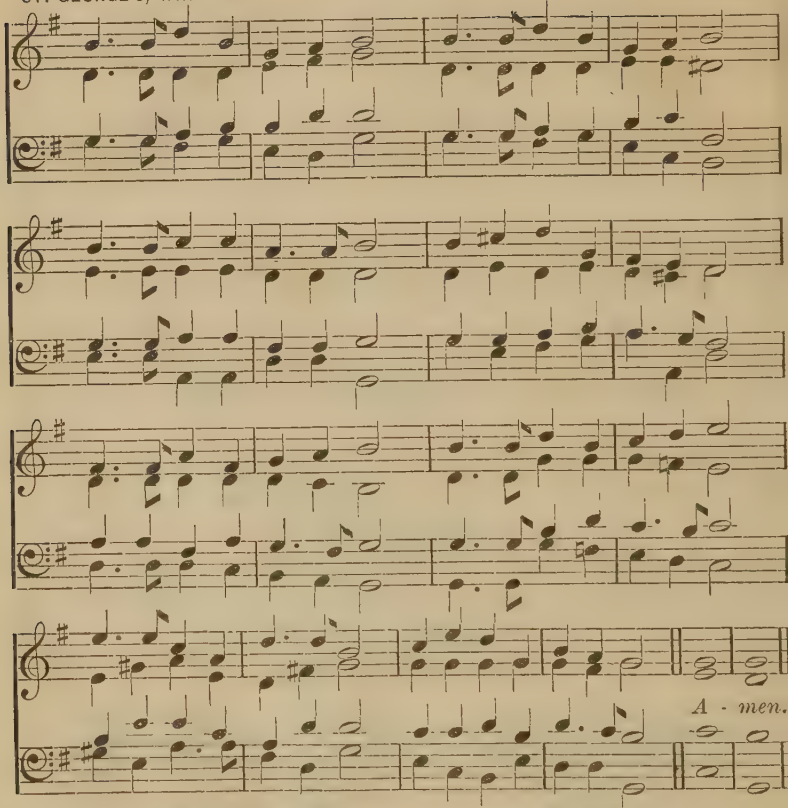
m 3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
mp Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

m 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
mf Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. *Amen.*

W. W. HOW.

311

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. G. J. ELVEY.



They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.

mf 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
m All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

m 2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
mp Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

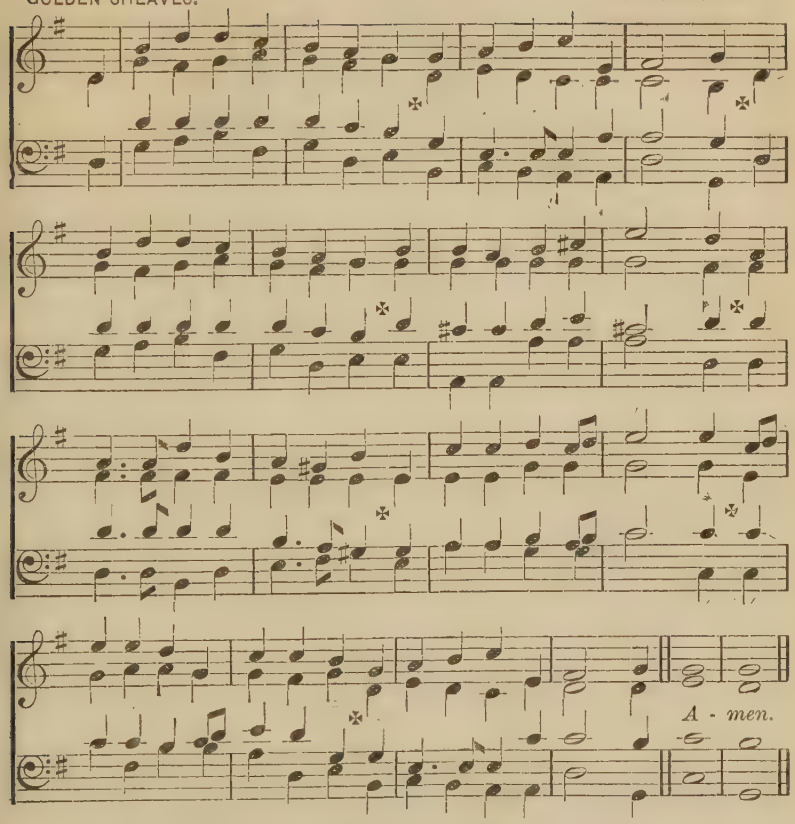
m 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home:
mp From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
m But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

mf 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
Bring Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

HENRY ALFORD.

312

GOLDEN SHEAVES. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.

f 1 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

mf 2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Before Thee thankfully we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
m By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou, who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

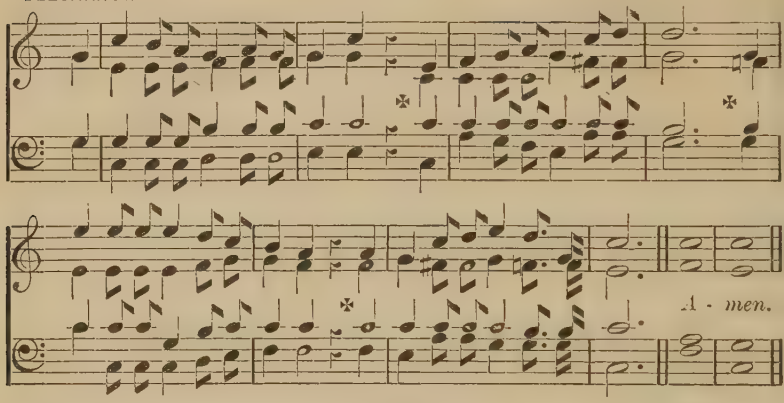
mp 3 [We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
m But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
c Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.]

mf 4 O blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever; [broad,
Where golden fields spread far and
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
f Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending. *Amen.*

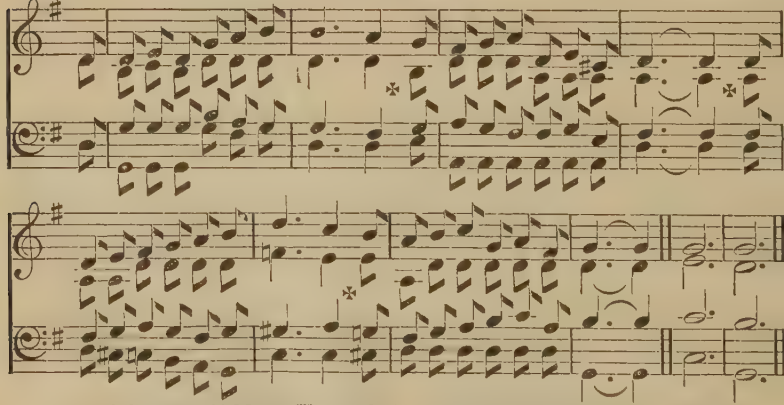
W CHATTERTON DIX.

313

BEECHKNOWE. FIRST TUNE H. DE LA HAYE BLACKITH.



HARVEST-TIDE. SECOND TUNE A. CROIL FALCONER.



O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

mf 1 Now sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days;

2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

mf 4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

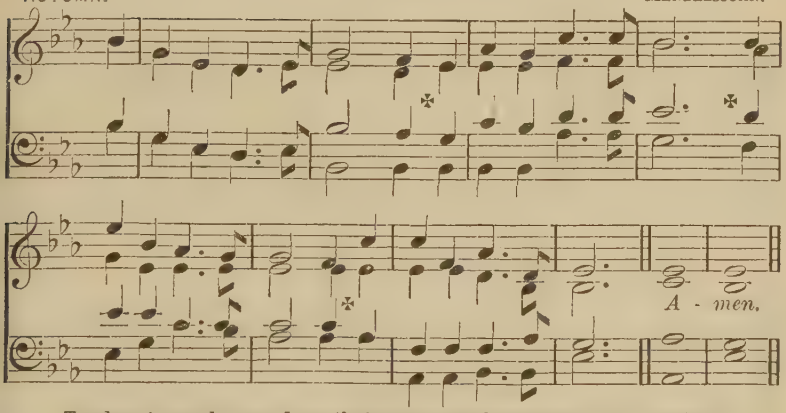
6 And they have been gather'd and garner'd,
Some golden with honour and gain,
mp And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

f 7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise. *Amen.*

J. W. CHADWICK *and* W. C. GANNETT.

314

AUTUMN. MENDELSSOHN.



Teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

mp 1 THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.

2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
m But Thou, Eternal Father,
Nor time nor change canst know.

3 O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

m 4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crown'd;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5 O, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

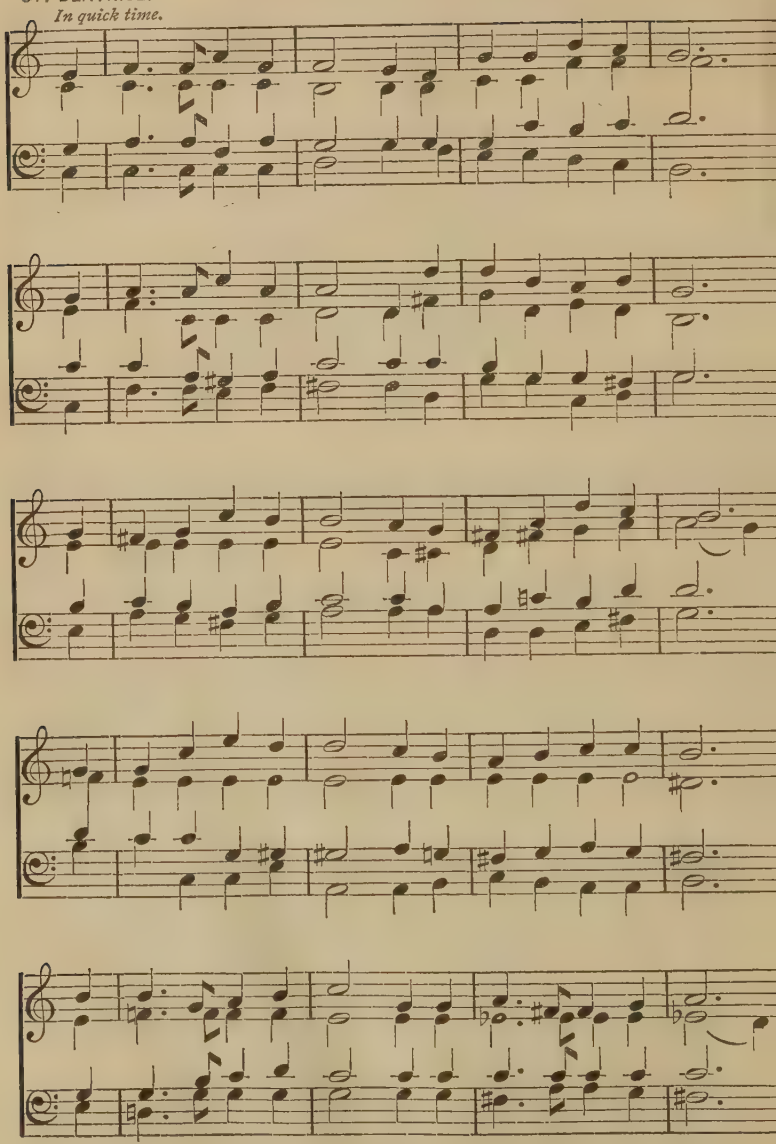
mf 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace;
c That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face. *Amen.*

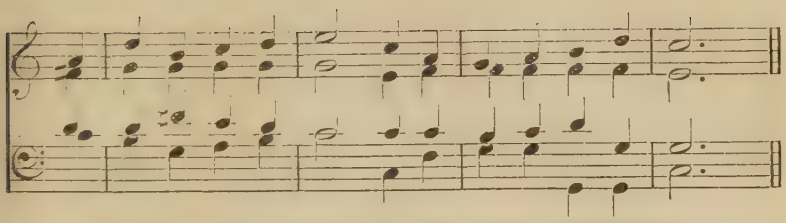
W. W. HOW.

315

ST. BEATRICE. J. F. BRIDGE.

In quick time.





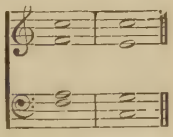
He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man: He will gather His wheat into the garner.

m 1 THE sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And, warm'd by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whiten'd
To harvest once again.
mf O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watch'd and water'd duly,
And ripen'd for our need!

m 2 Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed—
The Word of sure salvation—
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His Church 'tis scatter'd,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
mf O beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanks-giving,
The first-fruits of our lives!

mp 3 Within a hallow'd acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
m For, though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
mf O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

m 4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;
pp And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
p O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle
And cast us not away.



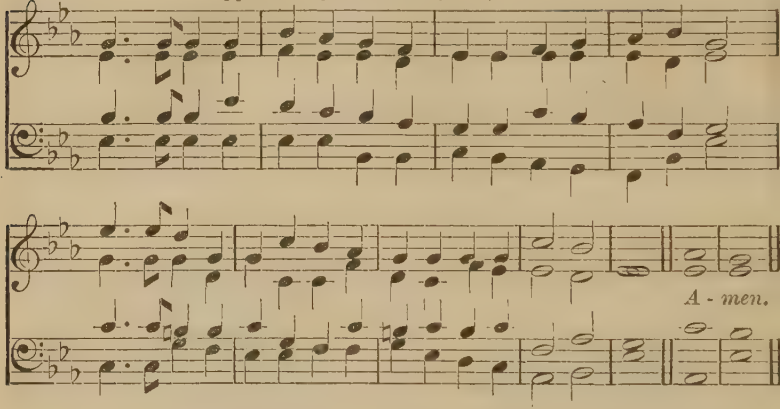
A - men.

425 W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

316

LOWTON. ALBERT LOWE.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



I will make them rejoice from their sorrow.

mp 1 Now the days are dark and dreary,
All the summer hours are past,
Through the tall and leafless branches
Fiercely howls the wintry blast.

2 All the summer flowers have faded,
Little birds forget to sing,
Winter with its icy finger
Touches every lovely thing.

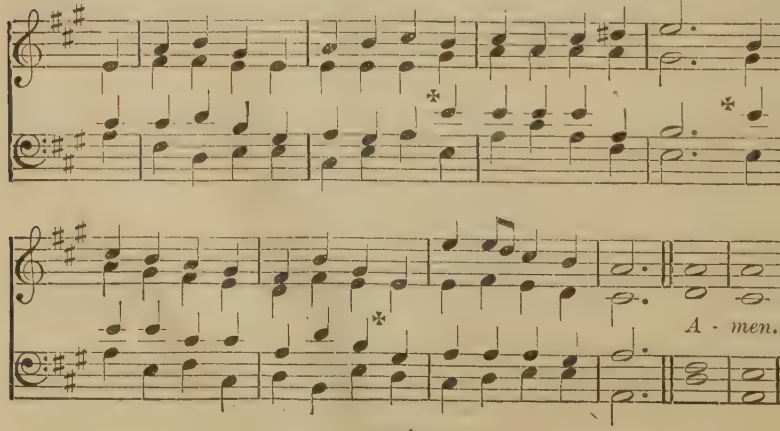
m 3 But the flowers are only sleeping,
Little birds will sing again,
And our hearts be fill'd with gladness,
After tears and after pain.

mp 4 For the winter's darkening shadows
Often o'er our path must fall,
m But we know that sorrow blesses,
For our Father loves us all. *Amen.*

H. P. HAWKINS.

317

ST. MAGNUS. JEREMIAH CLARK.



I will rejoice in Thy salvation.

mf 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

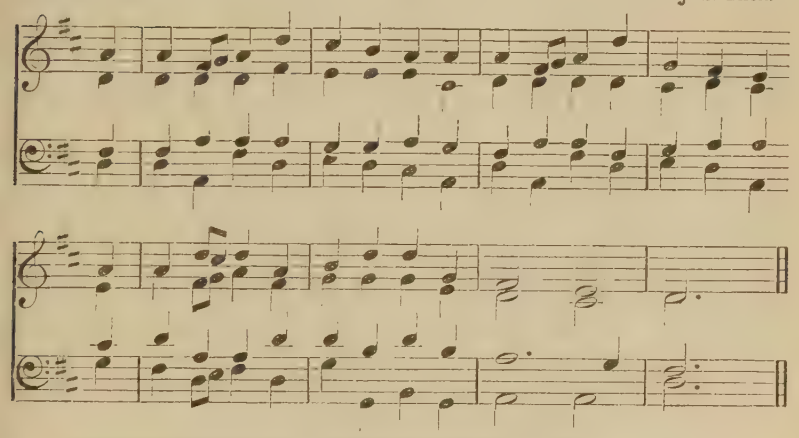
mp 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

mf 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

318

FULDA. J. S. BACH.



They shall hear My voice; and they shall become one flock, one Shepherd.

mf 1 FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, 'Thine, Lord, are we;
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one.'

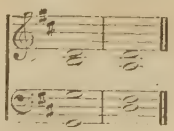
m 2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

m 3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-Stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high with low, join young with old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

mp 5 O Spirit Blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

mf 6 So, when the world shall pass away,
We shall awake with joy and say,
'Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one.'

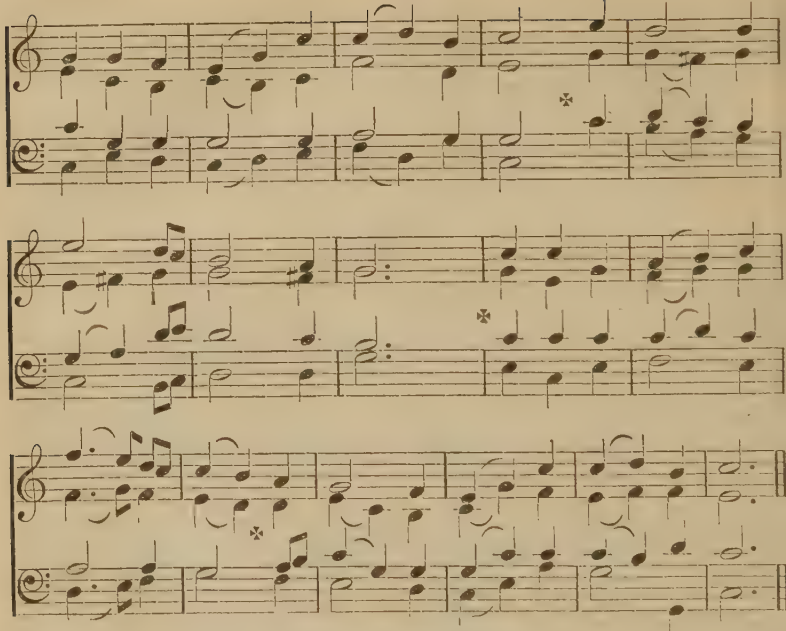


A - men.

427 CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

319

WARRINGTON. RALPH HARRISON.



The Lord shall be King over all the earth.

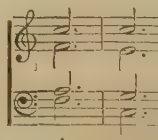
mf 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

f 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

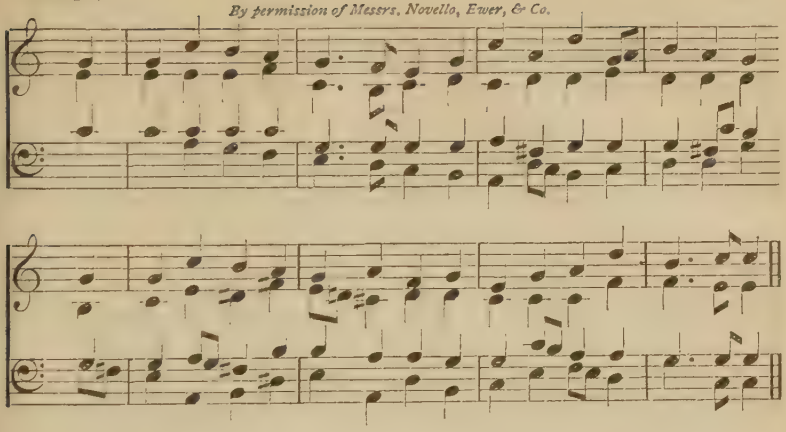


A - men.

320

MARKEN. BERTHOLD TOURS.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.



All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.

H *m* 1 ETERNAL Father, Thou hast said
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That He who once, a sufferer, bled,
Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

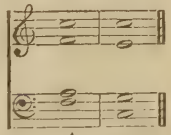
2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour, King!
Long ages have prepared the way;
mf Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.

U 3 Thy hosts are muster'd to the field,
'The cross! the cross!' their battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scatter'd wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

H *m* 5 O fill Thy Church with faith and power;
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations (*c*) haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

mf 6 Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
f Then earth—the might of hell o'erthrown—
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

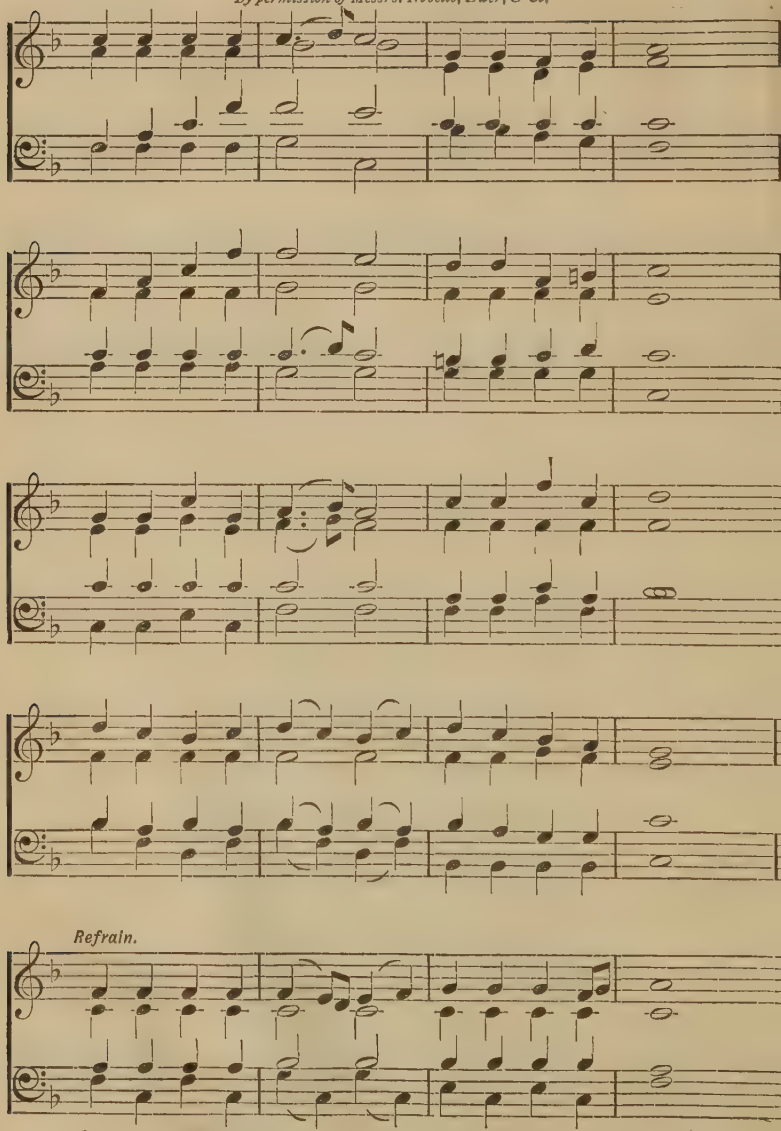


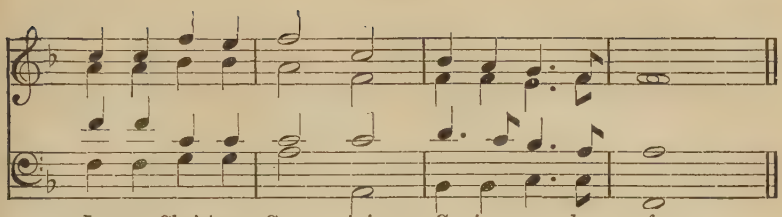
RAY PALMER.

321

ST. GERTRUDE. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.





They went forth, the Lord working with them.

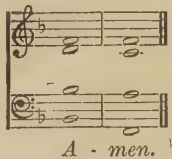
mf 1 ONWARD! Christian soldiers
Marching as to war,
Jesus Christ, our Captain,
Going on before;
Lo! the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Jesus Christ, our Captain,
Going on before.

2 At the name of Jesus
Satan's legions flee;
mf On then, Christian soldiers.
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!

m 3 [Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.]

mp 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
m But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
mf Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

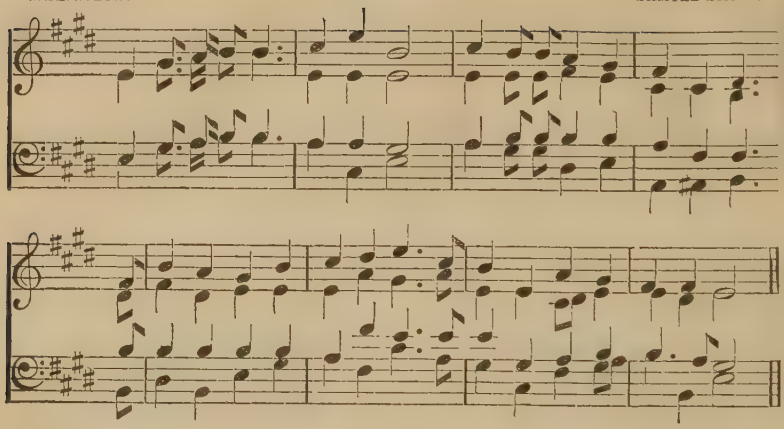
5 Onward! then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song,—
f Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!
mf This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.



S. BARING-GOULD.

322

MELANESIA. SAMUEL SMITH.



He shall set up an ensign for the nations.

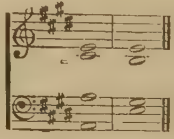
mf 1 FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,—
The cross on which the Saviour died.

m 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

mf 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

f 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross!
Our only hope, the Crucified!

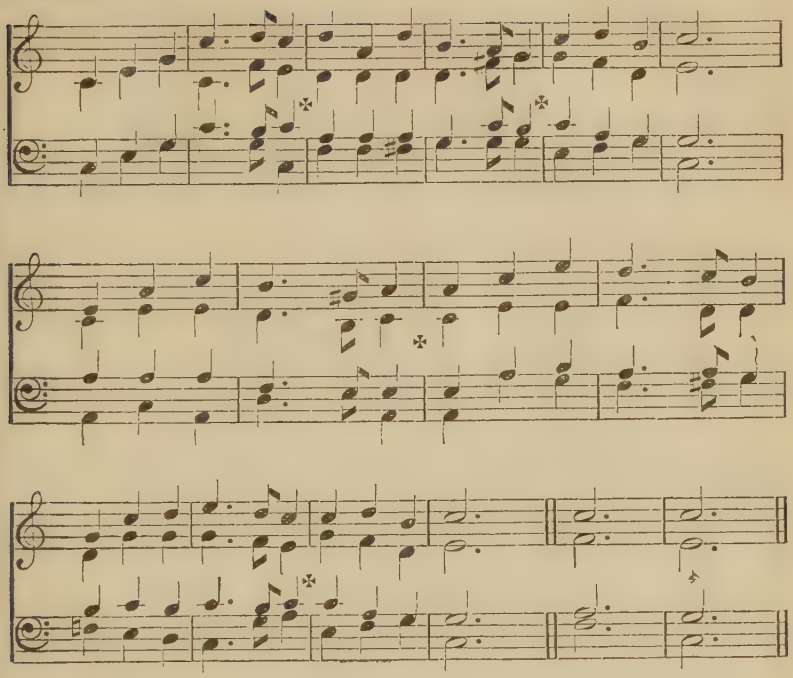


A - men.

G. W. DOANE.

323

BERMONDSEY. FIRST TUNE BENJAMIN MILGROVE.



That the world through Him might be saved.

m 1 'CHRIST for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;—
mp The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
m Whom Christ doth heal.

2 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;—
mp The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions toss'd,
Redeem'd at countless cost
From dark despair.

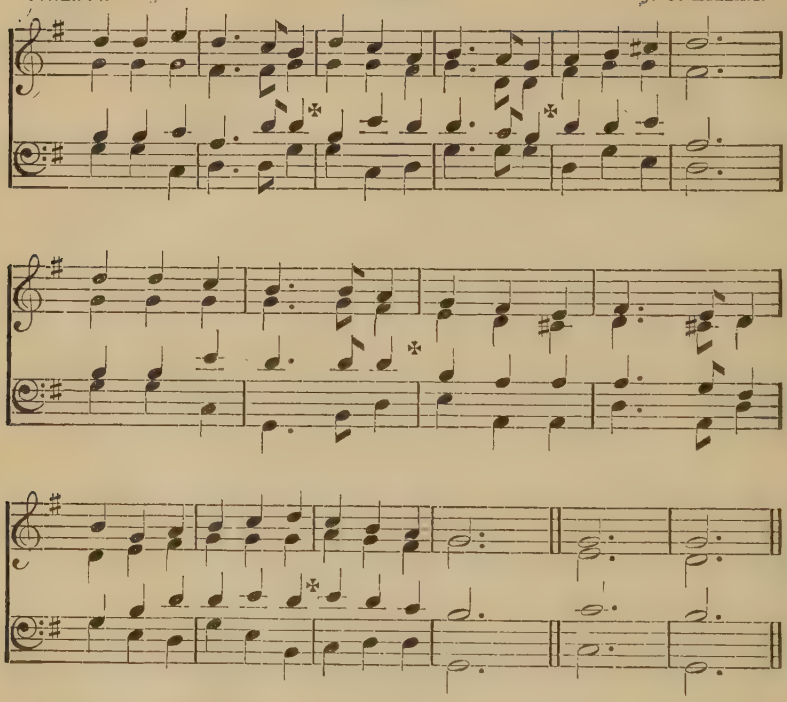
m 3 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

mf 4 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;—
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaim'd from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong. *Amen.*

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

323

PHILIPPI. SECOND TUNE J. G. EBELING.



That the world through Him might be saved.

m 1 'CHRIST for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;—
mp The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
m Whom Christ doth heal.

2 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;—
mp The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions toss'd,
Redeem'd at countless cost
From dark despair.

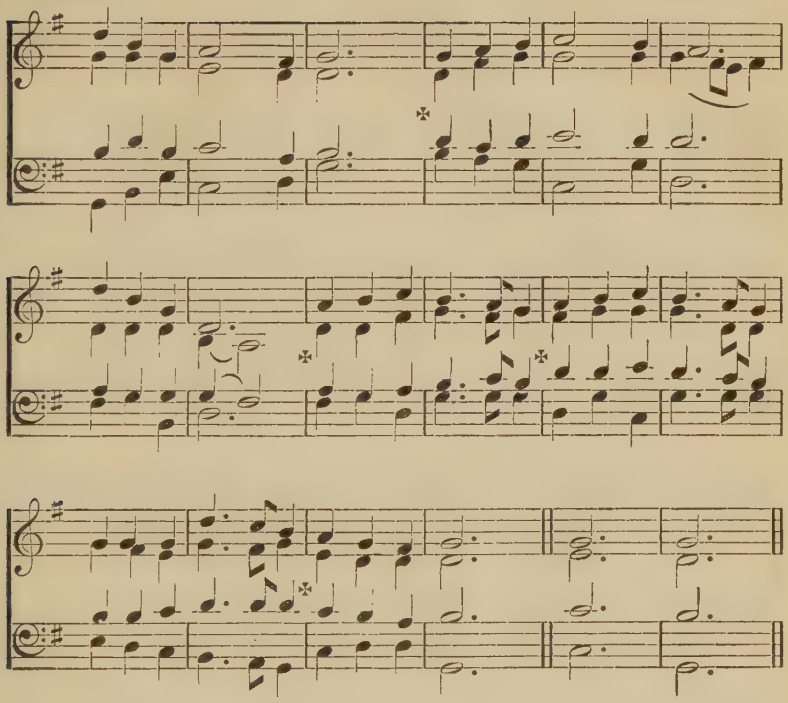
m 3 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

mf 4 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;—
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaim'd from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong. *Amen.*

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

324

MOSCOW. FELICE GIARDINI.



Let there be light!

m 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
mp Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray
mf Let there be light!

m 2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
mf O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

m 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
mf And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

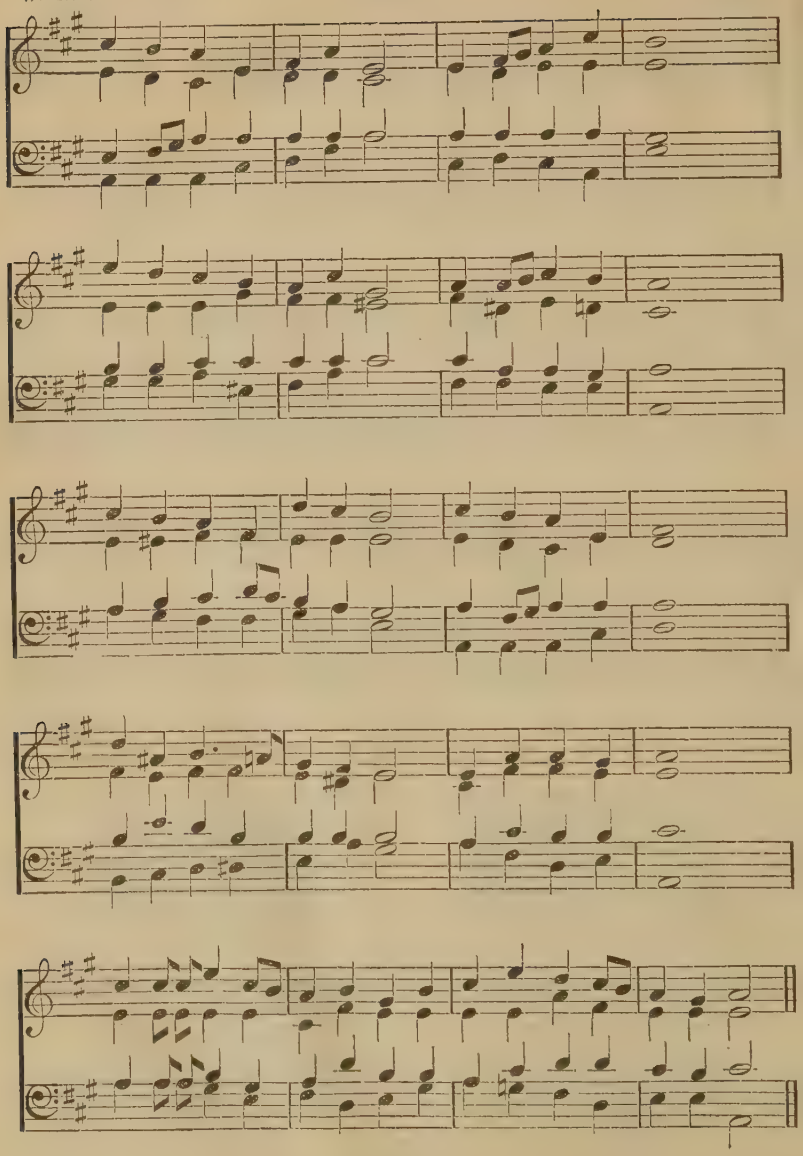
m 4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
mf Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
f Through the world far and wide
Let there be light! *Amen.*

JOHN MARRIOTT.

325

WHEN THE WEARY.

G. J ELVEY.



Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place.

mp 1 WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall;
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

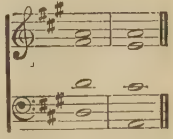
mp 2 [When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
mp When the burden'd brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.]

m 3 [When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.]

m 4 [When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name;
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.]

m 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
mp When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

mp 6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widow'd, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

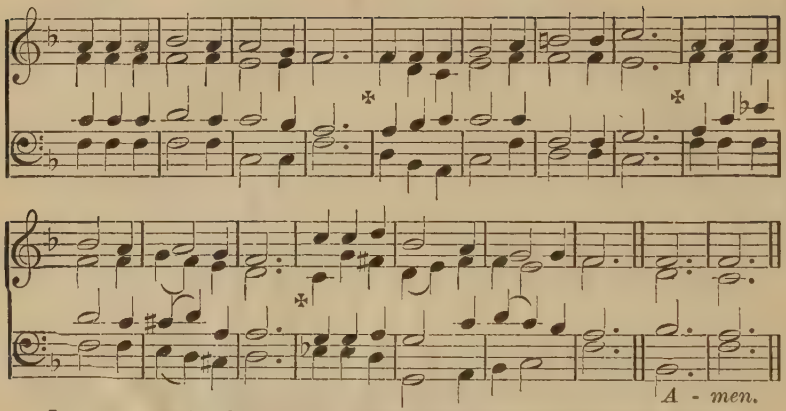


A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR.

326

SOL ANIMÆ.



Jesus was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd; and He began to teach them.

mp 1 LOOK from the home of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

m 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call [old,
The thoughtless young, the harden'd

m A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the good Shepherd's peaceful fold;

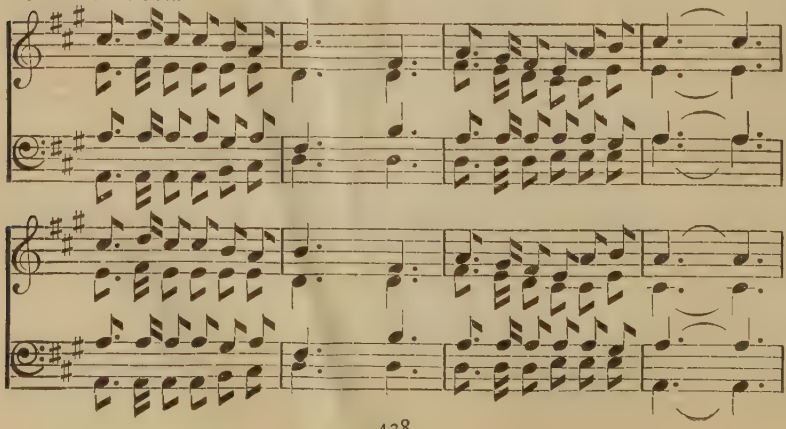
4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

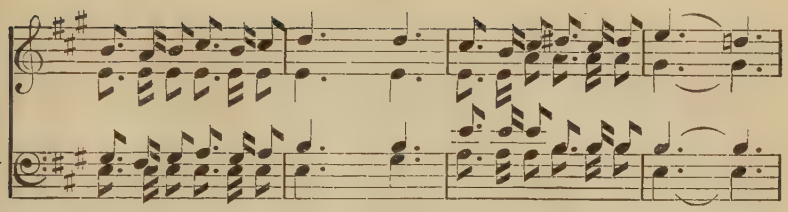
mf 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

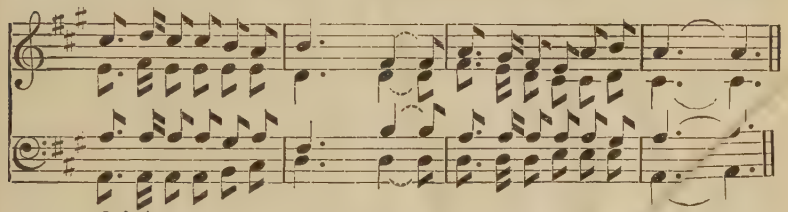
W. CULLEN BRYANT.

327

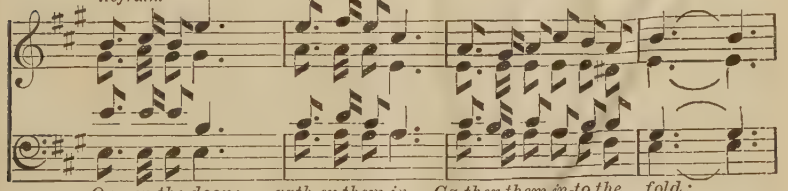
OPEN THE DOOR.



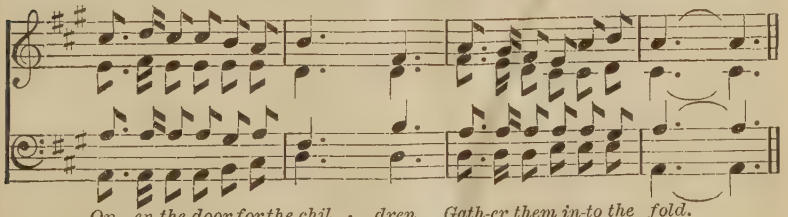




Refrain.



Op - en the door; gath-er them in— Ga-ther them in-to the fold:



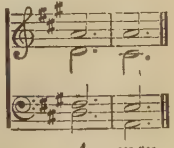
Op - en the door for the chil - dren, Gath-er them in-to the fold.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

m 1 OPEN the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin:

mp Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
m Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

m 2 Open the door for the children—
See, they are coming in throngs—
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs;
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
mf Open the door for the children,
'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

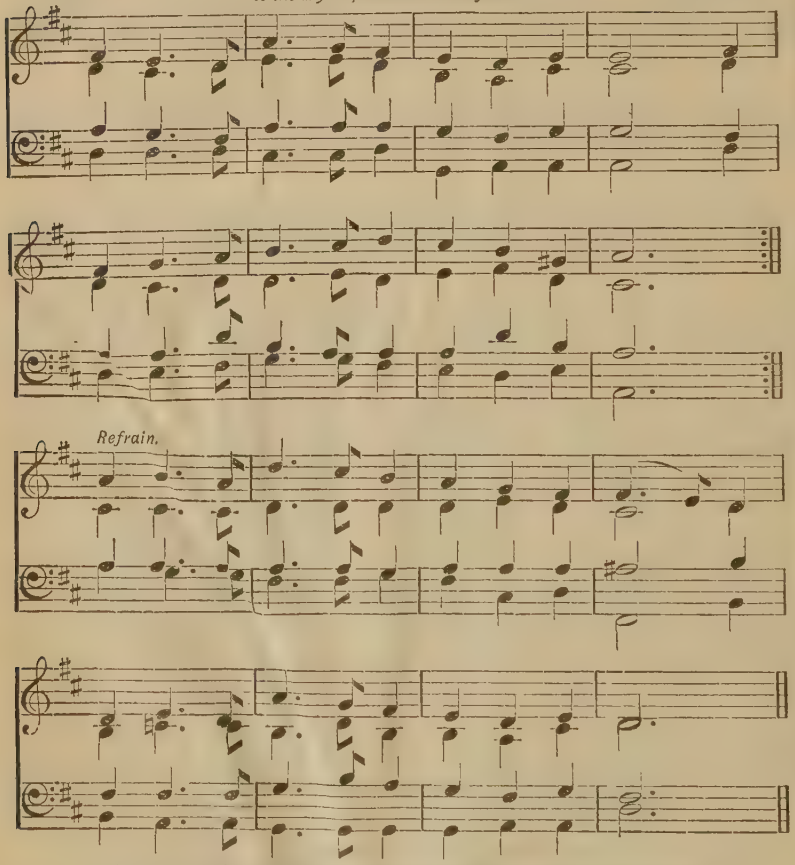


A - men.

M. A. KIDDER.

328

COMFORT. *By omitting the Repeat in this Tune, it may be sung to the Hymn, without the Refrain.* C. A. GARRATT.



Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.

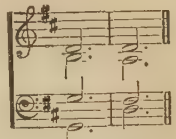
m 1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

mf *Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;*
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save!

m 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive, if they only believe.

m 3 Down in the human heart, crush'd by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touch'd by a loving hand, waken'd by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

mf 4 Rescue the perishing; duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

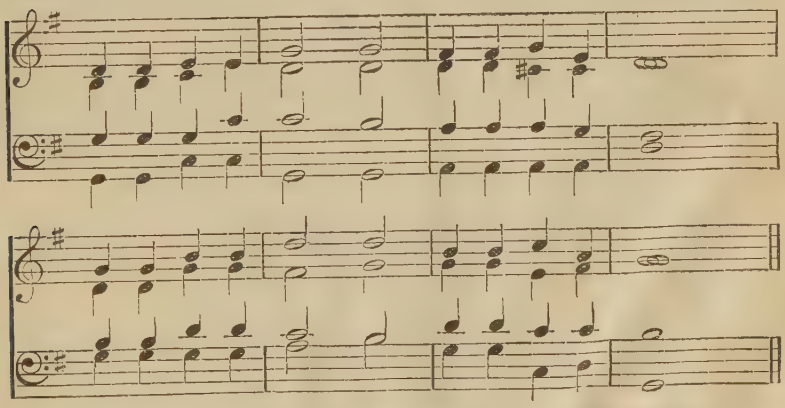


A - men.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

329

NORTH COATES. T. R. MATTHEWS.



We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us.

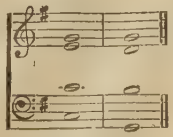
m 1 CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Labour'd, wearied, suffer'd,
Died upon the tree.

m 2 Work, with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

m 3 Work, with heart that burneth
Humbly at His feet
Priceless gems to offer
For His crown made meet.

4 Work, with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

5 Work, while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

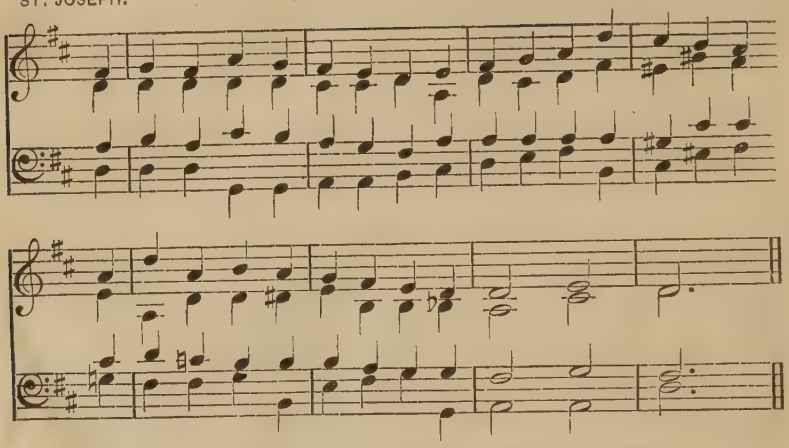


A - men.

MARY HASLOCH.

330

ST. JOSEPH. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

m 1 DEAR Master, what can children do?
The angels came from heaven above
To comfort Thee; may children too
Give Thee their love?

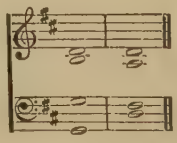
mp 2 No more, as on that night of shame,
Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
Where, worshipping, an angel came
To strengthen Thee.

m 3 But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
Still present in the crowded street,
In every lonely, suffering heart
That there we meet.

4 And not one simple, loving deed,
That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,
Or answers some unspoken need,
Is done in vain;

5 Since every passing joy we make,
For men and women that we see,
If it is offer'd for Thy sake,
Is given to Thee.

mf 6 O God, our Master, help us, then,
To bless the weary and the sad,
c And, comforting our fellow-men,
To make Thee glad!

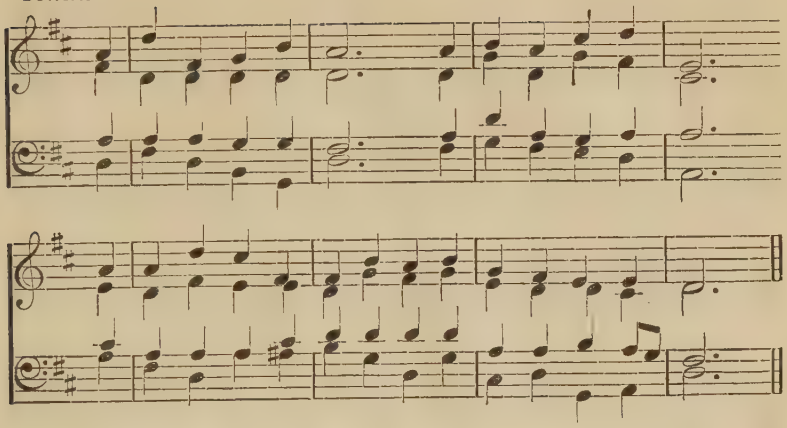


A - men.

ANNIE MATHESON.

331

DONCASTER. SAMUEL WESLEY.



All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.

m 1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

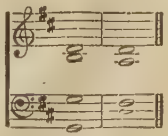
2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
mf And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

mp 3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

m 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.



A - men.

W. W. HOW.

332

SUPPLICATION. FIRST TUNE G. F. VINCENT.

Unison—*Devotionally.*

ritard.

A - men.

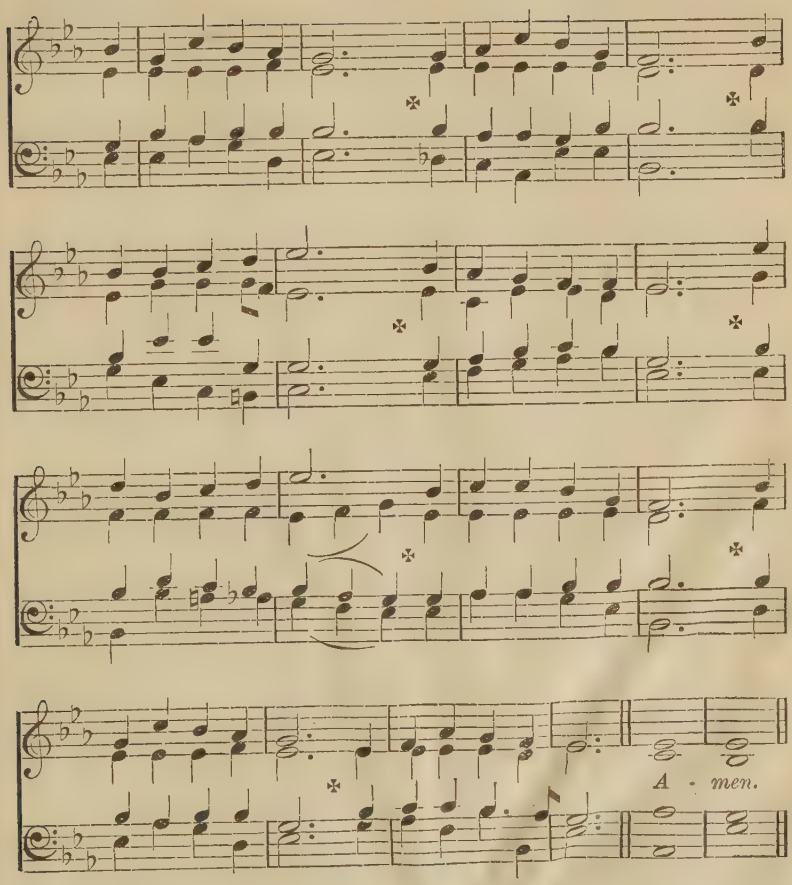
Labourers together with God.

mf 1 SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written Word
Thy very self display;
That so, from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
The little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

m 2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name.
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

332

LAUSANNE. SECOND TUNE *Cantiques Sacrez, etc.*, 1740.



m 3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

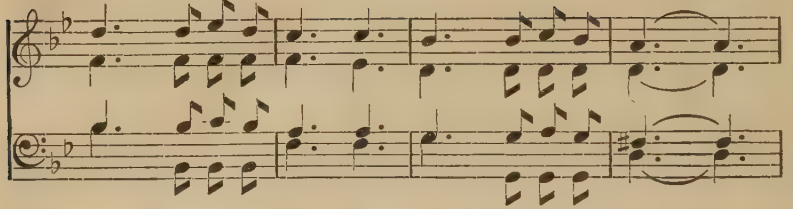
mf 4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers;
m That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.
Amen.

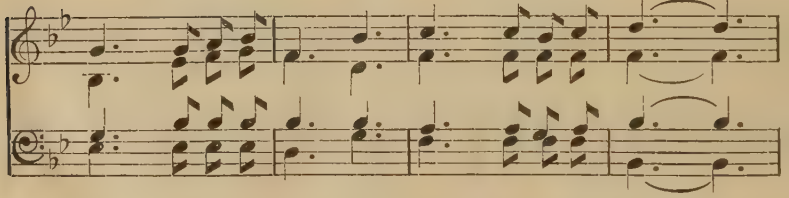
JOHN ELLERTON.

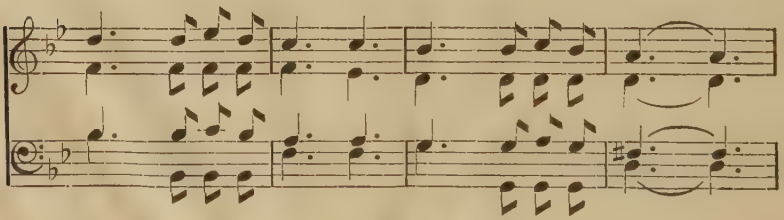
333

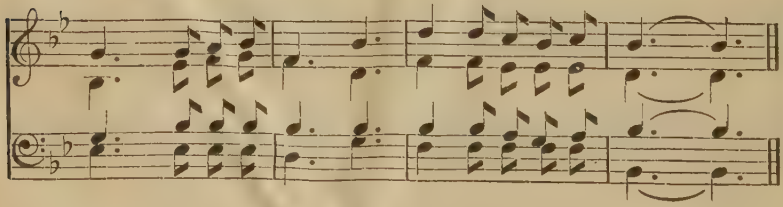
FORTITUDE.

H. R. PALMER.

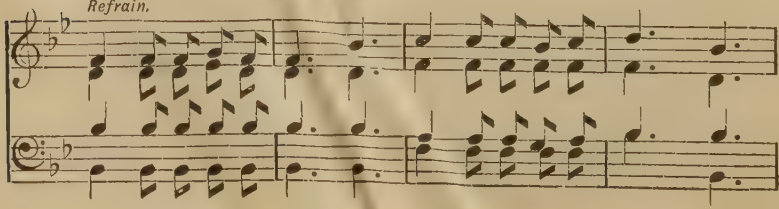


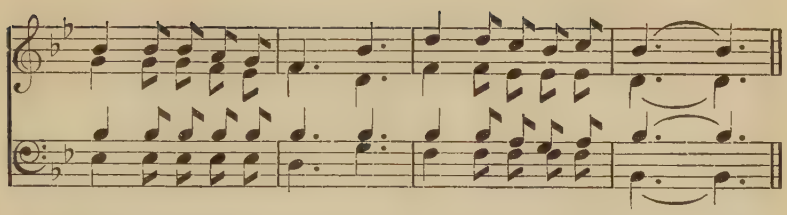






Refrain.





The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and guard you from the evil one.

mf 1 YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

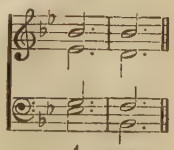
m *Ask the Saviour to help you,*
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
mf *He is willing to aid you,*
He will carry you through.

m 2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

m *Ask the Saviour to help you,*
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
mf *He is willing to aid you,*
He will carry you through.

f 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

m *Ask the Saviour to help you,*
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
mf *He is willing to aid you,*
He will carry you through.

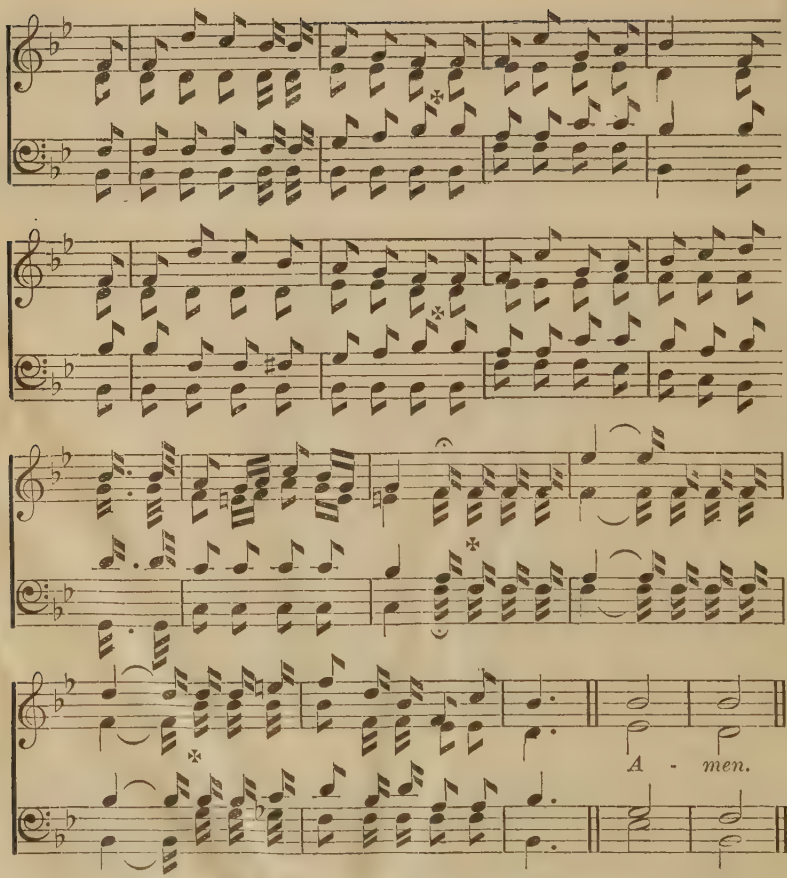


A - men.

H. R. PALMER.

334

HOPE. LABAN SOLOMON.



Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

m 1 BEGIN at once! in the pleasant days,
While we are all together,
While we can join in prayer and praise,
While we can meet for healthful plays,
In the glow of summer weather.
mf Begin at once, with heart and hand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band!

mp 2 Begin at once! for we do not know
What may befall to-morrow;
Many a tempter, many a foe
Lieth in wait where'er you go,
With the snare that leads to sorrow.
mf Begin at once, nor doubting stand,
But swell the ranks of our happy band!

m 3 Begin at once! there is much to do;
O do not wait for others!
Join us to-day, be brave and true;
Join us to-day, there's room for you,
And a welcome from your brothers.

mf Begin at once! for the work is grand,
That God has given to our happy band.

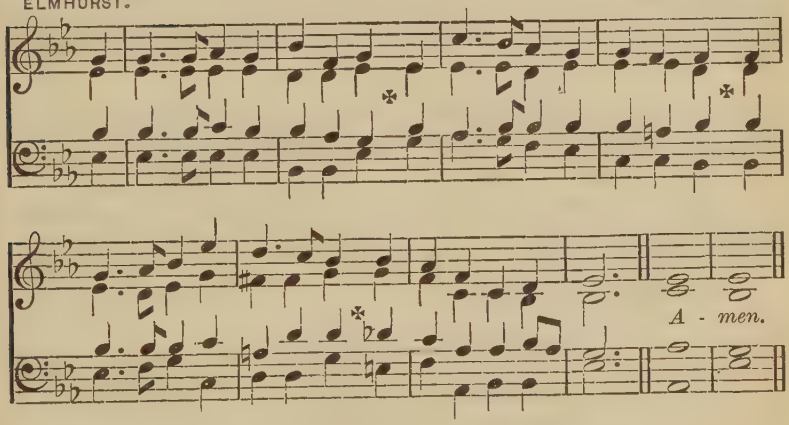
mf 4 Begin at once, in the strength of God,
For that will never fail you!
Under His banner, bright and broad,
You shall be safe from fear and fraud,
And from all that can assail you.

f Begin at once, with resolute stand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band! *Amen.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.

335

ELMHURST. EDWIN DREWETT.



It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.

m 1 O THOU who givest corn and wine,
Yet bidd'st Thy stronger members bear
The burdens of the weak, incline
Thine ear, and hear our prayer.

2 Thy faithful Nazarites, of old, [snow;
Were bright as jewels, pure as
We, too, by sacred vows enroll'd,
Are Thine; adorn us so.

3 Obedient to our Father's will
May we, like Rechab's sons, be
And in celestial wisdom still, [found,
Like Daniel, more abound.

mf 4 Make us, like Samson, all our days,
Valiant for God, in battle strong;
And, like the Baptist, bold to raise,
Our voice against the wrong.

m 5 But more than all, the mind impart,
Of Him through whom we come to Thee;
That so, with meek and lowly heart,
From pride and boasting free,

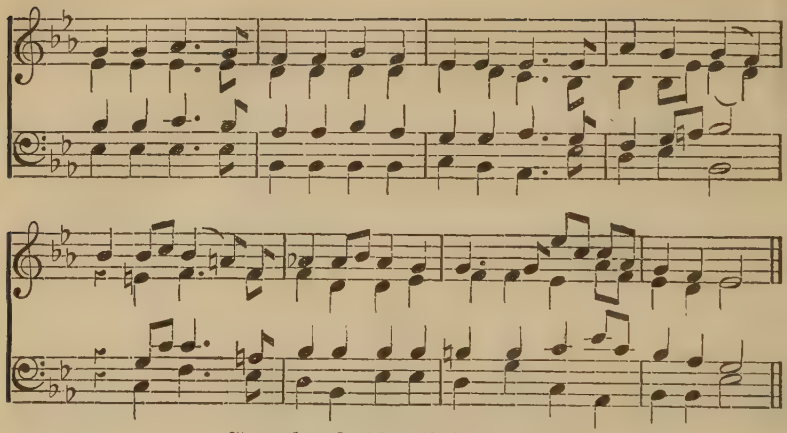
6 We may prevail to shield the weak,
The fallen raise, the lost restore:

mf And Thine, whose help to-day we [seek,
Be glory evermore.

T. G. CRIPPEN.

336

HOLY TRINITY. HENRY LAHEE.



Strengthened with might by His Spirit.

mp 1 LORD, we come to ask Thy blessing,
Humbly come on bended knee;
c O receive our resolution
Which we offer unto Thee!

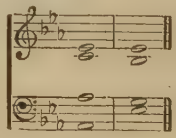
m 2 We have join'd our hearts together,
In a bond of union true;
May our chain of prayer and promise
Strength and courage oft renew.

m 3 Childish hearts and youth's devotion
Little gifts they seem to be;
But we know that they are precious,
Offer'd lovingly to Thee.

mp 4 Weak the strength of human effort,
We, unaided, strive in vain;
m Thou must grant Thy grace and blessing
If we would true victory gain.

m 5 So we ask for Christian courage,
Zeal to keep our promise true,
Grace to draw by good example
Other hearts to join us too.

6 Bless and sanctify Thy children,
Weak and sinful though they be;
O receive us in our spring-time,
We would give it, Lord, to Thee.

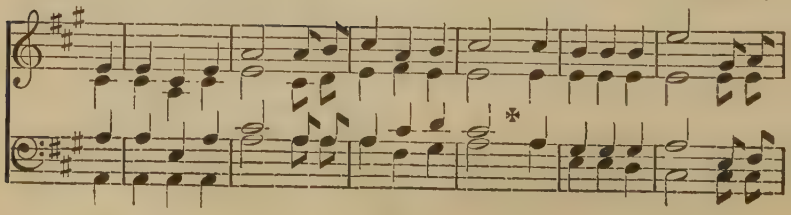


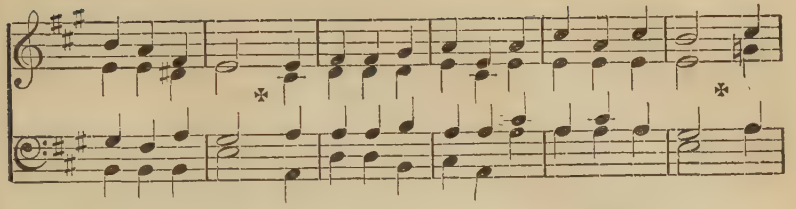
A - men.

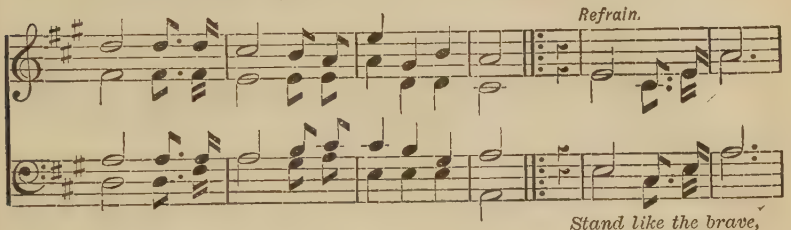
H. O. DOBREE.

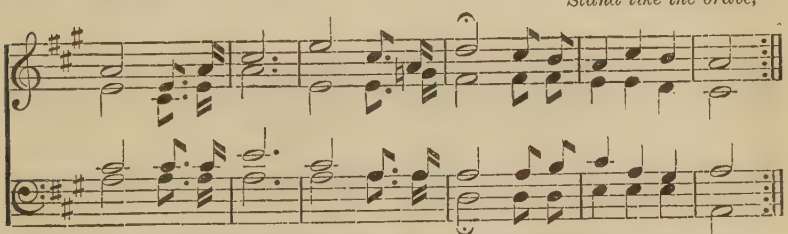
337

O CHRISTIAN, AWAKE. W. B. BRADBURY.









Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

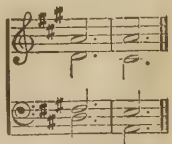
Be strong and of a good courage.

mf 1 O CHRISTIAN, awake! for the strife is at hand;
With helmet, and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware
That thou turn not thy back, for no armour is there;
The legions of darkness if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

3 The cause of thy Master with vigour defend;
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

4 Press on, never doubting; thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream in the desert, will flow;
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

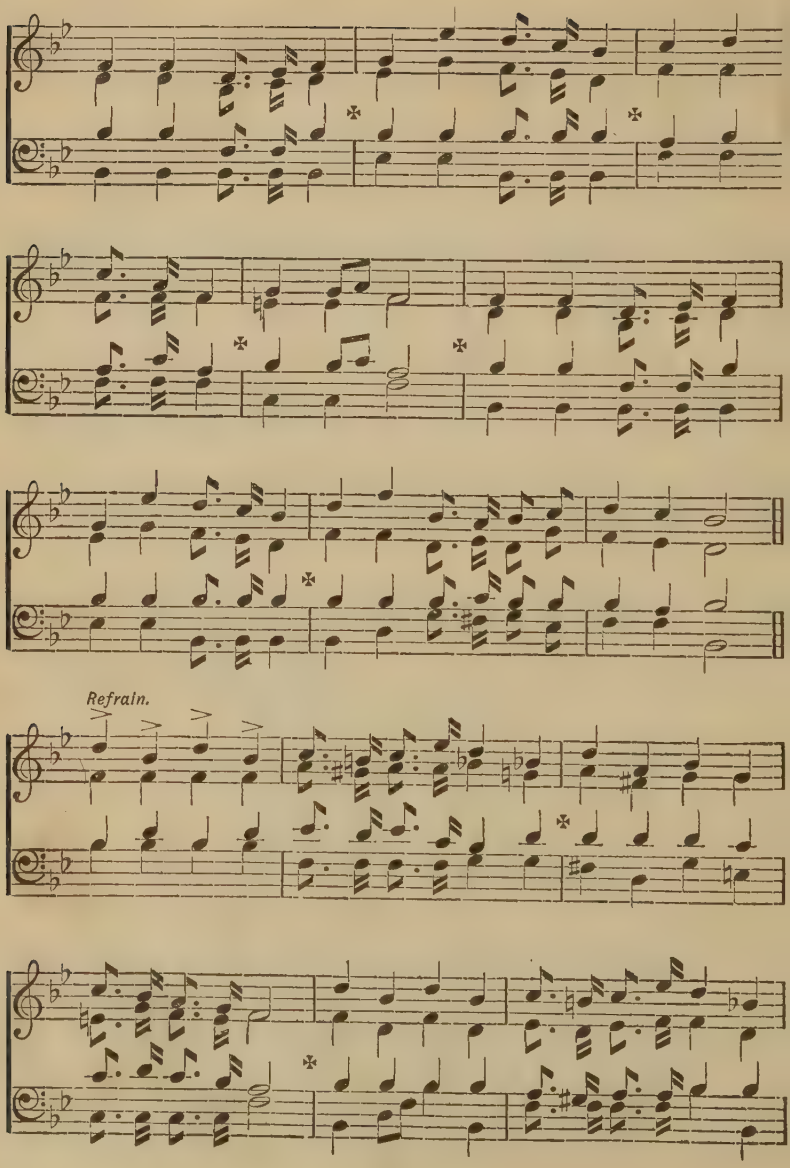


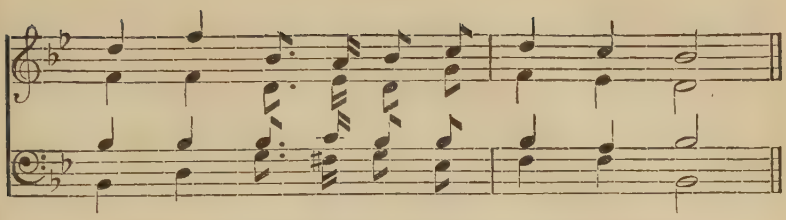
A - men.

PHILIP PHILLIPS *and* F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

338

BATTLE-CRY. W. F. SHERWIN.





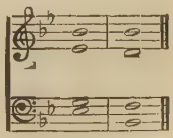
With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles.

R *mf* 1 SOUND the battle-cry!
See! the foe is nigh:
Raise the standard high
For the Lord.
Gird your armour on,
Stand firm every one,
Rest your cause upon
His holy Word.

A *f* *Rouse then, soldiers! rally round the banner!*
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout aloud, 'Hosanna!'
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

L *mf* 2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go;
While our cause we know
Must prevail:
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right;
We ne'er can fail.

A 3 O Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace.
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.



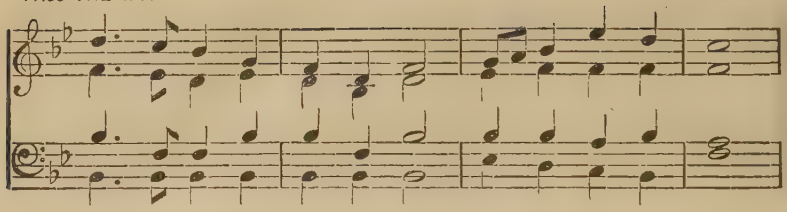
A - men.

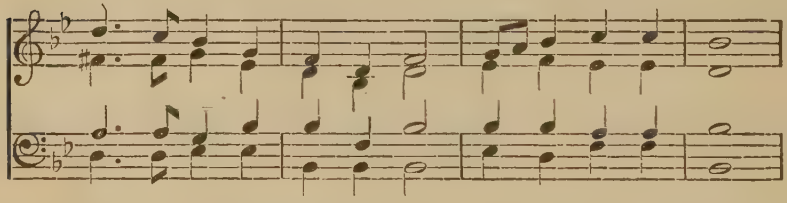
W. F. SHERWIN.

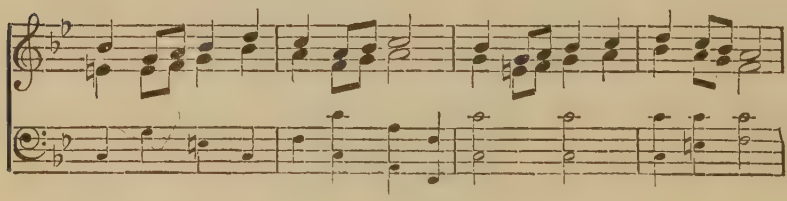
339

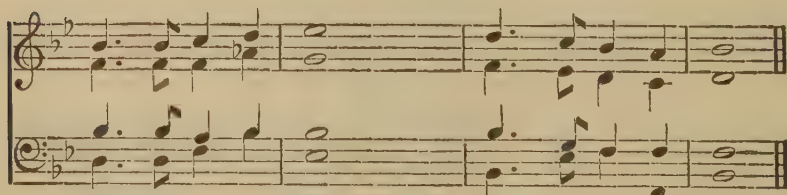
PASS THE WORD.

W. F. SHERWIN.



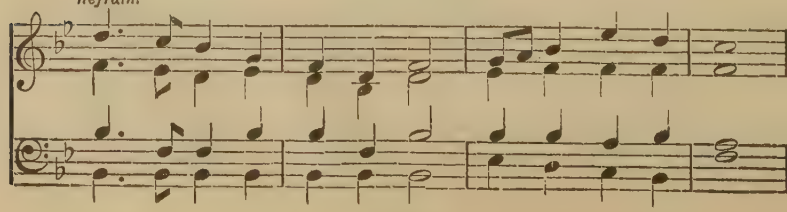


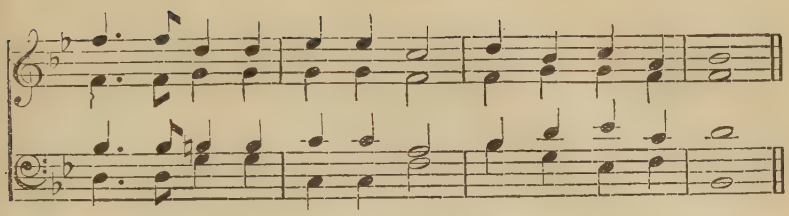




Christ our Lord and Friend— Christ our Lord and Friend.

Refrain.





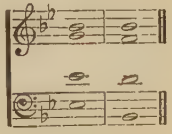
The Captain of the Lord's host.

m 1 PASS the word along the line;
Tell it, friend to friend:
Christ, our Captain, goes before,
Leads us to the end,—
He who all the danger knows,
All the strength of all our foes,
Christ our Lord and Friend.

f *Forward, then, where Jesus leads;*
Full of hope and cheer,
Bear the standard of the cross;
Who shall faint or fear?

m 2 He who goes where Jesus leads,
Never goes astray;
He who Jesus' order heeds,
Always gains the day;
mf He who falters not shall be
Led to glorious victory,
By a glorious way.

3 Pass the word along the line:
Lo, the promised land
Ye shall enter and possess,
By His mighty hand:
Courage, then! ye must not fail;
Strongest foes can not prevail;
Jesus has command.

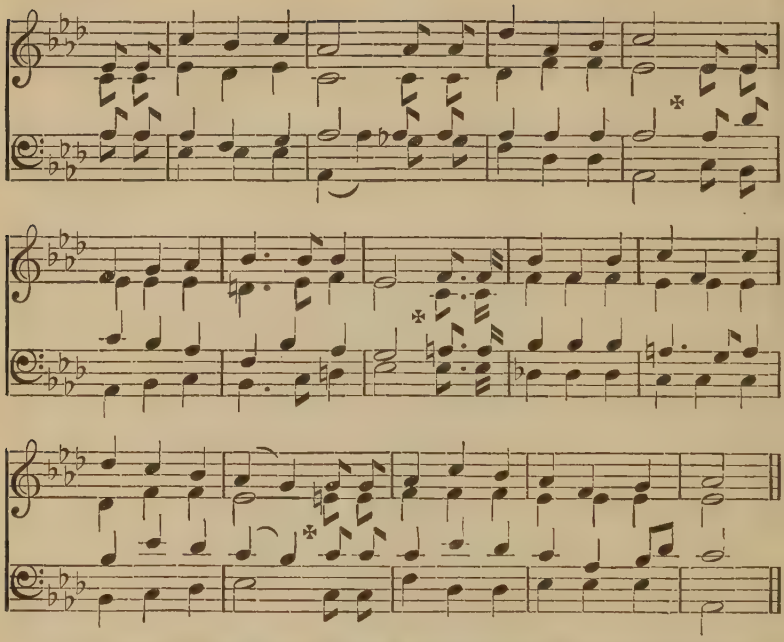


A - men.

H. O. KNOWLTON.

340

BIRMINGHAM. J. GRANVILLE SMITH.



With one mind striving together; and in nothing terrified by your adversaries.

mf 1 WE are soldiers of Christ, who is mighty to save,
And His banner, the cross, is unfurl'd;
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave,
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same;
mp And we think of the cross on which Jesus has died,
When we bear the reproach of His name.

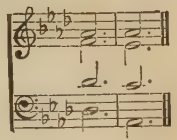
mf 3 [We will watch ready arm'd if the tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile;
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.]

4 [We will master the flesh and its longings restrain,
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,
And our spirits their freedom shall win.]

5 [For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on high,
And the bright world to which we belong.]

f 6 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where Christ leads the way;
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

m 7 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
mf In the might of our God we will stand;
f O what joy to be crown'd, and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland!

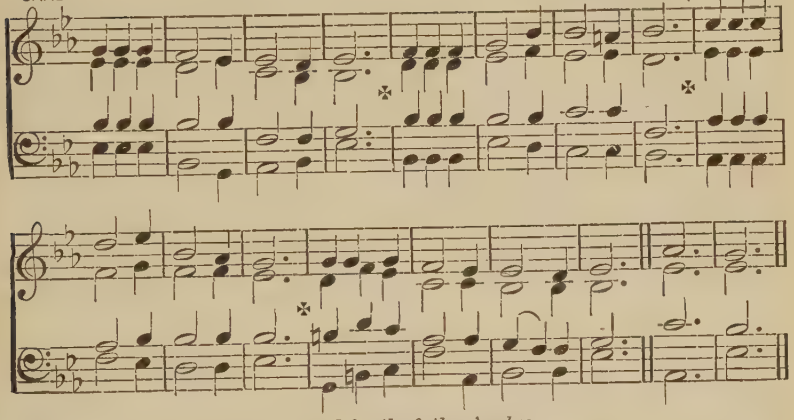


A - men.

T. B. POLLOCK.

341

SAXBY. T. R. MATTHEWS.



Beloved for the fathers' sakes.

m 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

mf 3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their [lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

mp 4 No portents now their foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Their fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their [own.

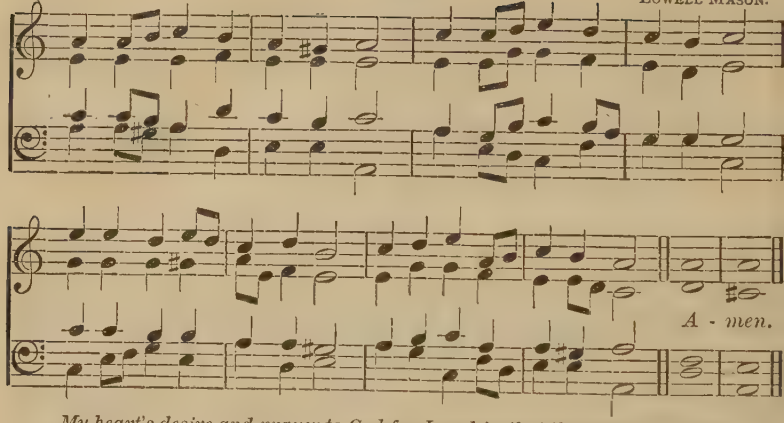
m 5 But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

6 And, O, (*mp*) when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
m Be Thou—long-suffering, slow to wrath—
A burning and a shining light! *Amen.*

WALTER SCOTT.

342

ROSEBANK. LOWELL MASON.



My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved.

m 1 LORD, Thine ancient people see,
Captives still in darkness bound:
Let Thy gospel set them free,
Let them hear its joyful sound.

2 Let Thy love their blindness heal—
God of Israel, hear our prayer!

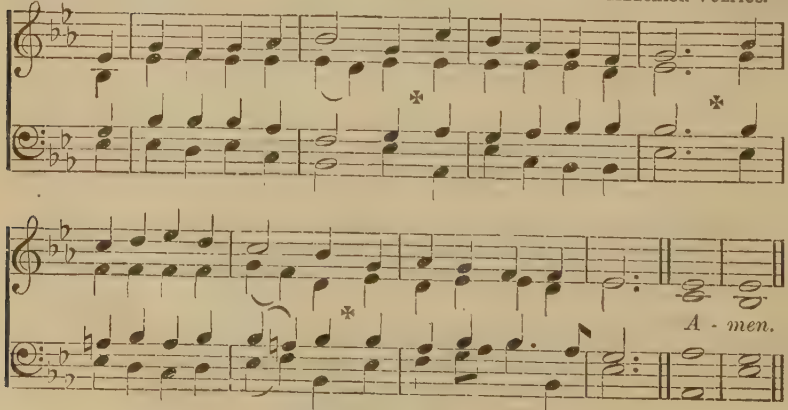
m Let Thy grace their pardon seal,
Still Thy covenant let them share.

mf 3 Harp of Judah, long unstrung,
Sound at length the Saviour's praise;
Jew and Gentile, old and young,
Loud the glad hosanna raise. *Amen.*

EDWARD HARLAND.

343

BREMEN. MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion.

m 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

mp 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
c Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

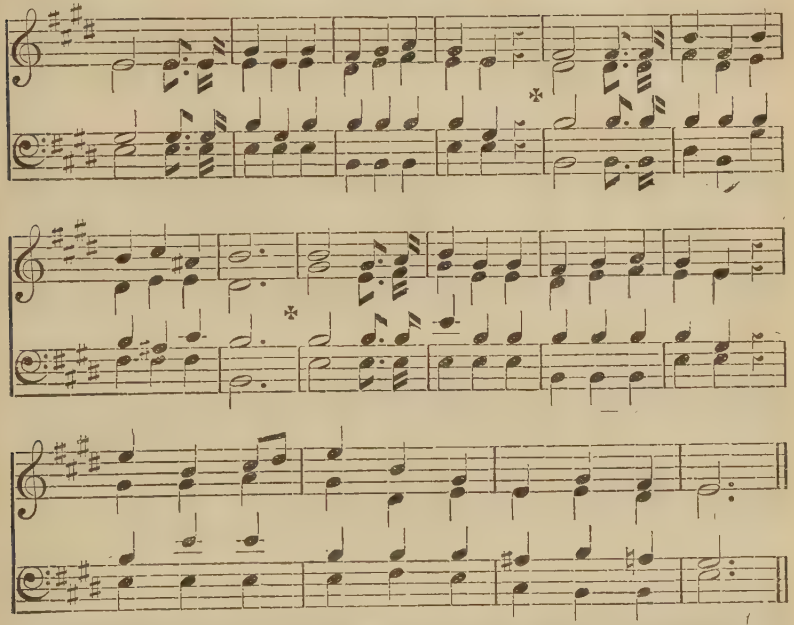
m 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart,
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fetter'd heart.

mf 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

344

KELAH. LOWELL MASON.



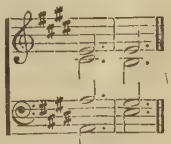
The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy.

mf 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song,

f 4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high!
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

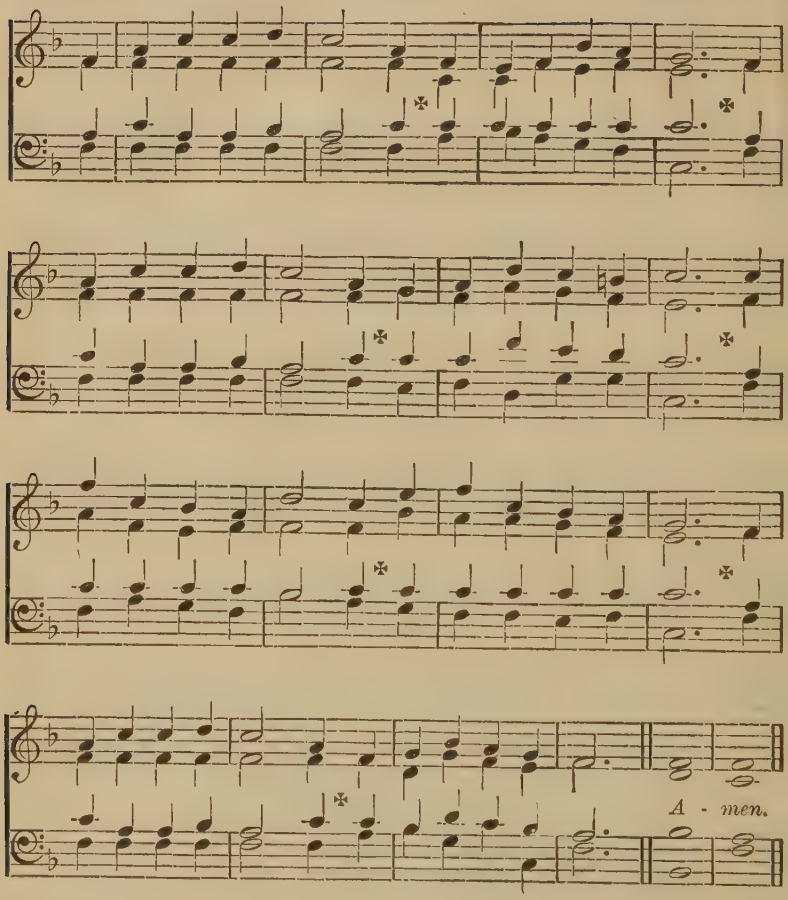


A - men.

459 THOMAS HASTINGS.

345

HEBER. FIRST TUNE LOWELL MASON.



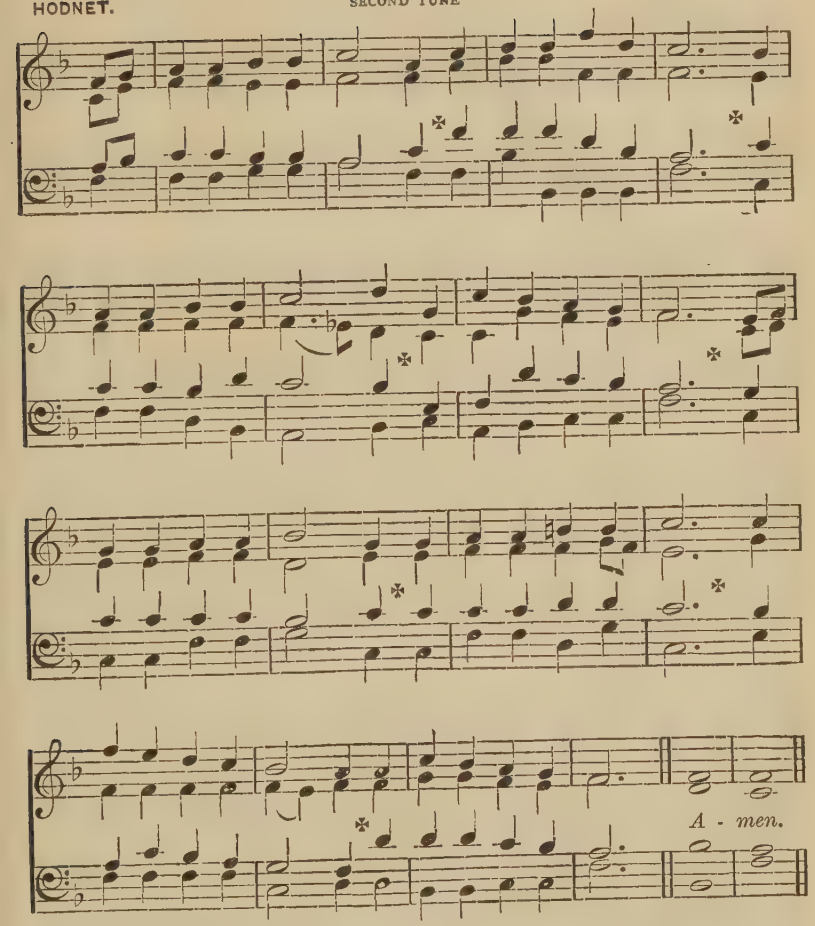
Come over and help us.

m 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

mp 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

345

HODNET. SECOND TUNE



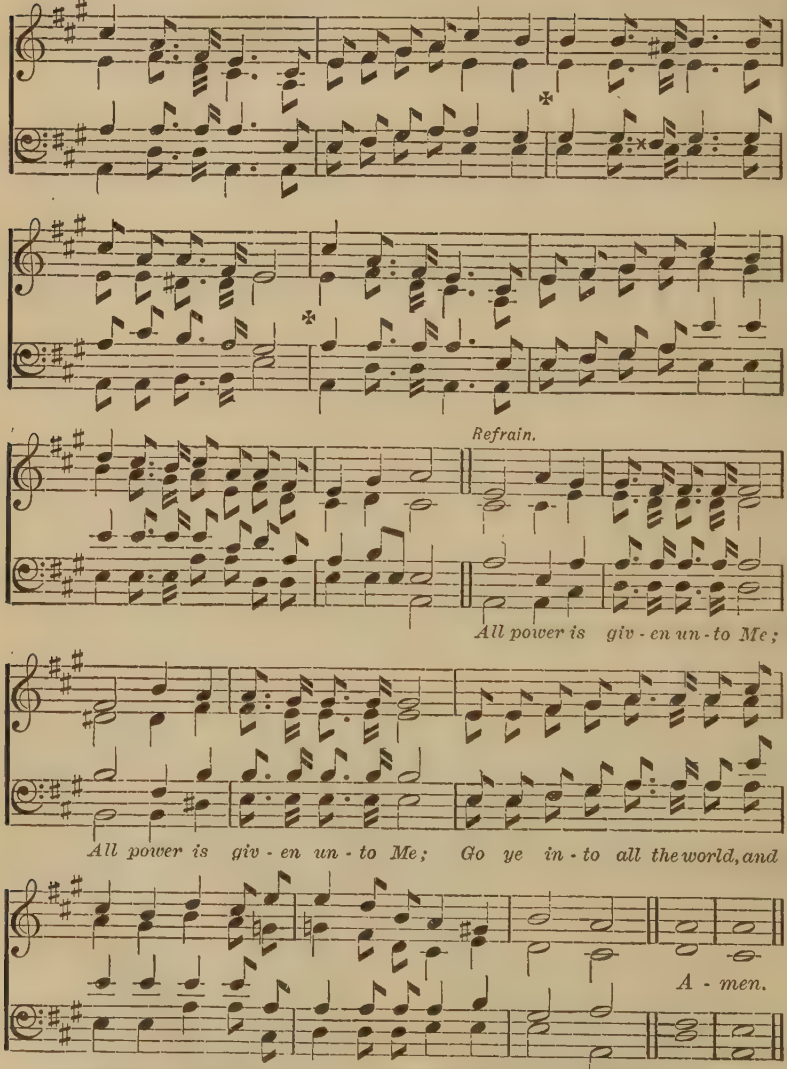
m 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
mf Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

mf 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
c Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
f Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. *Amen.*

REGINALD HEBER.

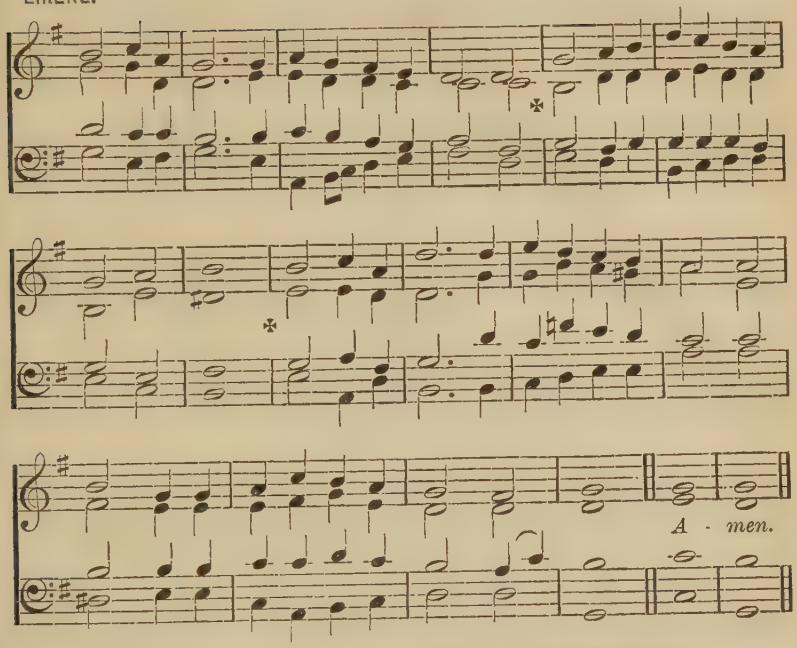
346

FAR, FAR AWAY. FIRST TUNE—WITH REFRAIN JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



346

EIRENE. SECOND TUNE—WITHOUT REFRAIN F. R. HAVERGAL.



Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

A *m* 1 FAR, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls for ever may be lost;
mf Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus, heeding not the cost?

Q *m* [*'All power is given unto Me; all power is given unto Me; Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel: and, lo! I am with you alway.'*]

A *mf* 2 See, o'er the world the open doors inviting;
Soldiers of Christ, arise, and enter in!
Brethren, awake! our forces all uniting,
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.

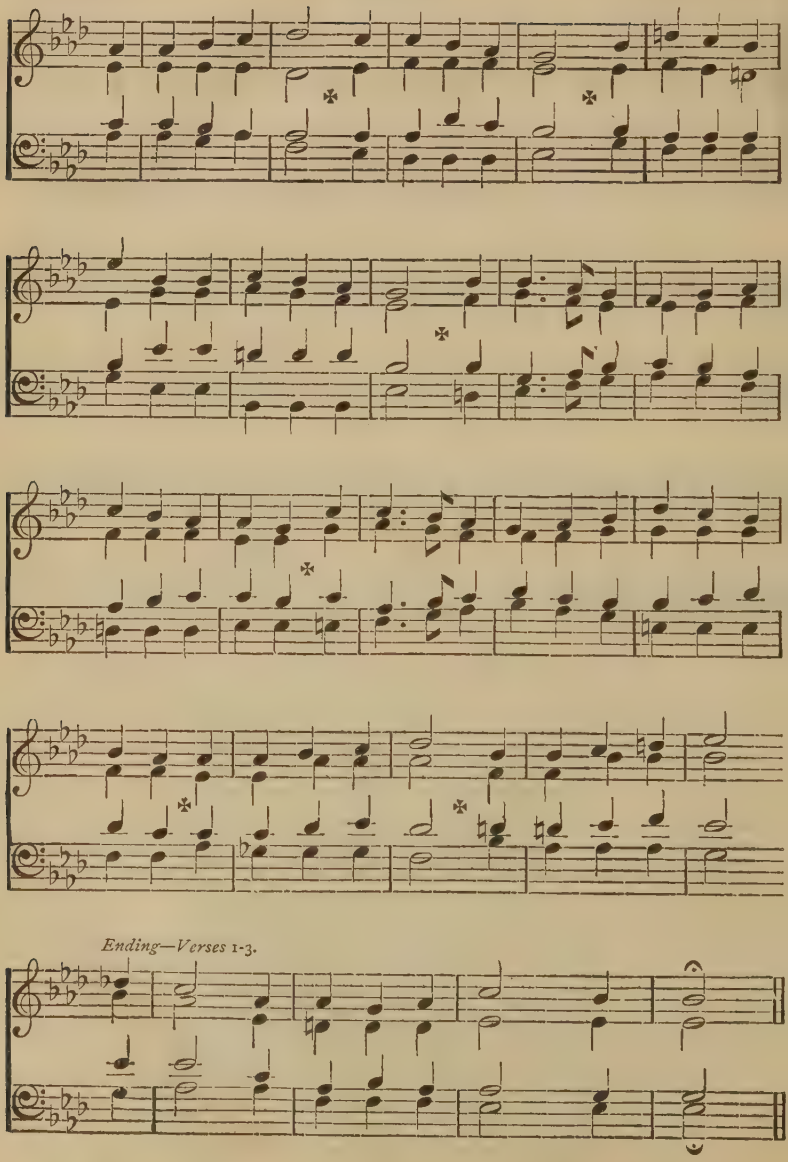
m 3 'Why will ye die?' the voice of God is calling;
'Why will ye die?' re-echo in His name:
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore, go, proclaim.

f 4 God speed the day when those of every nation,
'Glory to God,' triumphantly shall sing:
Ransom'd, redeem'd, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout 'Hallelujah! for the Lord is King.' *Amen.*

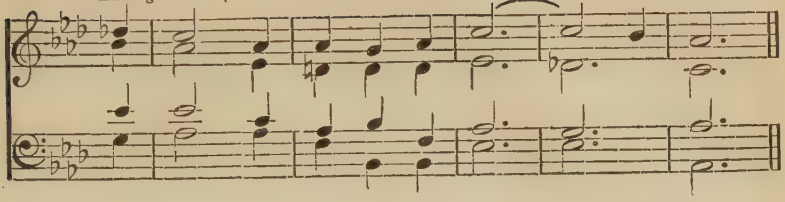
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

347

ROSENEATH. FIRST TUNE EBENEZER PROUT.



Ending—Verse 4.



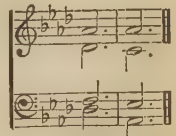
I have heard their cry; for I know their sorrows: Come now therefore I will send thee.

mp 1 A CRY as of pain,
Again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide-spreading main;
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying;
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing:
p It comes unto me;
It comes unto thee;
c O what—O what shall the answer be?

mp 2 O hark to the call!
It comes unto all
Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly thrall;—
'Come over and help us! in bondage we languish;
Come over and help us! we die in our anguish:'
p It comes unto me;
It comes unto thee;
c O what—O what shall the answer be?

m 3 It comes to the soul
That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol;
mp It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;
m It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing,—
'For Christ's sake' to me;
'For Christ's sake' to thee;
c O what—O what shall the answer be?

m 4 We come, Lord, to Thee,
Thy servants are we,
Inspire Thou the answer, and true it shall be!
If here we should work, or afar Thou shouldst send us,
c O grant that Thy mercy may ever attend us,
That each one may be
A witness for Thee,
Till all the earth shall Thy glory see.

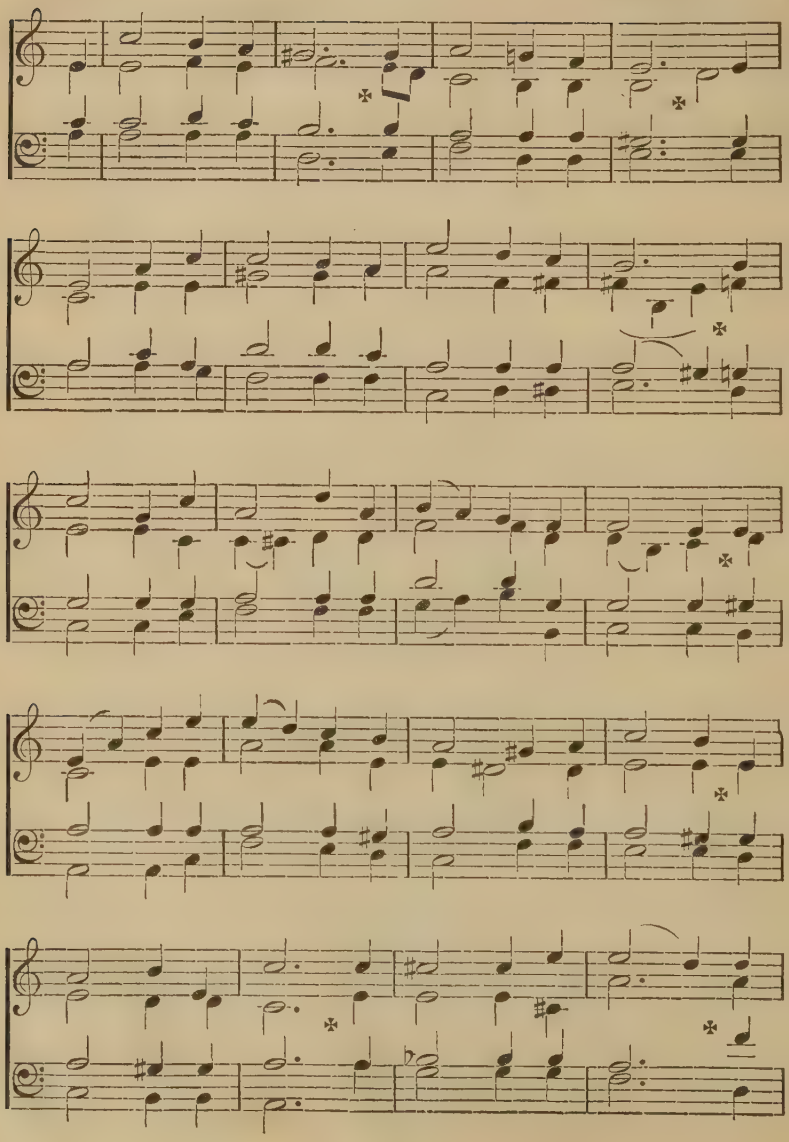


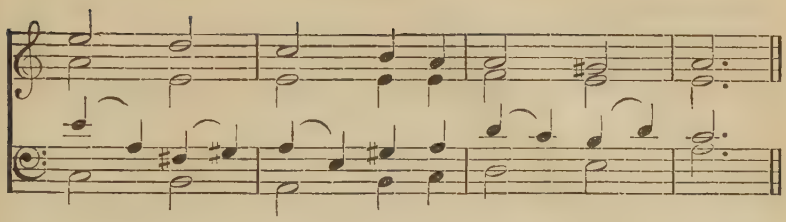
A - men.

S. G. STOCK.

347

EGMOND. SECOND TUNE BERTHOLD TOURS.





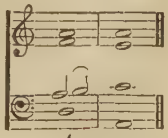
I have heard their cry; for I know their sorrows: Come now therefore I will send thee.

mp 1 A CRY as of pain,
Again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide-spreading main;
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying;
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing:
p It comes unto me;
It comes unto thee;
c O what—O what shall the answer be?

mp 2 O hark to the call!
It comes unto all
Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly thrall;—
'Come over and help us! in bondage we languish;
Come over and help us! we die in our anguish:'
p It comes unto me;
It comes unto thee;
c O what—O what shall the answer be?

m 3 It comes to the soul
That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol;
mp It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;
m It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing,—
'For Christ's sake' to me;
'For Christ's sake' to thee;
c O what—O what shall the answer be?

m 4 We come, Lord, to Thee,
Thy servants are we,
Inspire Thou the answer, and true it shall be!
If here we should work, or afar Thou shouldst send us,
c O grant that Thy mercy may ever attend us,
That each one may be
A witness for Thee,
Till all the earth shall Thy glory see.



A - men.

S. G. STOCK.

348

WILDERSMOUTH. E. J. HOPKINS.

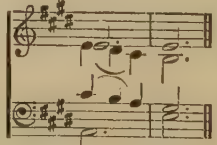
The light of the glorious gospel of Christ.

m 1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
mf Blessèd jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

mf 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

mf 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

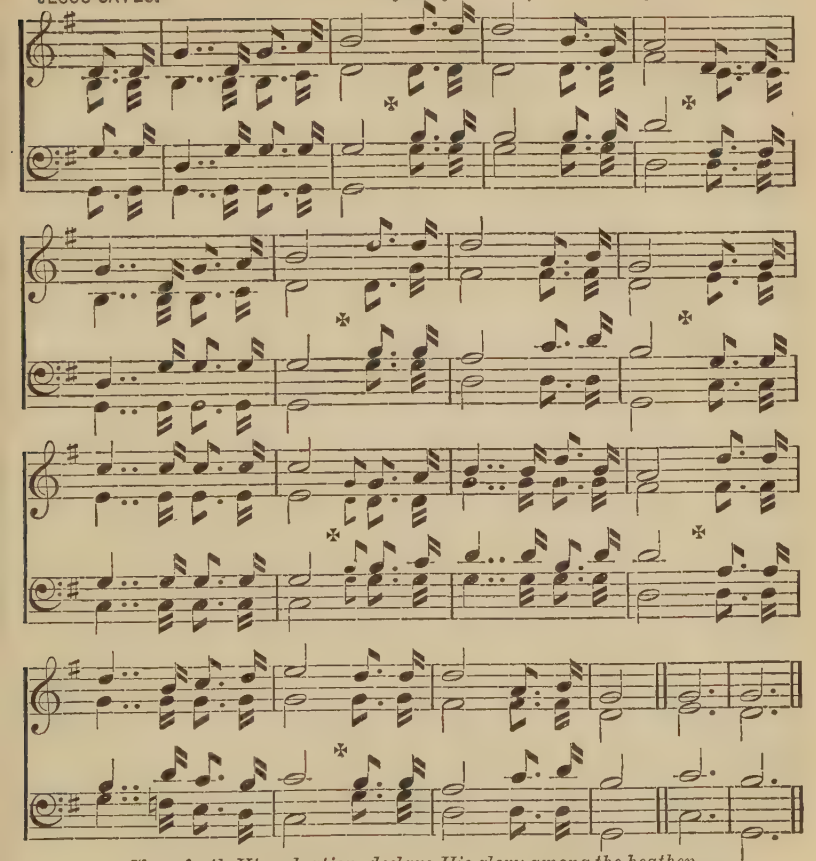
f 4 Fly abroad, eternal gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlighten'd world around.



WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

349

JESUS SAVES. *Small notes required for Verse 4.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Show forth His salvation, declare His glory among the heathen.

mf 1 WE have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the gladness all around;
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command;
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide;
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

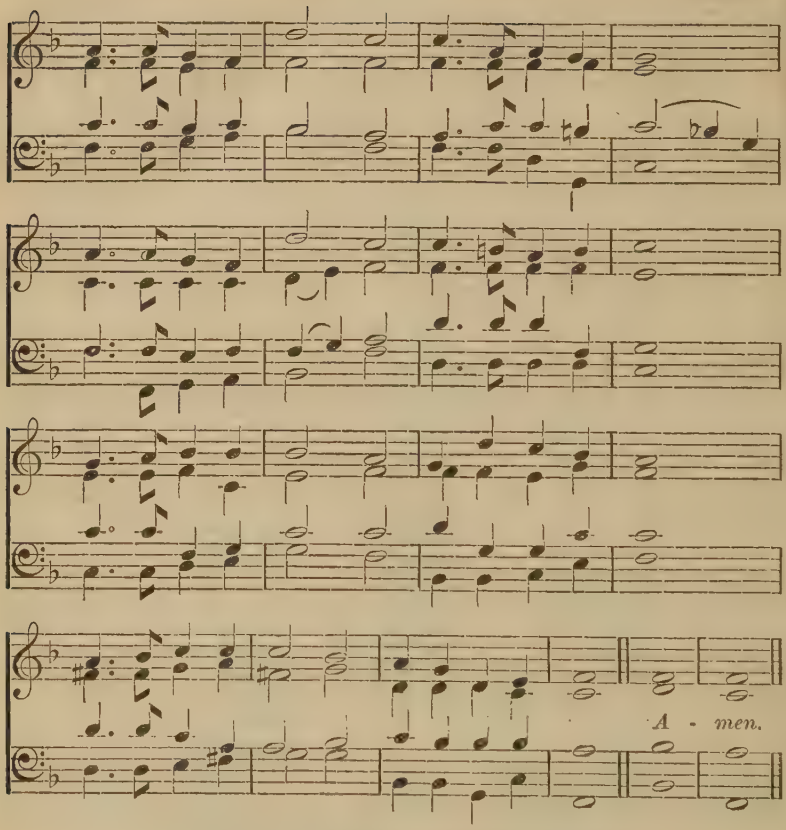
m 3 Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
mp Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
mf Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
f Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves:
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves! *Amen.*

P. J. OWENS.

350

STAR OF THE EAST. Harmony by F. A. G. OUSELEY.



Our gospel came not in word only, but also in power.

H *m* 1 HARK! the swelling breezes,
Rising from afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict
From the holy war.

mf God is with our armies,
He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you,
Messengers of heaven.

U 2 GO, thou mighty gospel,
Conquering on thy way:
Night upon the mountains
Changes into day;

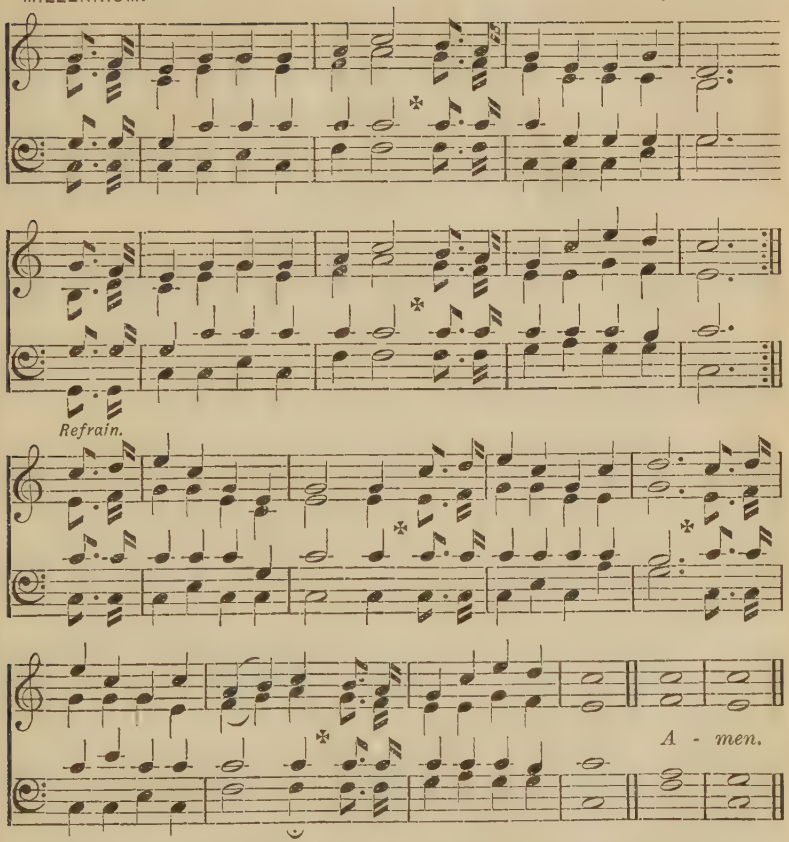
U *mf* Idols bow before thee,
Heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own thee
Victor over all.

H *m* 3 O Thou blessèd Saviour,
Reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers
Find Thee ever nigh:

mf Bid the glorious mission
Speed from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation
Worship only Thee. *Amen.*

351

MILLENNIUM. W. B. BRADBURY.



All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

mf 1 O THE happy time is coming
When the gospel trumpet's sound
Shall be heard by every nation,
To the earth's remotest bound;
When the vale shall be exalted,
And the verdant hills rejoice,
And the ocean join the chorus
With a loud triumphant voice.

f *Lo! the morning light is breaking,*
And the day is drawing nigh;
Yes! a glorious time is coming;
We shall hail it by and by.

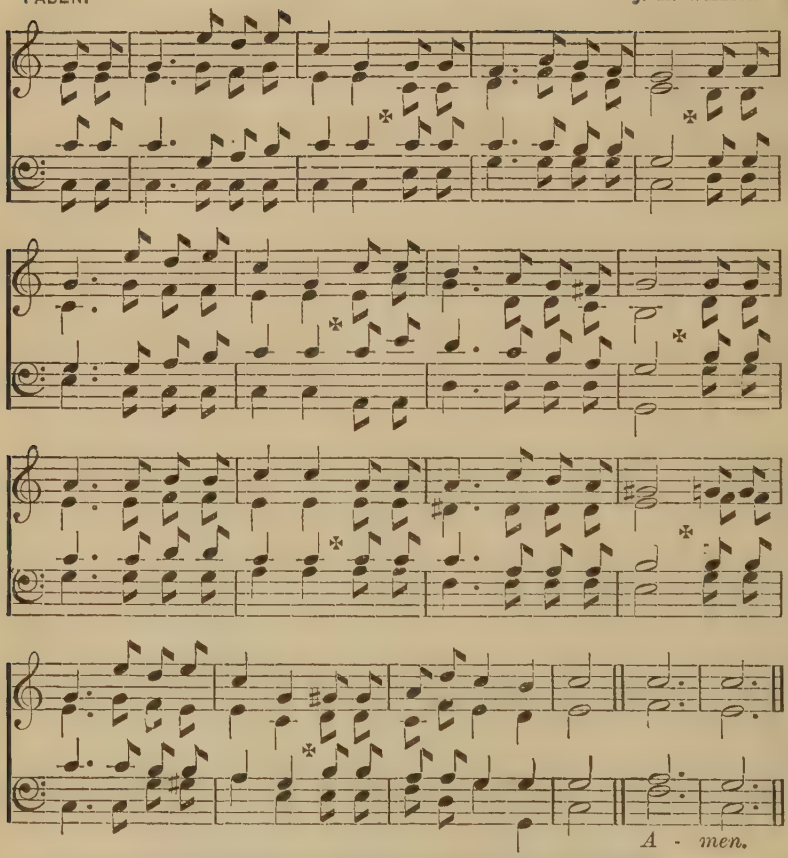
mf 2 O the happy time is coming
When the cry of war shall cease.
mf And the standard of our Saviour
Be the olive branch of peace.
m Then beneath our vine and fig-tree
We shall never be afraid;
For no foe will e'er molest us
In their calm and quiet shade.

mf 3 O the happy time is coming
By our fathers long foretold;
It is promised in the Bible,
It was sung by prophets old:
They who sit in heathen darkness
Soon the morning light shall see,
c And the world, with songs of triumph,
Hail the glorious jubilee. *Amen.*

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

352

FABEN. J. H. WILLCOX.



They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.

mf 1 THEY are coming! they are coming!
Who have been in darkness long;
They are coming to the Saviour
With a glad, triumphant song.
From the lands beyond the ocean,
From the islands of the sea,
From the valleys and the mountains,
They are coming, Lord, to Thee.

mp 2 Long they sat beneath the shadow
And the gloom of dreary night,
Waiting wearily the dawning
Of the promised heavenly light.

mf But they've heard the glorious gospel
Of salvation full and free;
Now they read the blessèd Bible;
They are coming, Lord, to Thee.

m 3 Hasten, Lord, the coming morning
Of the bright millennial day;
And may we who love the Saviour
Labour to extend His sway;

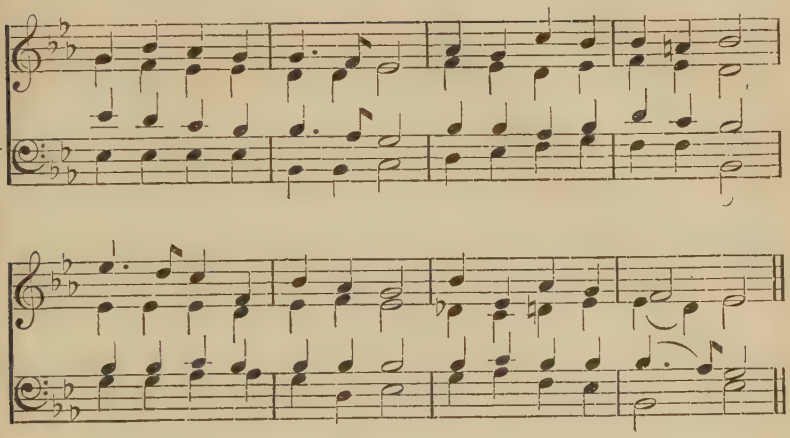
mf Until every ransom'd creature,
On the land and on the sea,
Shall unite in one grand chorus,

f 'We are coming, Lord, to Thee.'

T. C. O'KANE.

353

LITANY TUNE I.—AGNES. EDWARD BUNNETT.



Thy way be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

A *m* 1 HEAVENLY Father, let Thy light
Break upon our blinded sight,
Chase away the shades of night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

R 2 To the nations gone astray
Thine eternal love display,
Send Thy truth, direct Thy way:
A *We beseech Thee, hear us.*

L 3 Sow the seed, Thy Word reveal'd,
In the earth's wide harvest-field,
That the increase it may yield:
A *We beseech Thee, hear us.*

R *mp* 4 Jesus, who didst suffer pain
To release from error's chain,
R *mp* Man's lost paradise to gain,
A *Jesus, Saviour, hear us.*

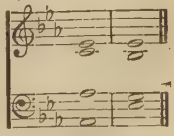
L *m* 5 Let Thy ministers proclaim
Far and wide Thy saving Name,
With Thy love all hearts inflame:
A *Jesus, Saviour, hear us.*

R 6 Seek for those who careless roam,
Bring the wanderers safely home,
May Thy glorious kingdom come:
A *Jesus, Saviour, hear us.*

L 7 Blessèd Spirit, heavenly Lord,
Speak with power the saving word,
How the lost may be restored:
A *Blessèd Spirit, hear us.*

R *m* 8 Come and breathe new life within,
Rescue souls from death and sin,
Teach the careless heaven to win:
A *Blessèd Spirit, hear us.*

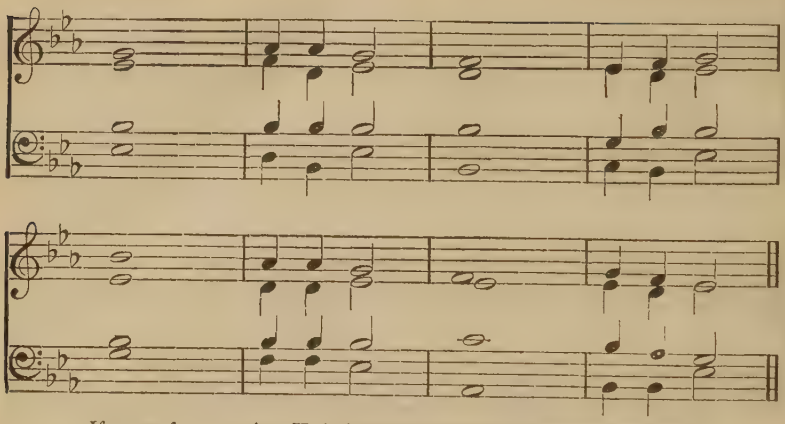
mf 9 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Loving those who need Thee most,
Raise the fallen, save the lost:
We beseech Thee, hear us.



A - men.

354

LITANY TUNE II. E. W. BULLINGER.



If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

mp 1 ALL our sin'ful | words and ways,
All our wast'ed | hours and days,
All our pride' and | love of praise,
Forgive, O Lord', for | Jesus' sake.

2 Every time' from | truth we've err'd,
Every bad' or | idle word
Which Thy ho'ly | ears have heard,
Forgive, O Lord', for | Jesus' sake.

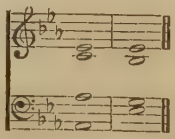
3 All the mis'chief | we have wrought,
All forbid'den | things we've sought,
All the sin' to | others taught,
Forgive, O Lord', for | Jesus' sake.

4 All our sloth' and | vanity,
All our sin'ful | levity,
All forget'ful | ness of Thee,
Forgive, O Lord', for | Jesus' sake.

m 5 All the help' we | need each day,
That we may' not | fall away,
Or from Je'sus | go astray,
O give us, Lord', for | Jesus' sake.

6 Faith, to see' Thee | ever near,
Hope, to check' each | foolish fear,
Constant strength', to | persevere,
O give us, Lord', for | Jesus' sake.

7 Every need'ful | gift of grace,
Till we reach' the | holy place,
Where we shall' be | hold Thy face,
O give us, Lord', for | Jesus' sake.

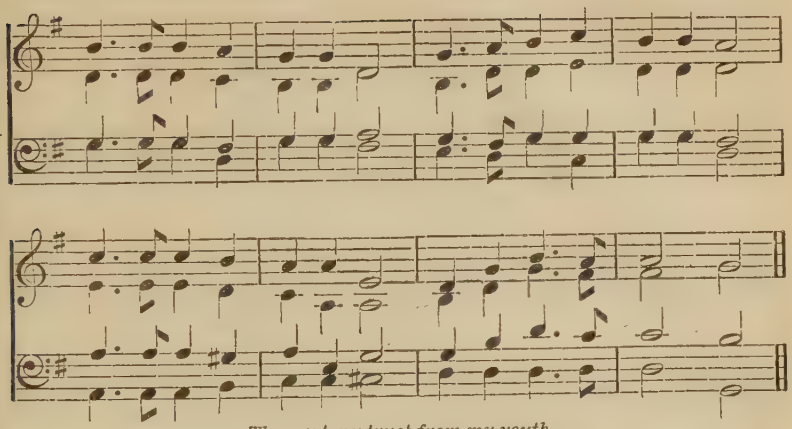


A - men.

L. F.

355

LITANY TUNE III.—LEBBÆUS.



Thou art my trust from my youth.

A *mp* 1 JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

R *mf* 2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
A *Hear us, Holy Jesus.*

L *mf* 3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
A *Hear us, Holy Jesus.*

R 4 Little deeds of love may shine,
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
A *Hear us, Holy Jesus.*

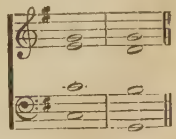
L *m* 5 Fold us to Thy loving breast;
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest:
A *Hear us, Holy Jesus.*

R 6 [Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
A *Hear us, Holy Jesus.*]

L 7 [May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
A *Hear us, Holy Jesus.*]

p 8 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

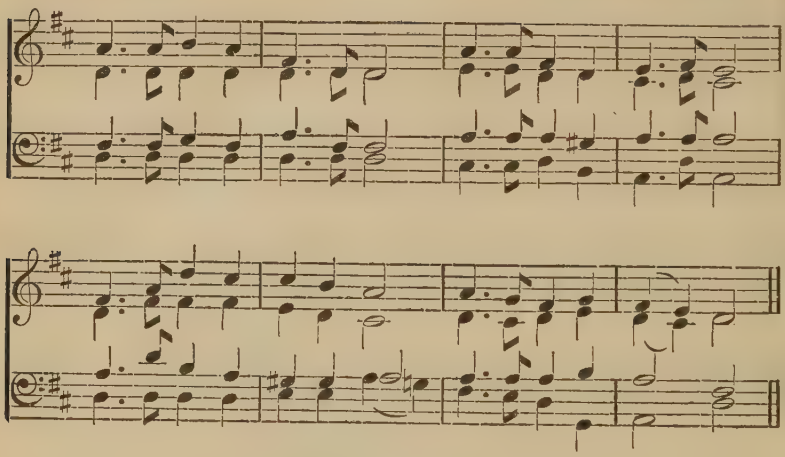
mp 9 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.



A - men.

356

LITANY TUNE IV. *Children's Service Book*, 1886.



Who did no sin.

I.

mp 1 JESUS, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Jesus, at whose infant feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Jesus, unto whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Jesus, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, whom Thy mother found,
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

II.

m 6 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

7 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

8 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

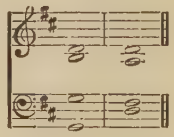
III.

mp 9 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

m 10 By Thy pattern bright and pure,
mp By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

p 11 By Thy wounds and thorn-crown'd head,
By Thy blood for sinners shed,
m By Thy rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

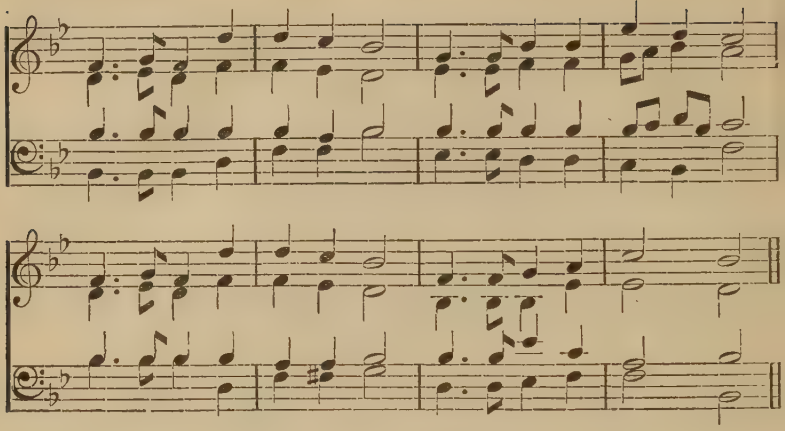
mp 12 By the Name we bow before,
m Human Name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore,
Save us, Holy Jesus.



VARIOUS.

357

LITANY TUNE V.



O Lord, save me, and I shall be saved.

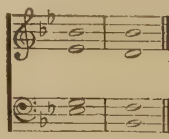
mp 1 JESUS, Saviour, hear my cry;
Save, O save me, or I die;
Guilty, lost, to Thee I fly:
Blessèd Jesus, take me.

2 Gracious Jesus, save me now,
At Thy feet I humbly bow;
Thou my hope, my Saviour Thou:
Blessèd Jesus, save me.

m 3 Mighty Jesus, I am weak,
But from Thee my strength I seek;
Give me power Thy praise to speak:
Blessèd Jesus, help me.

4 Precious Jesus, let me be
Wholly taken up with Thee;
Thou hast freed me, ever free,
Blessèd Jesus, keep me.

mf 5 Jesus, Master, Thou art mine;
Make me, keep me only Thine;
Shine upon me, make me shine:
Blessèd Jesus, use me.

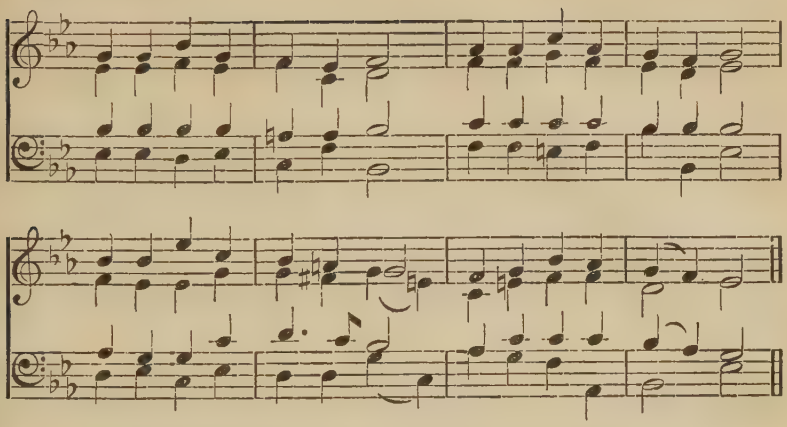


A - men.

W. Y. FULLERTON.

358

LITANY TUNE VI. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

A *pc* 1 HOLY Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

pc 2 Spirit, guiding us aright,
Spirit, making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

pc 3 Thou whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

R *mp* 4 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient [still:
A *Hear us, Holy Spirit.*

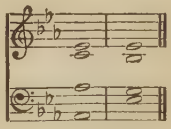
L 5 Come, to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call:
A *Hear us, Holy Spirit.*

R *m* 6 Come, to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to [speak:
A *Hear us, Holy Spirit.*

L *m* 7 Come, to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
A *Hear us, Holy Spirit.*

R 8 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray:
A *Hear us, Holy Spirit.*

mf 9 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
All Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
Nevermore from us depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

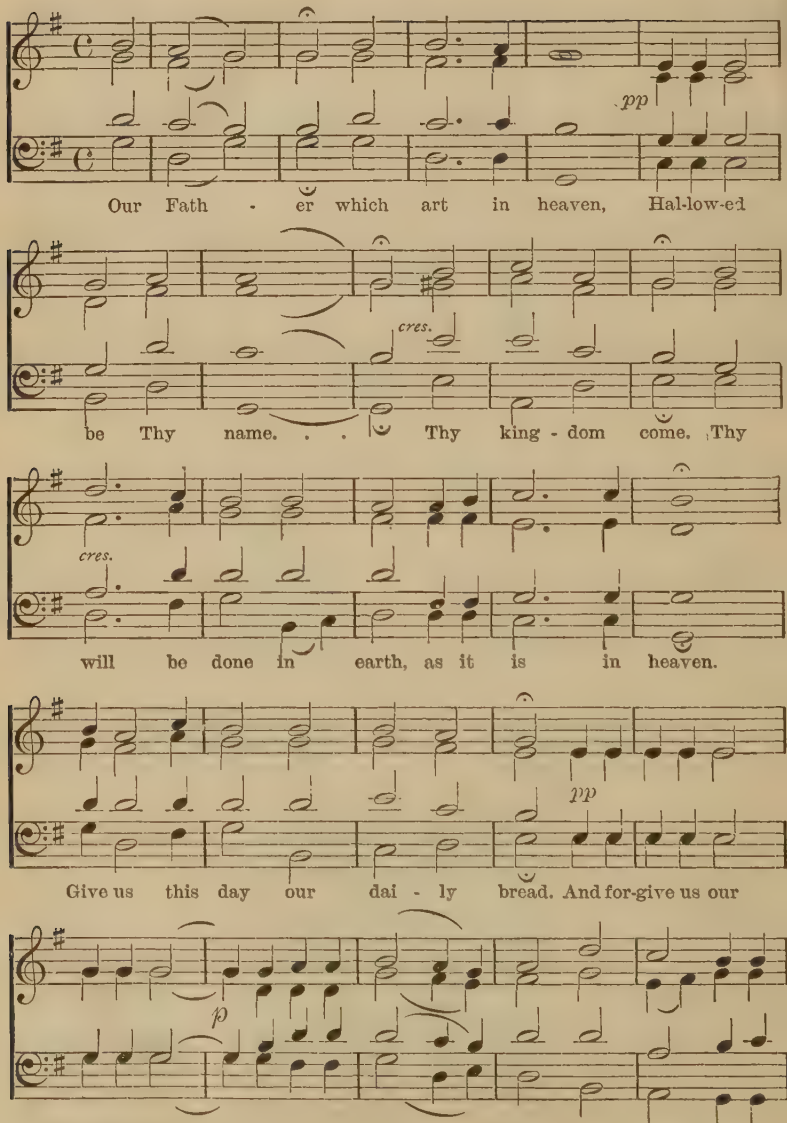


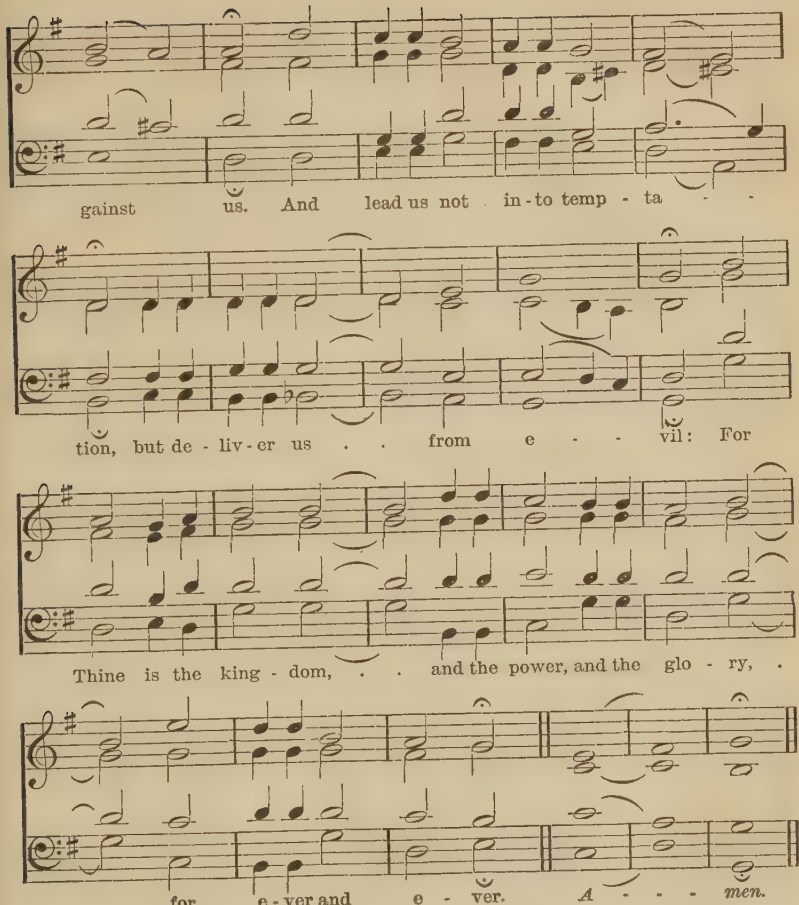
A - men.

T. B. POLLOCK *and* R. F. LITTLEDALE.

359

THE LORD'S PRAYER. W. H. MONK.





THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

360

THE CREED. EBENEZER PROUT.

Moderately fast.

f

I be - lieve in God the Fath - er Al - migh - ty,

Mak - er of heaven and earth; and in Je-sus Christ, His

on - ly Son, our Lord, who was con - ceiv - ed by the Ho - ly

Ghost, born of the Vir - gin Ma - ry, . .

p

suf - fer - ed . . un - der Pon - tius Pi - late, . . was

360

dim. *pp*

cru - ci-fied, dead, and bur - ied; He de - scend - ed

f

in - to ha - des; the third day He rose a -

gain from the dead; He a - scend-ed in - to heaven, and sit-teth on the

right hand of God . . . the Fath - er Al -

Rather slower.

p

migh - ty; from thence He shall come to judge the

360

Quicker—time as at first.

f

quick and the dead. I be - lieve in the Ho - ly

Ghost; the ho - ly cath-o - lic Church; the com-

mun - ion of saints; the for - give - ness of sins; the re - sur-

rec - tion of the bod - y; and the life ev - er -

Slower.

last ing. A - men.

361

IN THE FIELD. *From the Sacred Oratorio, 'Christ and His Soldiers.'* JOHN FARMER.

By permission of John Farmer.

Allegretto.

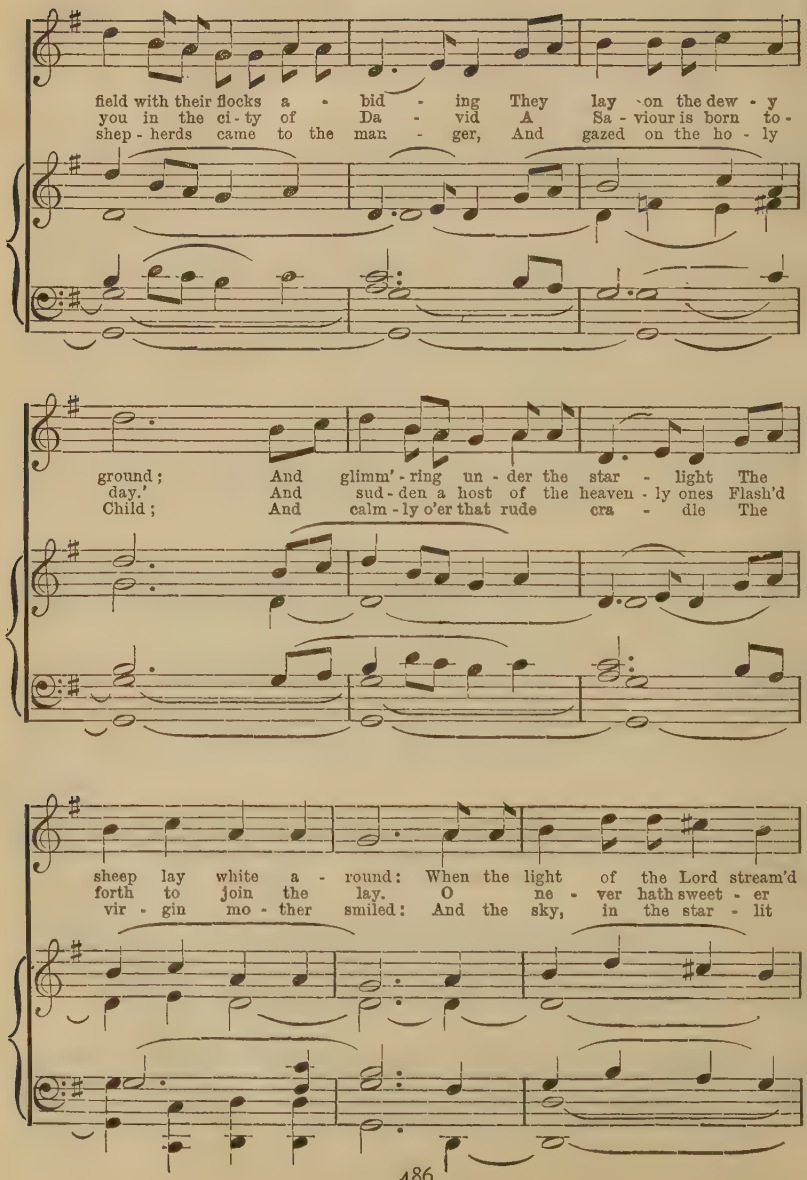
♩=120. *p*

Ped.

SOLO.

1. In the
2. 'To
3. And the

361


field with their flocks a - bid - ing They lay on the dew - y
you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Sa - viour is born to -
shep - herds came to the man - ger, And gazed on the ho - ly
ground; And glimm' - ring un - der the star - light The
day.' And sud - den a host of the heaven - ly ones Flash'd
Child; And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The
sheep lay white a - round: When the light of the Lord stream'd
forth to join the lay. O ne - ver hath sweet - er
vir - gin mo - ther smiled: And the sky, in the star - lit

o'er . . them, And, lo! from the hea - ven a - bove, An
mes - sage Thrill'd home to the souls of men; And the
si - lence, Seem'd full of the an - gel lay,— 'To

rit.

an - gel lean'd from the glo - ry, And sang his song of
heavens them - selves had ne - ver heard A glad - der choir till
you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Sa - viour is born to -

rit.

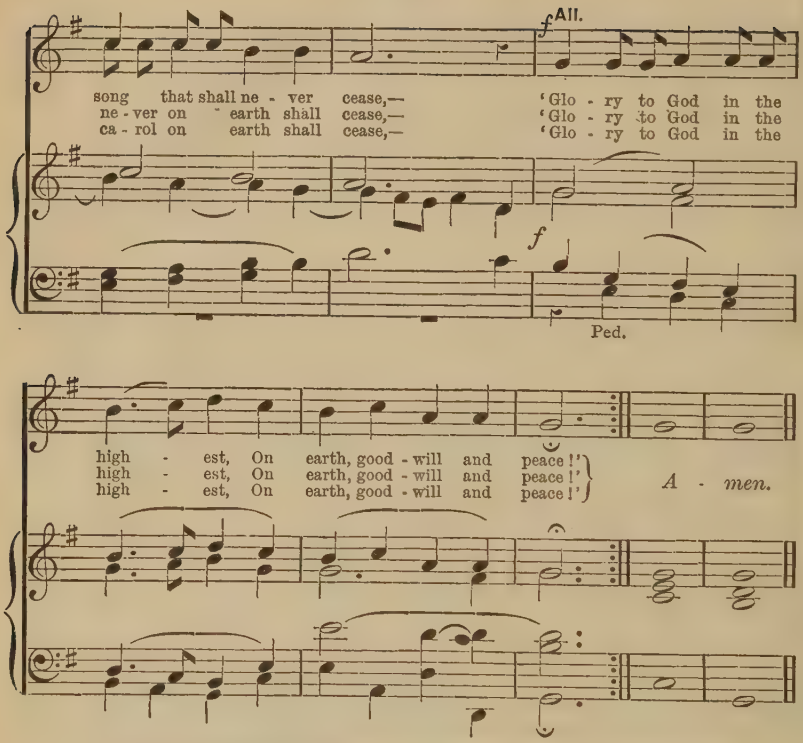
CHORUS—Trebles and Altos.

p a tempo.

love; He sang, that first sweet Christ - mas, The
then; For they sang that Christ - mas ca - rol That
day. O they sang— and I ween that ne - ver The

p a tempo.

361



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

m 1 In the field with their flocks abiding
They lay on the dewy ground;
And glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around: [them,
mf When the light of the Lord stream'd o'er
And, lo! from the heaven above,
An angel lean'd from the glory,
And sang his song of love;
He sang, that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease,—
f 'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, goodwill and peace!

2 'To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day.'
mf And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flash'd forth to join the lay.
O never hath sweeter message
Thrill'd home to the souls of men;
mf And the heavens themselves had never
A gladder choir till then; [heard
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease,—
f 'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, goodwill and peace!

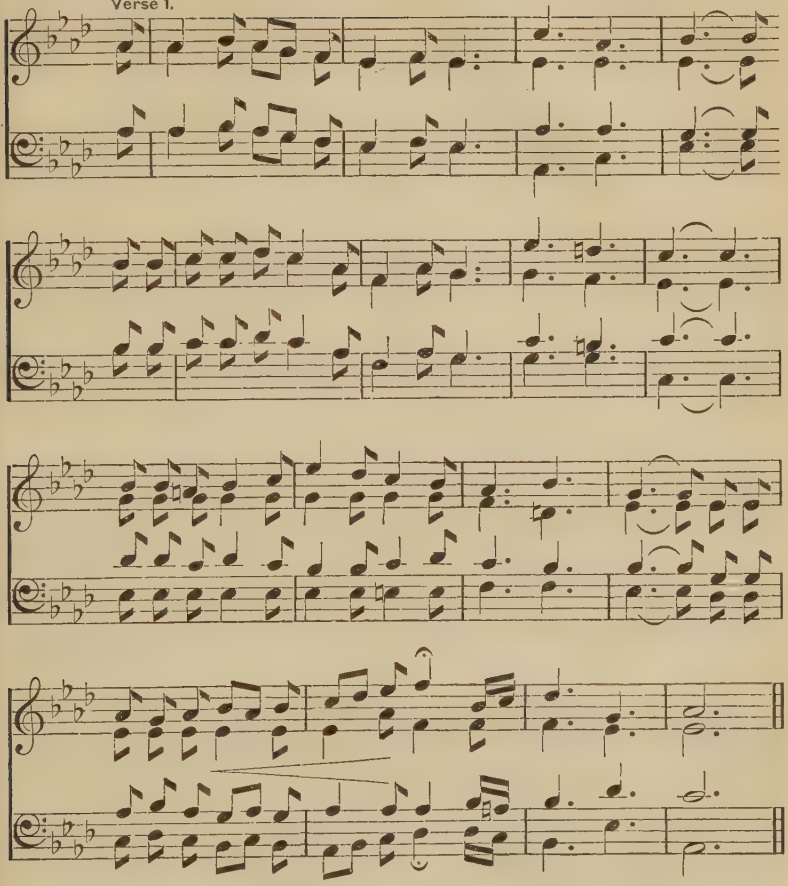
m 3 And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The virgin mother smiled:
mf And the sky, in the starlit silence,
Seem'd full of the angel lay,—
'To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day.'
O they sang—and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease—
f 'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, goodwill and peace!'

F. W. FARRAR.

362

WOODTHORPE. JOSIAH BOOTH.

Verse 1.

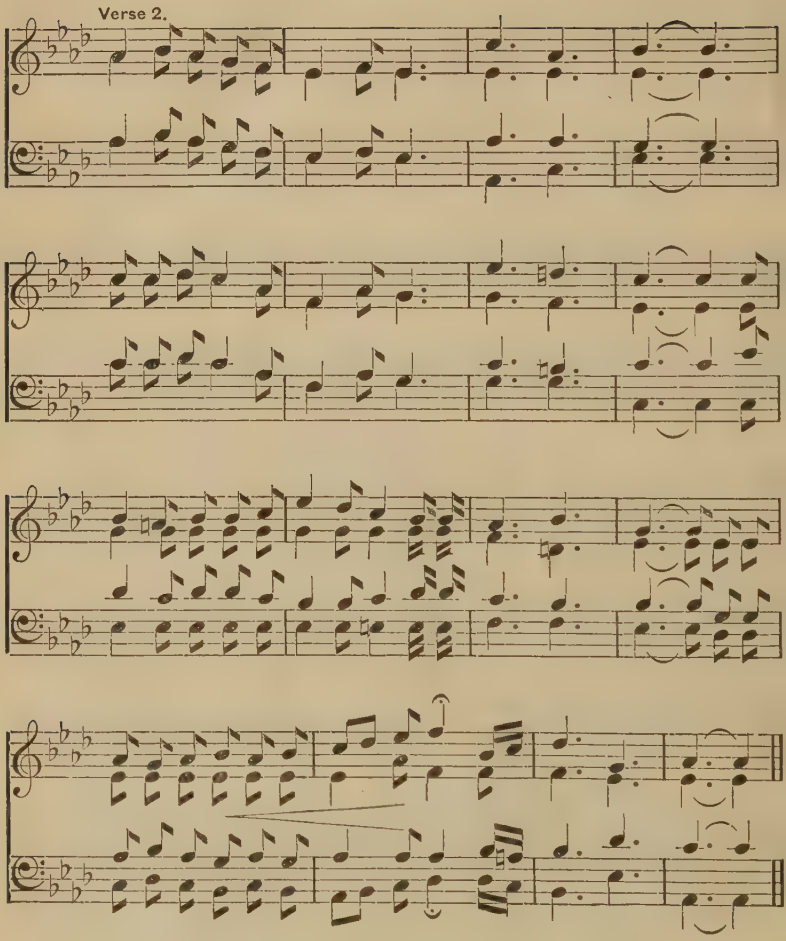


Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

m 1 THERE came a little Child to earth
Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaim'd His birth,
High and low.
mp Out on the night, so calm and still,
Their song was heard;
m For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

362

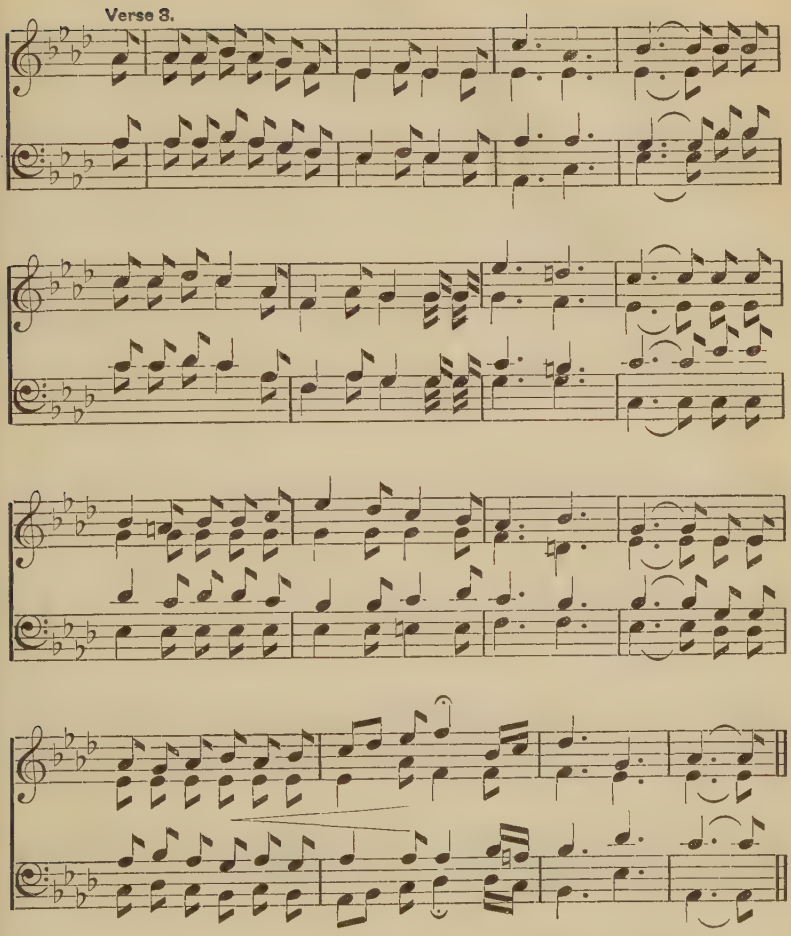
Verse 2.



mf 2 Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white,—
In white more pure than the spotless snow;
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On that still night.

362

Verse 3.



m 3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born,
And, that they might a crown of glory wear,
p Wore a crown of thorn;
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
c That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.

362

Verse 4.

mf 4 He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land;
And He leads to where fountains of water flow
That chosen band;
And for evermore, in their robes most fair
And undefiled,
Those ransom'd children His praise declare
Who was once a child.

A - men.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT.

363

THE SON OF GOD. ARRANGED TO ST. ANNE'S TUNE. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

Verse 1. Unison.

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; . . His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?

Ped.

363

mf Harmony.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph-ant ov - er pain,

mf

Choir Organ with Voices. No Pedals.

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.

Verse 2. Men's Voices.

The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,

Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.

Peds.

Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save.

363

mf Harmony.

Like Him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,

mf

Choir Organ with Voices. No Pedals.

He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?

Verse 3. Trebles only.

A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spi - rit came,

p

No Pedals.

Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame;

Ped.

363

Men's Voices.

f *sf*

They met the ty - rant's bran-dish'd steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;

cres. *f* *sf*

ff

They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?

ff

mf Verse 4. Harmony.

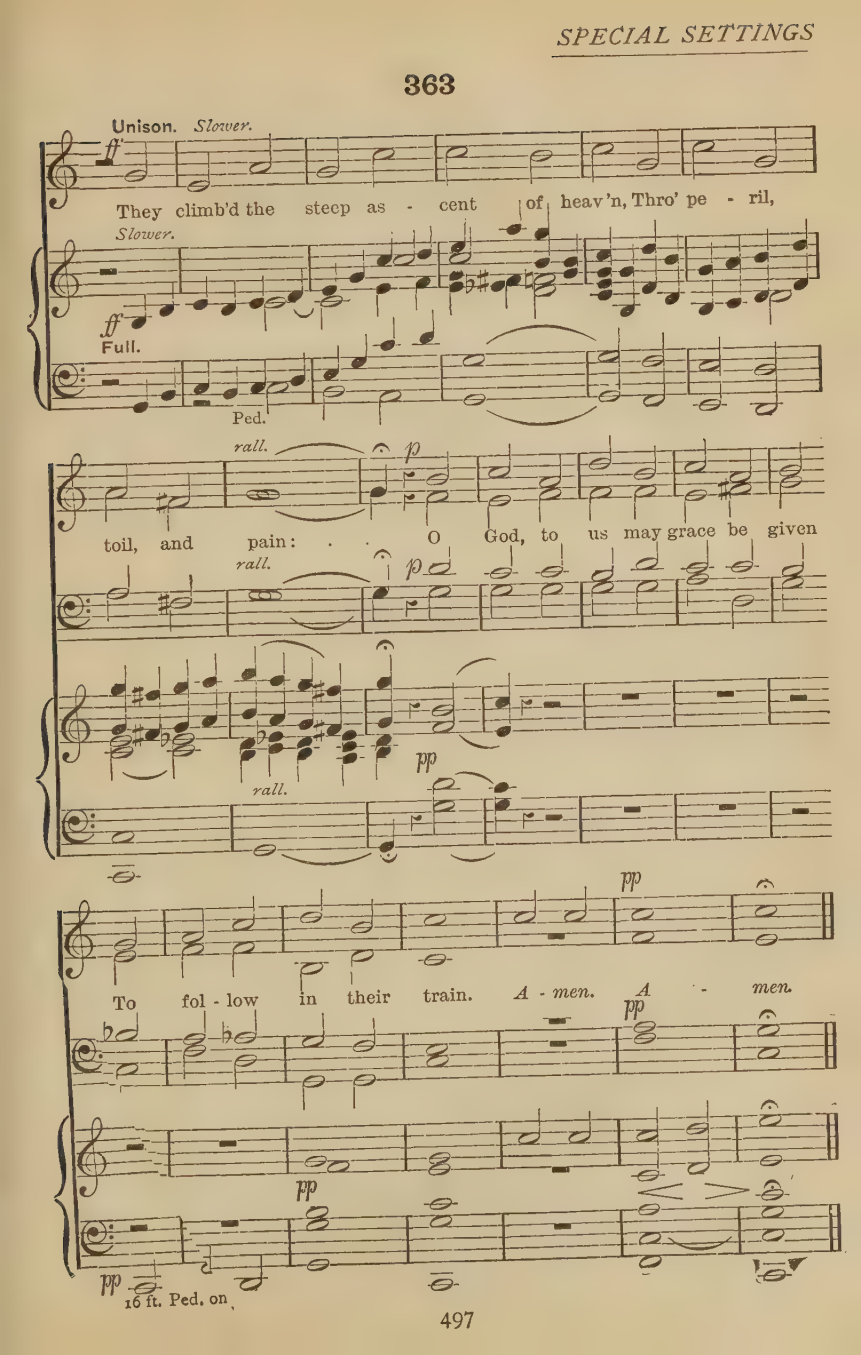
A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

mf

Choir Organ with Voices. No Pedals.

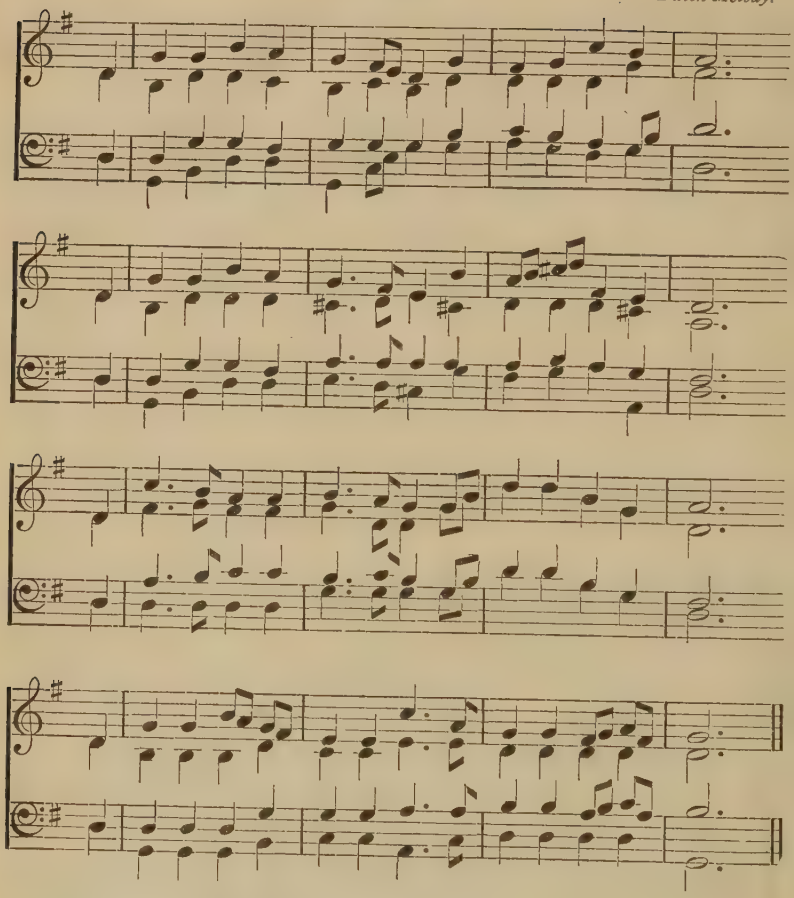
A - round the Sa-viour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd.

363


Unison. Slower.
ff
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n, Thro' pe - ril,
Slower.
ff
Full.
Ped.
rall.
p
toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be given
rall.
p
pp
rall.
pp
To fol - low in their train. A - men. A - men.
pp
pp
pp
16 ft. Ped. on

363

LEYDEN. SECOND TUNE *Dutch Melody.*



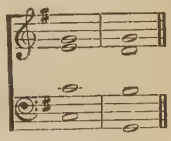
If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.

mf 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
m Who follows in His train?
mp Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
m He follows in His train.

m 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

mf 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
d They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
m Who follows in their train?

f 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
m They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
mp O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

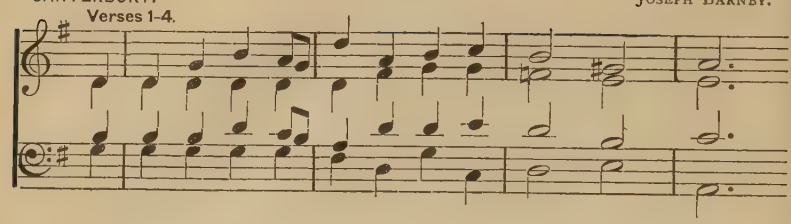


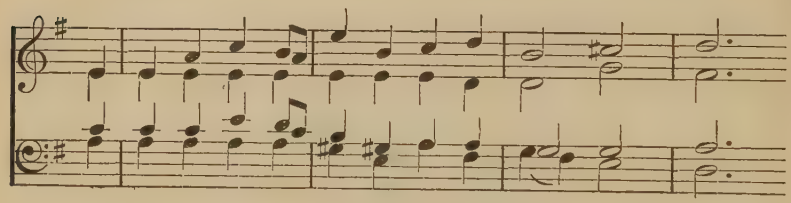
REGINALD HEBER.

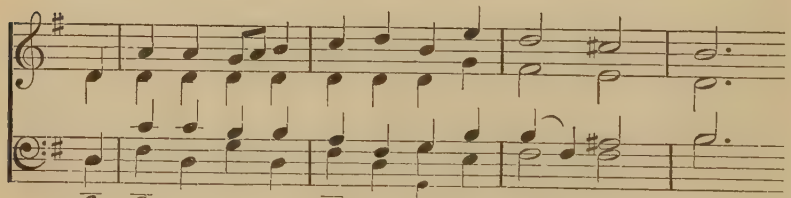
364

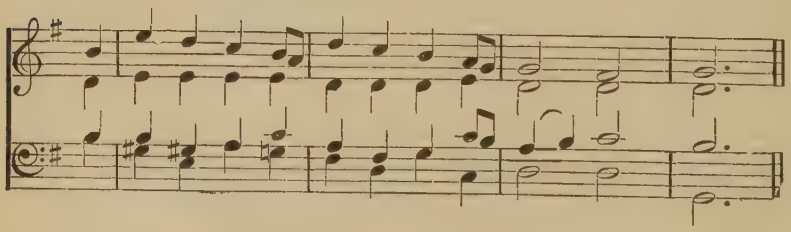
CANTERBURY. JOSEPH BARNBY.

Verses 1-4.

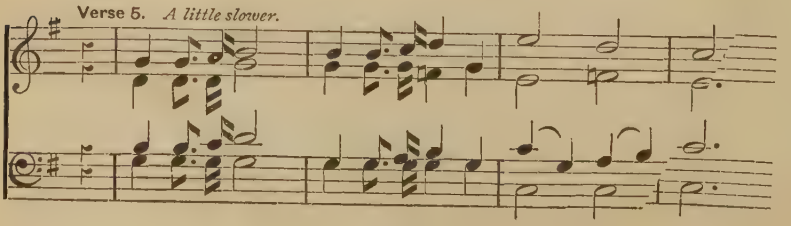


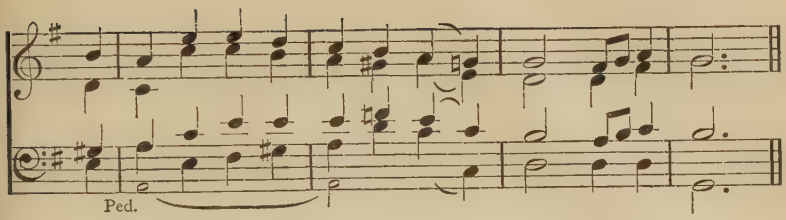






Verse 5. *A little slower.*





He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

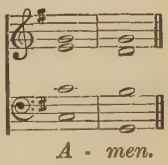
mp 1 I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

m 2 My barque is wafted to the strand
By breath Divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

3 One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

4 He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

mf 5 Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

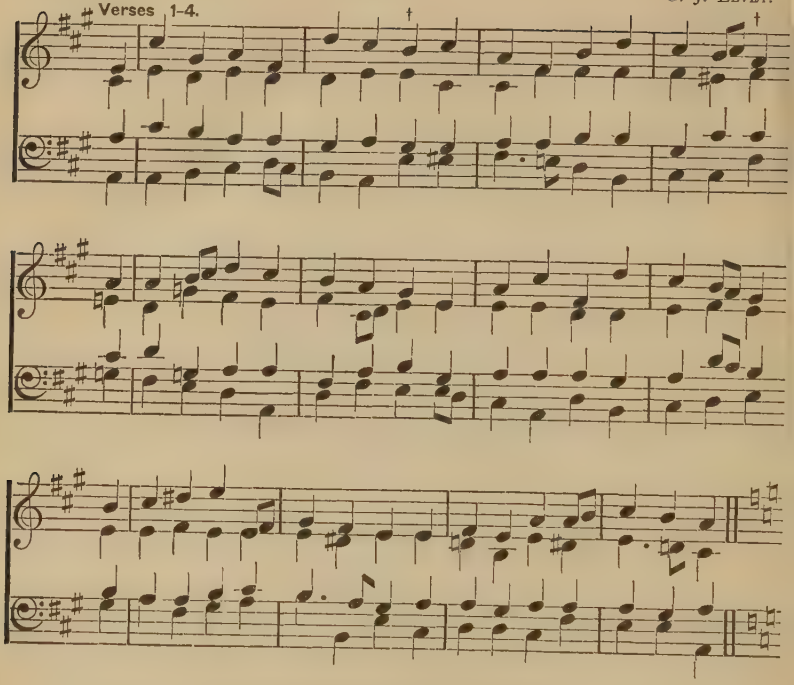


HENRY ALFORD.

365

FIRENZE. G. J. ELVEY.

Verses 1-4.



Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep.

m 1 OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His belovèd, sleep'?

mp 2 'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
m But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

mp 3 O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!

† Divide these crotchets into quavers for verse 3.

Verse 5.

mp O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
m God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd, sleep.

4 His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
mp More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

p 5 And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, (*mp*) Not a tear must o'er him fall—
'He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'

A - men.

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

366

CROSSING THE BAR.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

Verse 1.

mp

Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When

Verse 2.

I put out to sea, But such a tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which

rall.

drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a-gain

366

a tempo. Verse 3.

dim.

Twi - - - - light and eve - ning bell,
home Twi-light and eve - ning bell, And

mp

af - ter that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness

Verse 4.

m

of fare-well, When I em - bark. For,

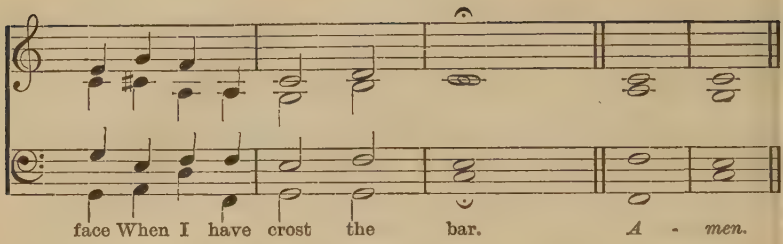
cres - - - - *cen* - - - - - - *do.*

though from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may

rit. *slower.*

bear me far, . . I hope to see my Pi - lot face to

366



Then face to face.

mp 1 SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

2 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

d 3 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
mp And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

m 4 For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar. *Amen.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

367

Ye shall be gathered one by one.

mp 1 THEY are gathering homewards from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one,
m Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stain'd garments are all laid down,
And, clothed in white raiment, they rest on the mead
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

mp 2 Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
p To others the waves run fiercely and wild;
m Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

mp 3 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one;
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
p The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spot where our feet may hold;
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
m Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light,
One by one.

mp 4 Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,
One by one;
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
m Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind;
mf Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one. *Amen.*

M. E. LESLIE.

367

ONE BY ONE. MYLES B. FOSTER.

NOTE.—*Each score of music to be read from page to page.*

Verse 1. *Alla marcia, ma lento.*

mp

They are gath - 'ring home-wards from eve - ry land, One by one;

Verse 2.

mp

Be - fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one;

Verse 3.

mp

Je - sus, Re-deem - er, we look to Thee, One by one;

Verse 4.

mp

Plant Thou Thy feet be-side as we tread, One by one;

Accompaniment.

Ped.

367

Verse 1—*continued.*

As their wea - ry feet touch the shin - ing strand, One by one,

Verse 2—*continued.*

Thro' the wa - ters of death they en - ter life, One by one.

Verse 3—*continued.*

We lift up our voi - ces tremb-ling - ly, One by one.

Verse 4—*continued.*

On Thee let us lean each droop-ing head, One by one.

Accompaniment—*continued.*

367

Verse 1—*continued.*

m *cres.*

Their brows are en-closed in a gold - en crown, Their tra-vel-stain'd gar-ments are

Verse 2—*continued.*

cres.

To some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they ford on their way to the

Verse 3—*continued.*

p *cres.*

The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, We know not the spot where our

Verse 4—*continued.*

m *cres.*

Let but Thy strong arm a - round us be twin'd, We shall cast our cares and

Accompaniment—*continued.*

cres

Ped.

367

Verse 1—*continued.*

all laid down, And, clothed in white rai - ment, they rest on the mead

Verse 2—*continued.*

p *m*

heaven - ly hill; To oth - ers the waves run fierce - ly and wild; Yet

Verse 3—*continued.*

f

feet may hold; Thou who didst pass thro' in deep mid - night,

Verse 4—*continued.*

ff

fears to the wind; Sa - viour, Re-deem - er, with Thee full in view,

Accompaniment—*continued.*

f

367

Verse 1—*continued*

Where the Lamb lov - eth His cho - sen to lead, One by one.

Verse 2—*continued.*

all reach the home of the un - de - filed, One by one.

Verse 3—*continued.*

m

Strength-en us, send us the staff and the light, One by one.

Verse 4—*continued.*

Smi-ling-ly, glad-some-ly, shall we pass through, One by one. *A - men.*

Accompaniment—*continued.*

Last verse.

368

F. R. HAVERGAL.

TELL IT OUT.

Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King; Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out! tell it out!

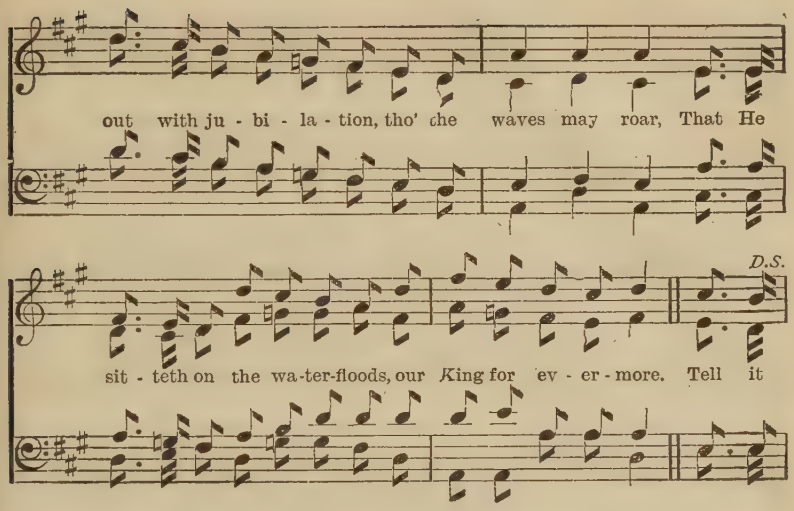
Tell it out, tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out, tell it out! Tell it out, tell it out!

FINE.

Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out with ad - or - a - tion that He shall in - crease, That the migh - ty King of Glo - ry is the King of Peace. Tell it

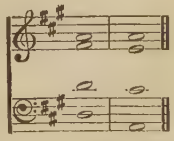


Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.

R *mf* 1 TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing:
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace.
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore.

L 2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumph'd o'er the grave.

A 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His name is Love;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

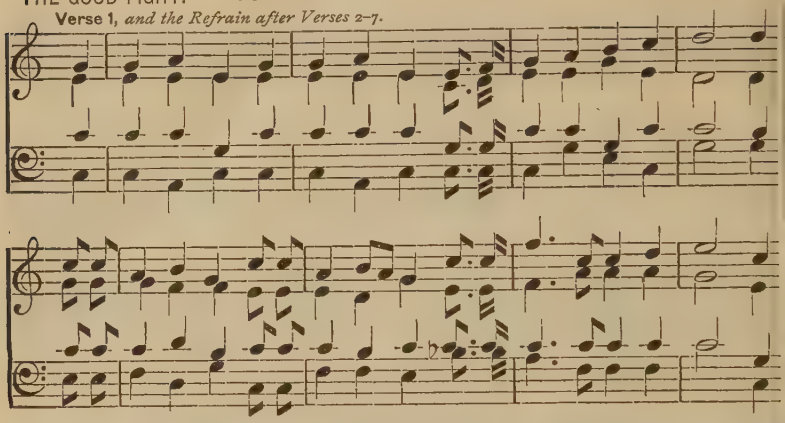


F. R. HAVERGAL.

369

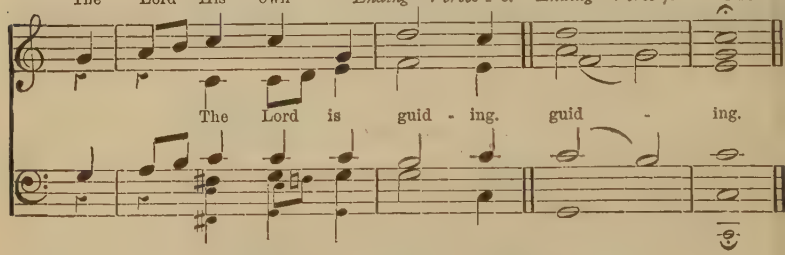
THE GOOD FIGHT. *By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.* JOSEPH BARNBY.

Verse 1, *and the Refrain after Verses 2–7.*



The Lord His own

Ending—Verses 1–6. *Ending—Verse 7.* *FINE.*



Through God we shall do valiantly.

mf 1 MARCH on, march on,
Ye soldiers true,
In the cross of Christ confiding;
For the field is set,
And the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.

2 Through the earth's wide round
We the tidings sound
Of the Lord who came from heaven,
mf Of the mighty hope
That with death can cope,
And the love so freely given.

3 [We march to fight
With the powers of night
That hold the world in sorrow;
And the broken heart
Shall be heal'd of its smart,
And arise to a joyful morrow.]

mf 4 [We fight against wrong,
With the weapon strong
Of the love that all hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall
From the down-trodden thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish.]

NOTE.—Care should be taken in the different verses to adapt the music to the accentuation of the words. The small notes are additional for the Organ.

Verses 2-7.

Unison. Harmony. D.C.

The love so - free - ly giv - en.

mf 5 O'er the realms of night
Shall our standard bright
Arise, their darkness clearing;
And the souls that were dead
To the Lord who bled,
Shall revive at His glad appearing.

m 6 Long, long, is the fight,
mf But the God of light
Is ever watching near us;
c And prayers that rise
To the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.

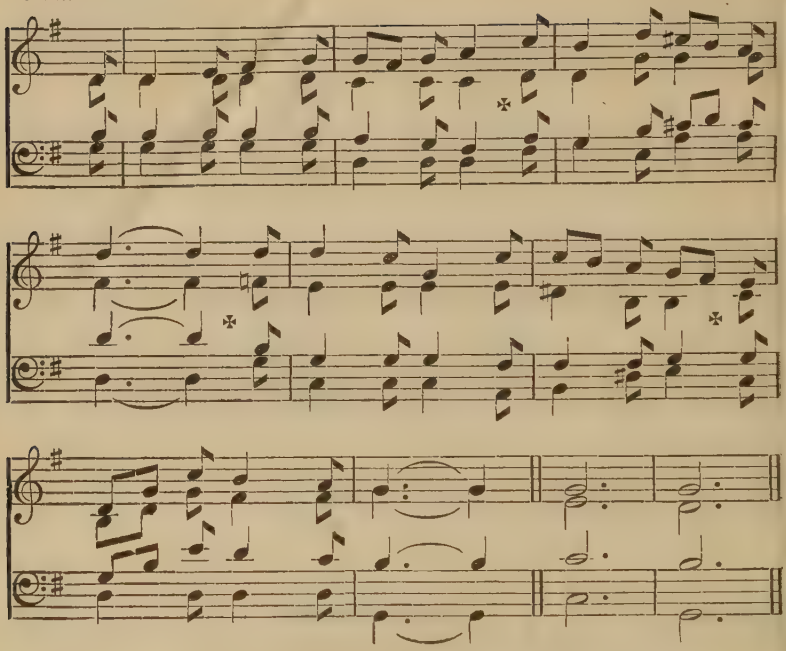
f 7 Till the sun-rise broad
Of the day of God
Shall shine on the Victor's glory;
And earth at rest,
In her Lord confess'd,
Shall rejoice in the finish'd story.

A - men.

E. S. ARMITAGE.

370

SPRING-TIDE HOUR. JOSEPH BARNBY.



Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

m 1 THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

mp 2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

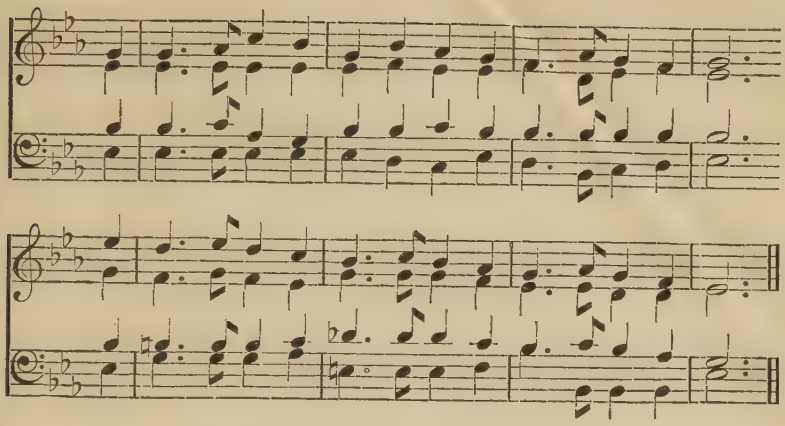
3 O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face. *Amen.*

T. O. SUMMERS.

371

SURBITON.

EDWIN MOSS.

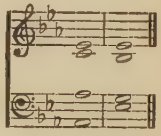


He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.

m 1 THY little one, O Saviour dear,
Has just awoke from sleep,
And through the coming day I know
Thou wilt in safety keep.

2 Thou hast been watching over me,
Through all the long dark night;
The darkness is not dark to Thee,
Because Thou art the Light.

3 I want Thy kind and loving smile
To light me all the way;
O keep me, then, from doing wrong,
Or grieving Thee to-day.

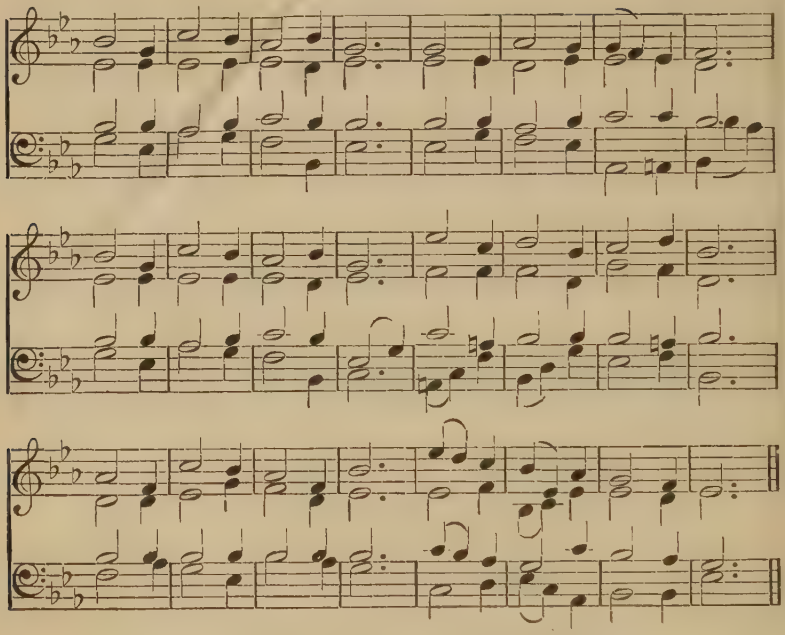


A - men.

H. P. HAWKINS.

372

LILYBOURNE. FIRST TUNE SAMUEL SMITH.



The Child Jesus.

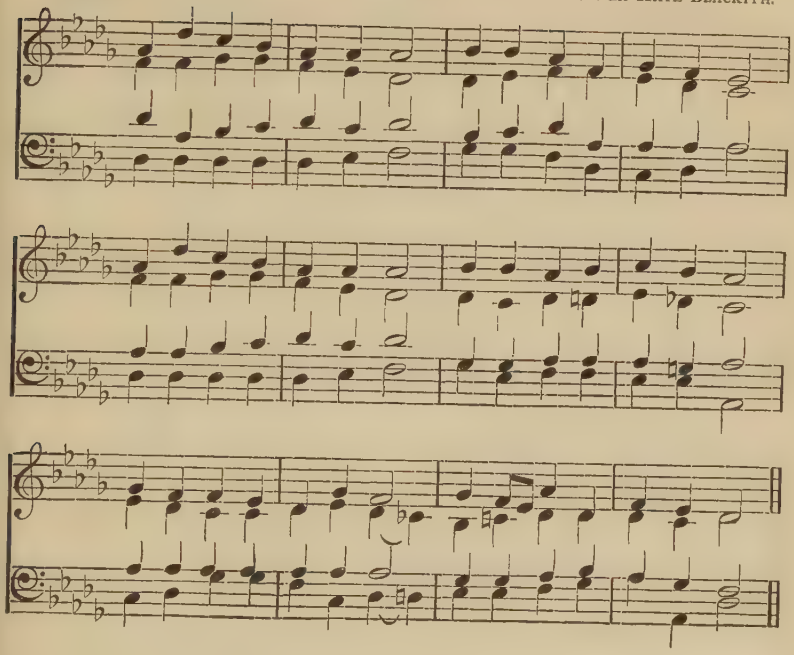
m 1 THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

2 Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

mp 3 Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
m Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

372

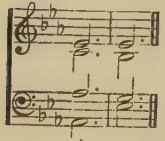
PALGRAVE. SECOND TUNE H. DE LA HAVE BLACKITH.



m 4 Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me. *Amen.*

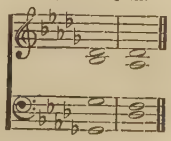
F. T. PALGRAVE.

FIRST TUNE.



A - men.

SECOND TUNE.

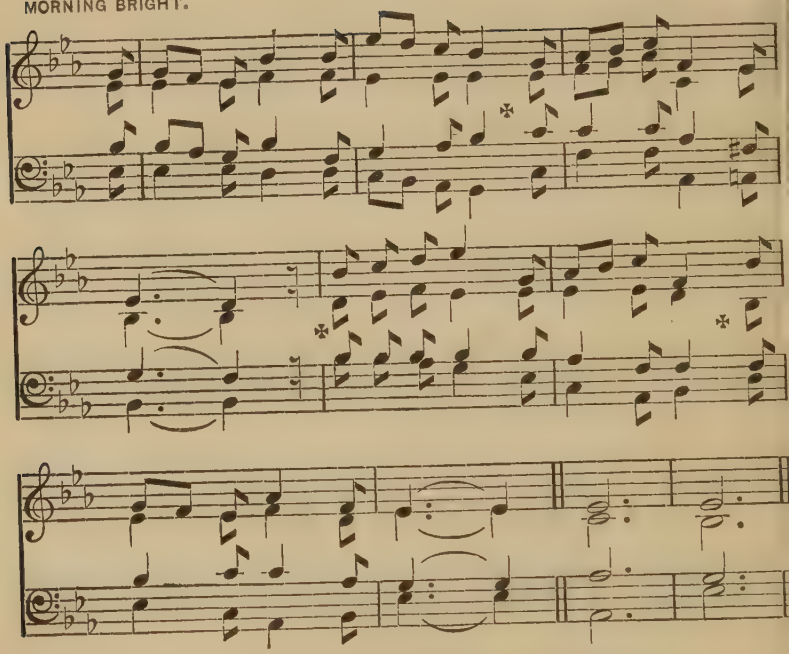


A - men.

373

MORNING BRIGHT.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

mp 1 THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
m Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

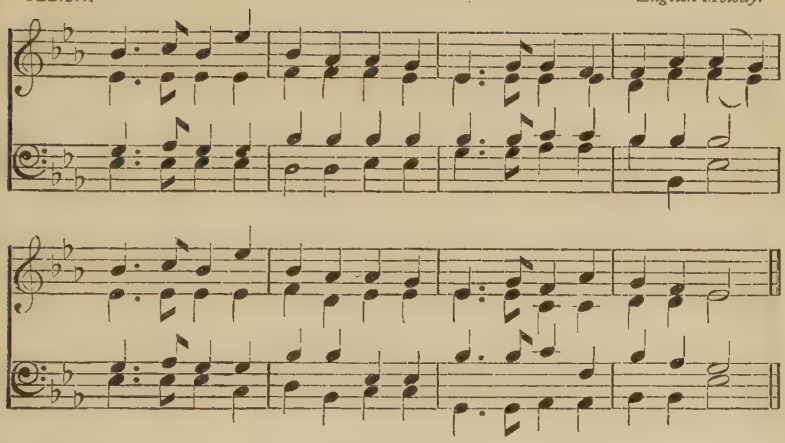
2 While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

pc 3 Subdue my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart,
m Spirit Divine;
O make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart. *Amen.*

T. O. SUMMERS.

374

CLEISH. *English Melody.*

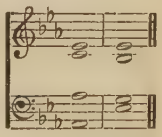


He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

mp 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

m 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warm'd and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

mp 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
m Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

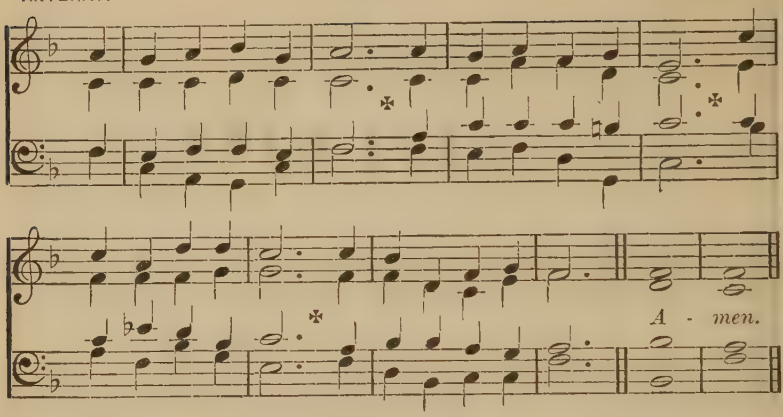


A - men.

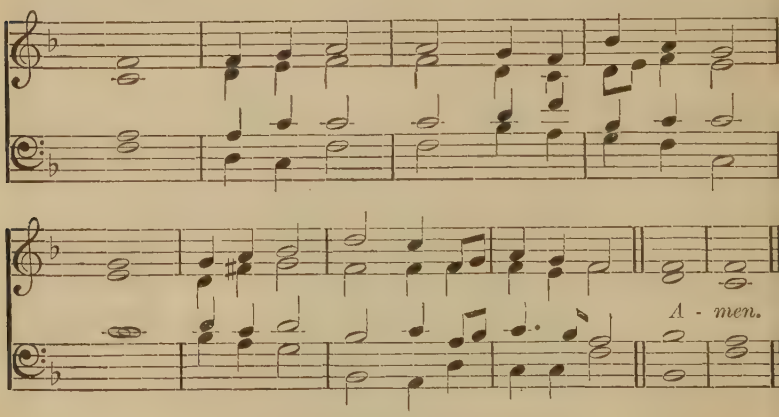
M. LUNDIE DUNCAN.

375

ARTENAY. FIRST TUNE A. S. HOLLOWAY.



LANGDON'S CHANT. SECOND TUNE RICHARD LANGDON.



In peace will I lay me down and sleep.

m 1 My Fa'ther, | hear my prayer
Before I go to rest;
It is' Thy | little child
Who cometh to be blest.

mp 2 Forgive' me | all my sin,
That I may sleep this night
In safe'ty | and in peace
Until the morning light.

m 3 Lord, help' me | every day
To love Thee more and more,
To do' Thy | holy will,
To worship and adore.

4 Then look' up | on me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is' Thy | little child
Who cometh to be blest.

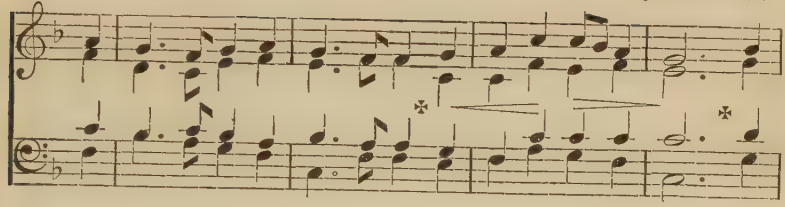
Amen.

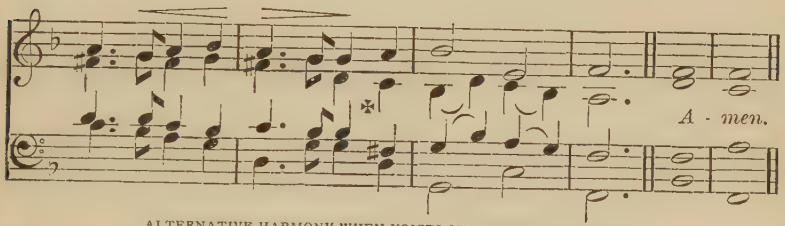
E. C. W.

376

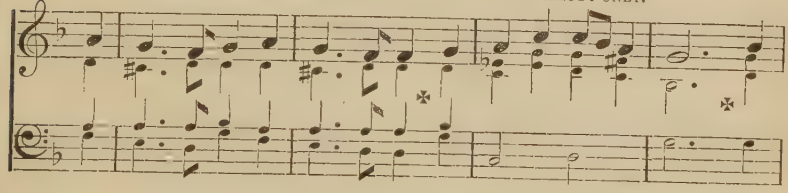
KIND SHEPHERD.

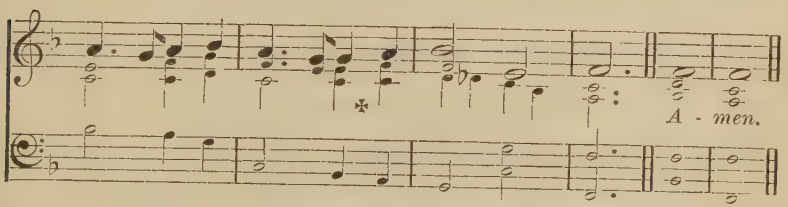
JOHN STAINER.





ALTERNATIVE HARMONY WHEN VOICES SING THE MELODY ONLY.





I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek Thy servant.

m 1 KIND Shepherd, see, Thy little lamb
Comes very tired to Thee;
O fold me in Thy loving arms,
And smile on me.

mp 2 I've wander'd from Thy fold to-day,
And could not hear Thee call;
And, O! I was not happy then,
Nor glad at all.

m 3 I want, dear Saviour, to be good,
And follow close to Thee,
m Through flowery meads and pastures green,
And happy be.

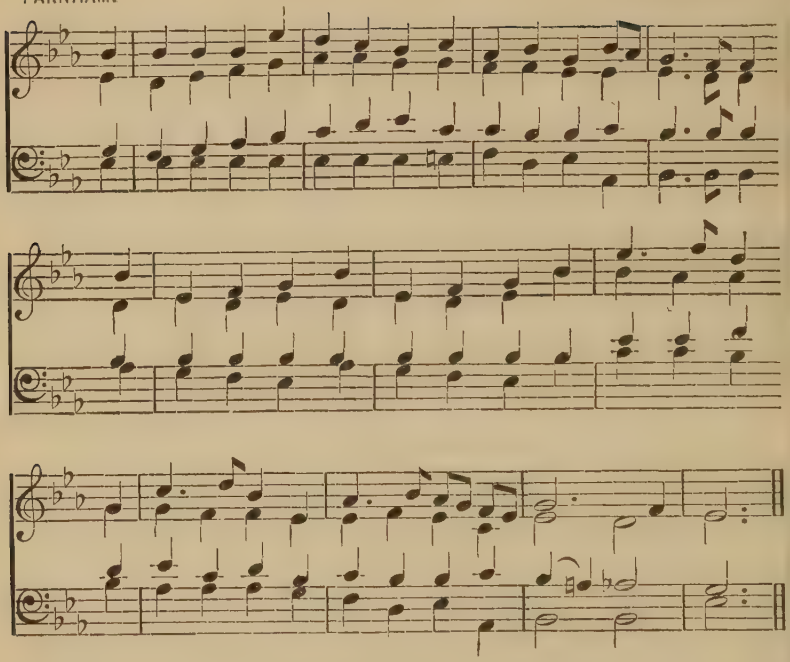
4 Thou kind, good Shepherd, in Thy fold
I evermore would keep,
In morning's light or evening's shade,
And while I sleep.

mp 5 But now, dear Jesus, let me lay
My head upon Thy breast;
I am too tired to tell Thee more,
Thou know'st the rest. *Amen.*

H. P. HAWKINS.

377

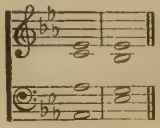
FARNHAM. JAMES WALCH.



Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

mp 1 O LITTLE child, lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near,
Thou need'st not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day or night;
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

2 O little child, lie still and rest;
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps,
m And in the morning wakes so blest,
His child to be:
Love every one; but love Him best;
He first loved thee.

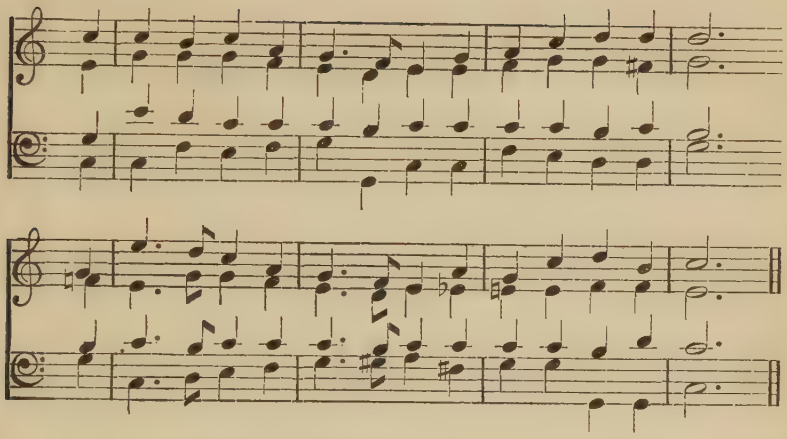


A-men.

ANNA WARNER.

378

ST. SAVIOUR. F. G. BAKER.



Thou God seest me.

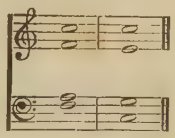
m 1 NONE is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high;
None is like God, whose name is Love,
And who is always nigh.

2 In all the earth there is no spot
Excluded from His care;
We cannot go where God is not,
For He is everywhere.

mp 3 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

mf 4 He is our best and kindest Friend,
And guards us night and day;
To all our wants He will attend,
And answer when we pray.

m 5 O! if we love Him as we ought,
And on His grace rely,
mf We shall be joyful at the thought
That God is always nigh.

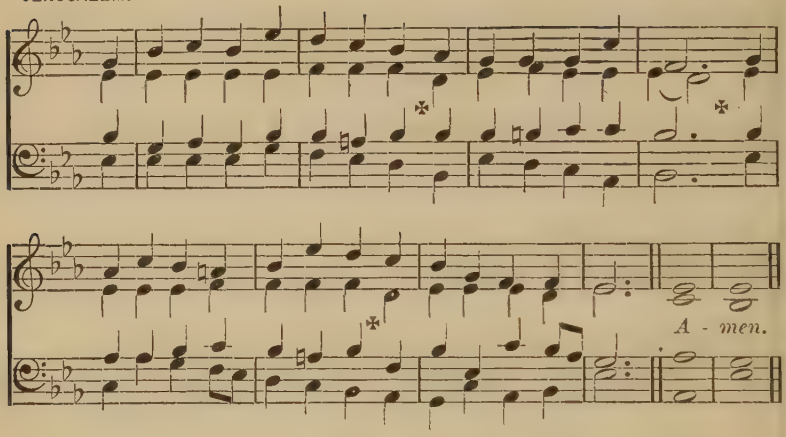


A - men.

JOHN BURTON (*Essex*).

379

JERUSALEM. A. CROIL FALCONER.



Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive.

mp 1 LORD, who hast made me Thy dear child,
And loved me tenderly,
O hear me when I come to own
My many faults to Thee.

m 2 How often I have thought that I
A better child would be,
More gentle, loving, kind, and true,
And pleasing unto Thee.

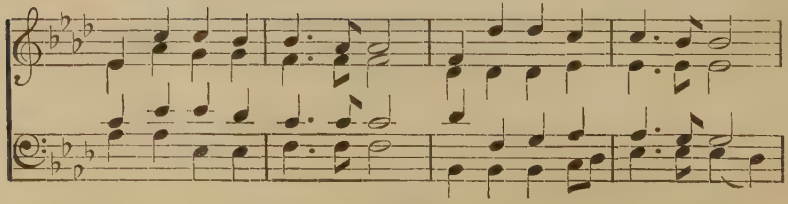
mp 3 And yet I have not conquer'd sin,
Nor striven as I should;
I have not always look'd to Thee,
When trying to be good.

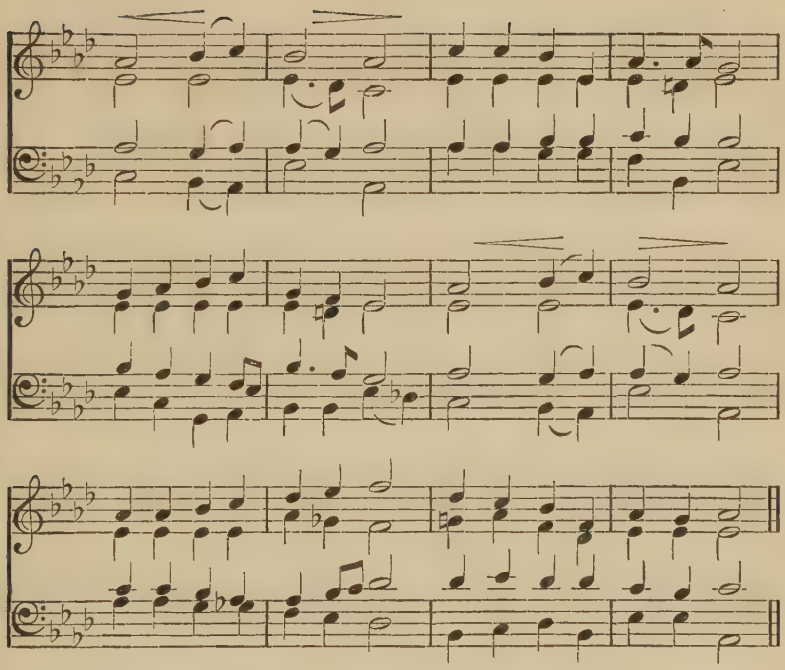
4 Yet, turn not from me, dearest Lord,
But all my faults forgive;
m And grant that I may love Thee more
Each day on earth I live. *Amen.*

E. C. W.

380

OUR FATHER. A. L. PEACE.



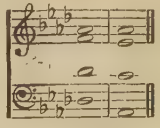


Thy hands have made me.

R *m* 1 LITTLE beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright?
L 'Tis our Father!
R Little bird with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing?
L 'Tis our Father!
A 'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us, He is love.

R *m* 2 Little blossom, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair?
L 'Tis our Father!
R Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you, can you tell?
L 'Tis our Father!
A 'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us, He is love.

R *m* 3 Little child, with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?
L 'Tis our Father!
R Who has taught you how to sing
Like the merry bird of spring?
L 'Tis our Father!
A 'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us, He is love.



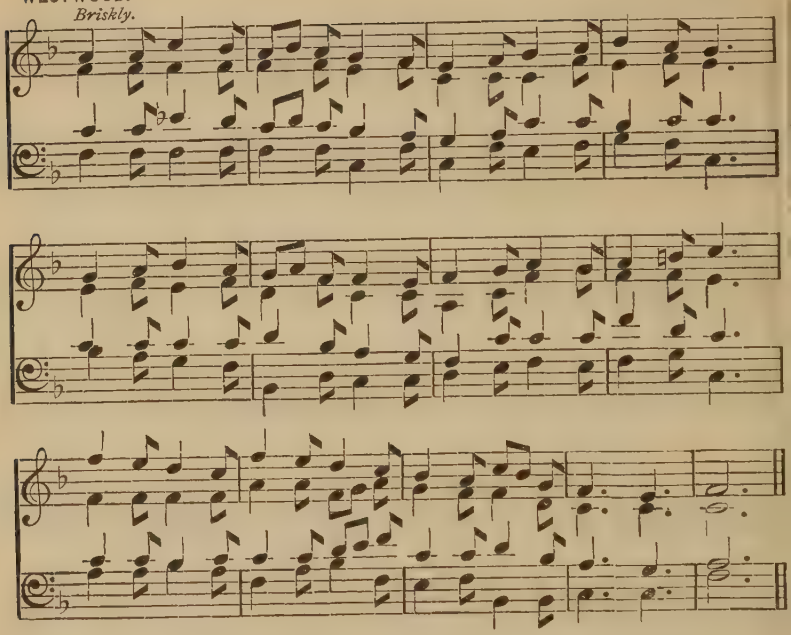
A-men.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

381

WESTWOOD. A. CROIL FALCONER.

Briskly.



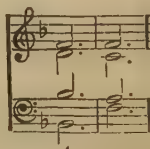
Their angels do always behold the face of My Father, which is in heaven.

m 1 JESUS loves the little children,
Knows about their work and play,
Helps them when they try to please Him,
Hears them always when they pray.
mf Happy, happy little children,
Jesus hears them when they pray.

m 2 Jesus thinks about the children
All the nights and all the days,
Leads the little feet that follow
Into wisdom's pleasant ways.
mf Happy, happy little children,
Led in wisdom's pleasant ways.

m 3 He will keep them, when they ask Him,
Always patient, true, and mild;
Jesus knows about their troubles,
He was once a little child.
mf Blessèd, happy little children,
He was once a little child.

4 By and by, for those who love Him,
He will come some happy day,
Lead them to the pleasant pastures
Of the land not far away.
f O the safe and happy children,
In the land not far away.

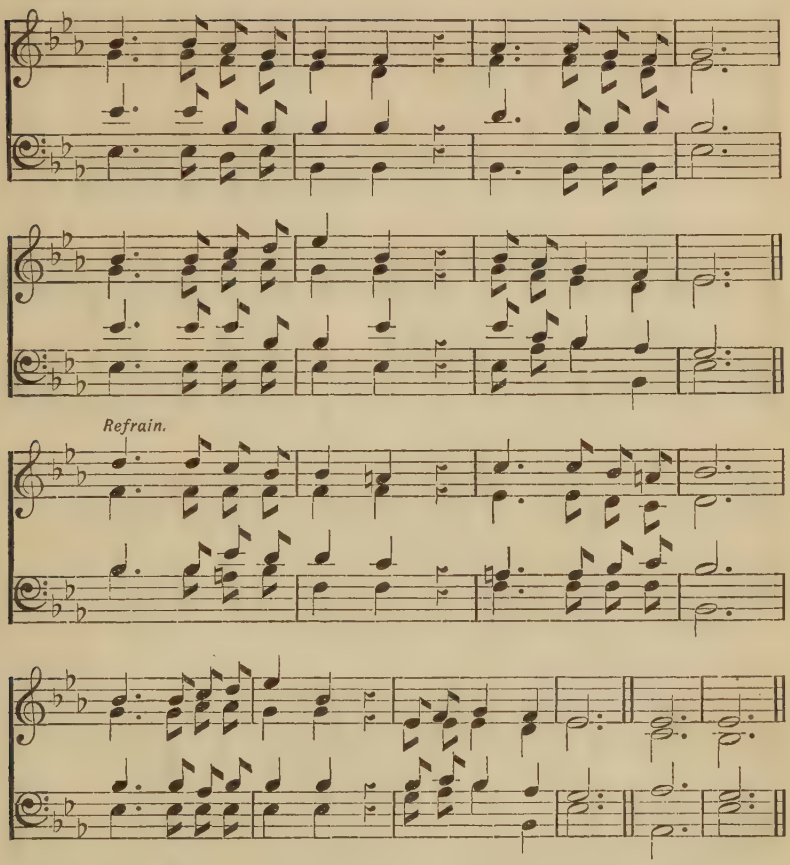


A - men.

 H. O. KNOWLTON.

382

FRANCONIA. THOMAS HASTINGS.



O taste and see that the Lord is good.

m 1 IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.

mf *If I come to Jesus,*
Happy shall I be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

m 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
m He will love me dearly,—
He my sins did bear.

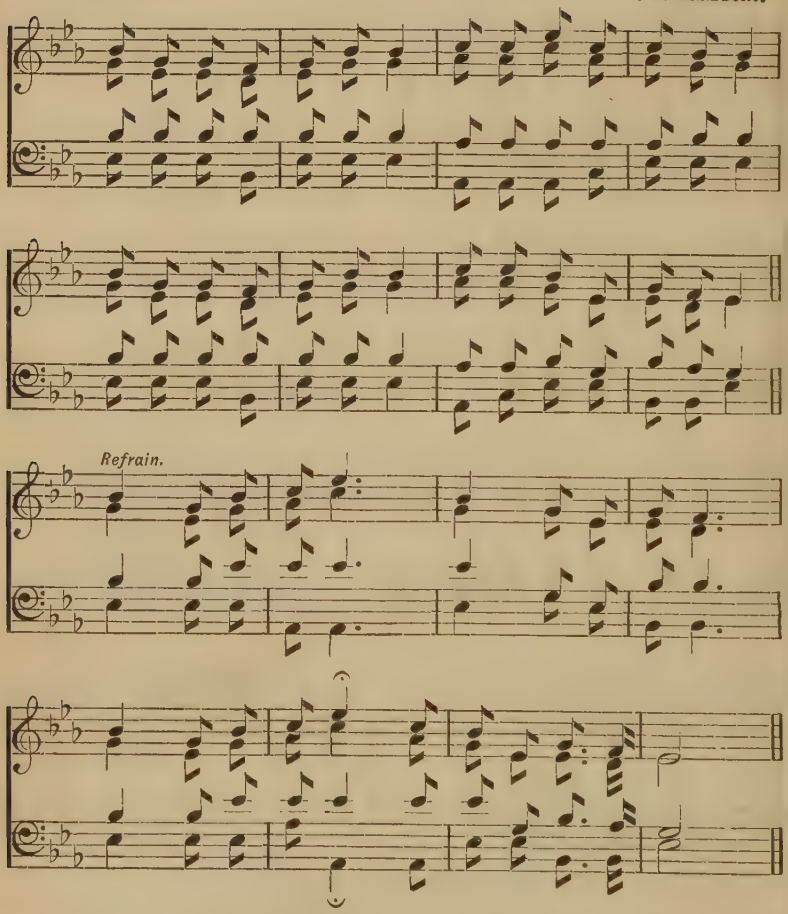
3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

mf 4 There, with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright. *Amen.*

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

383

JESUS LOVES ME. FIRST TUNE—WITH REFRAIN W. B. BRADBURY.



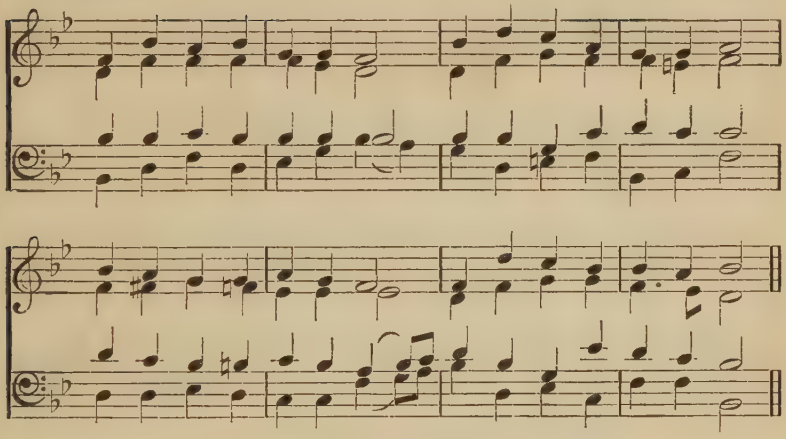
I have loved thee with an everlasting love.

m 1 JESUS loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

mf *Yes! Jesus loves me!*
Yes! Jesus loves me!
Yes! Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

383

LONSDALE. SECOND TUNE—WITHOUT REFRAIN F. A. J. HERVEY.



mp 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

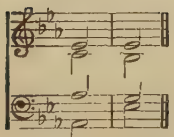
mf *Yes! Jesus loves me!*
Yes! Jesus loves me!
Yes! Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

m 3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die,
He will take me home on high.

mf *Yes! Jesus loves me!*
Yes! Jesus loves me!
Yes! Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so. Amen.

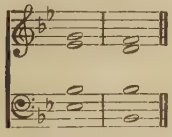
ANNA WARNER.

FIRST TUNE.



A - men.

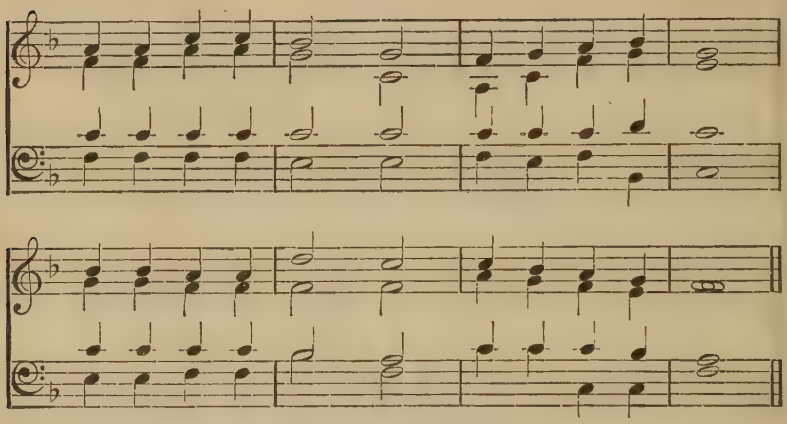
SECOND TUNE.



A - men.

384

LEARN OF ME. ERNST ANSCHUTZ.



Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.

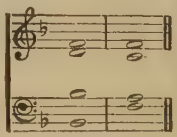
m 1 LET me learn of Jesus:
He is kind to me;
Once He died to save me,
Nail'd upon the tree.

2 If I go to Jesus,
He will hear me pray,
Make me good and holy,
Take my sins away.

3 Let me think of Jesus:
He is full of love,
Looking down upon me
From His throne above.

4 If I trust in Jesus,
If I do His will,
Then I shall be happy,
Safe from every ill.

5 O how good is Jesus!
May He hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To a better land.

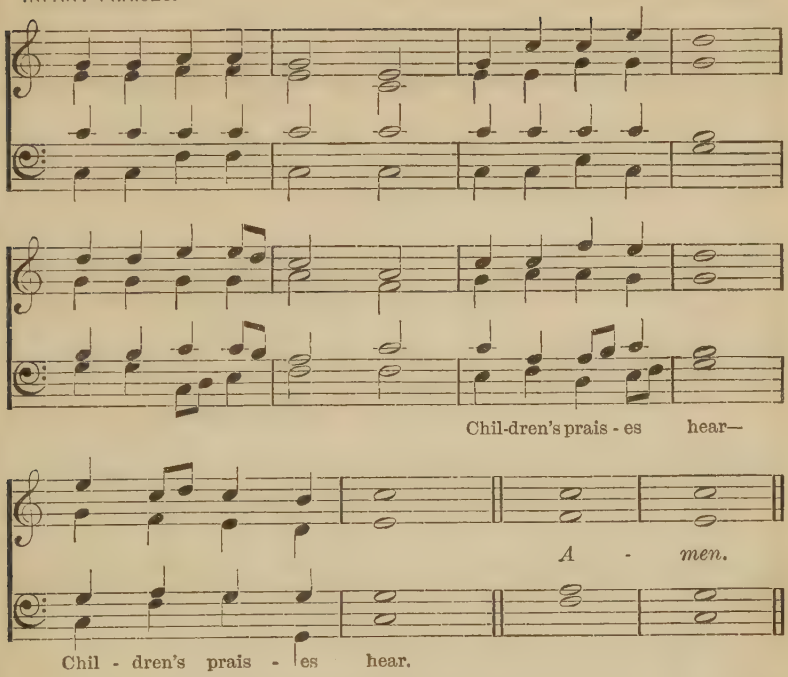


A - men.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

385

INFANT PRAISES. FRIEDRICH SILCHER.



Hear my cry, O God, attend unto my prayer.

m 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

m 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

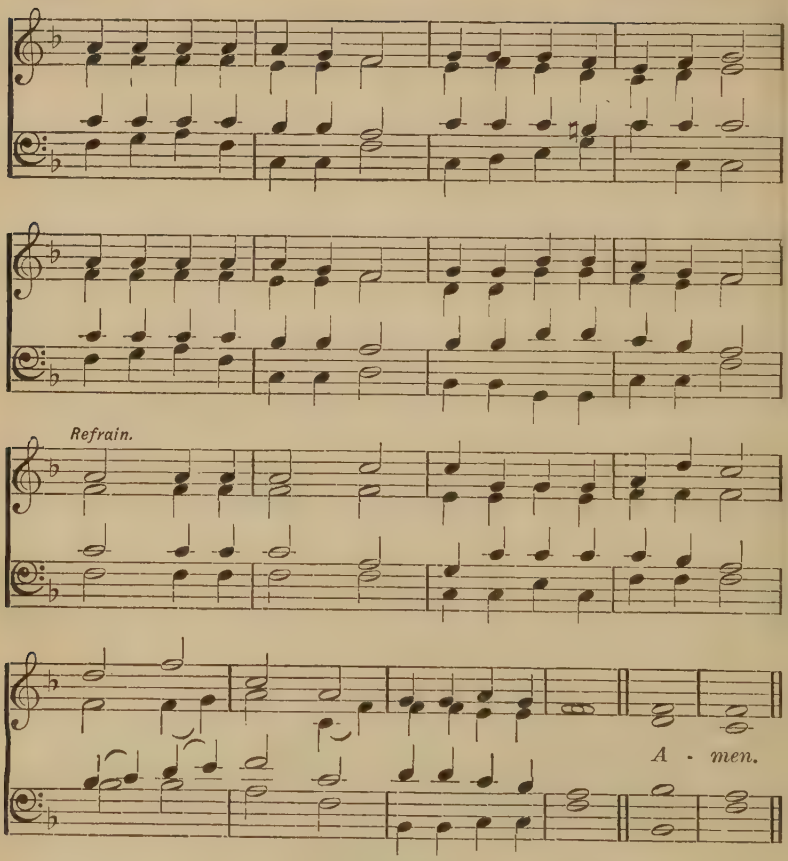
mp 3 We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away

mf 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
'Saviour Lord, we come.' *Amen.*

386

HUBERT. W. B. BRADBURY.



Teach me; for Thou art the God of my salvation.

m 1 SAVIOUR, bless a little child:
Teach my heart the way to Thee;
Make it gentle, good, and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

m *Lord Jesus, hear me,*
Hear Thy little child to-day;
Hear, O hear me!
Hear me, when I pray.

2 I am young, but Thou hast said
All who will may come to Thee;
m Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

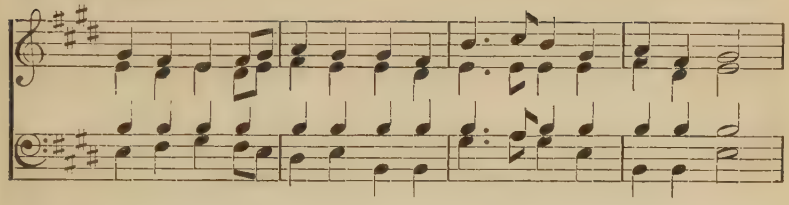
3 Jesus, help me! I am weak,
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Guide in all I do or speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

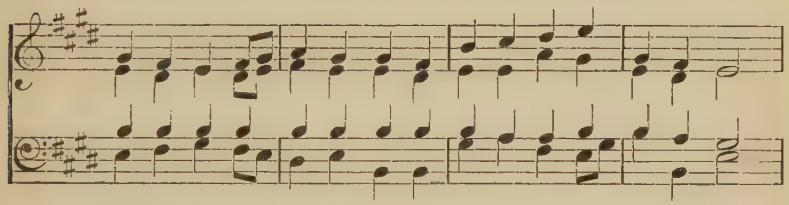
4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

 F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

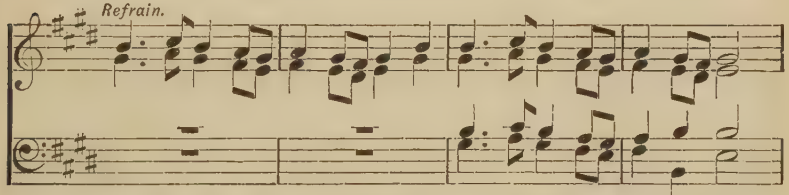
387

SWEET HOSANNAS. HANDEL.

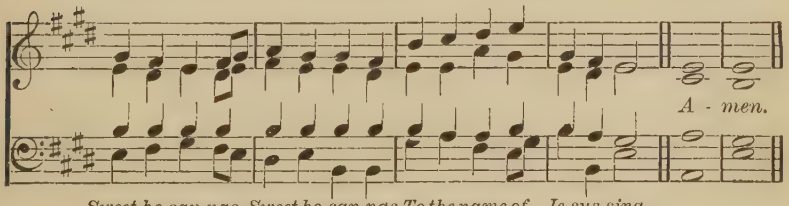




Refrain.



Sweet ho-san - nas, Sweet ho-san-nas To the name of Je - sus sing—



A - men.

Sweet ho-san-nas, Sweet ho-san-nas To the name of Je-sus sing.

Praise ye the Lord; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

Q *m* 1 LITTLE children, praise the Saviour;
He regards you from above;
Praise Him for His great salvation,
Praise Him for His precious love.

mf *Sweet hosannas*
To the name of Jesus sing.

A *m* 2 When He left His home in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.

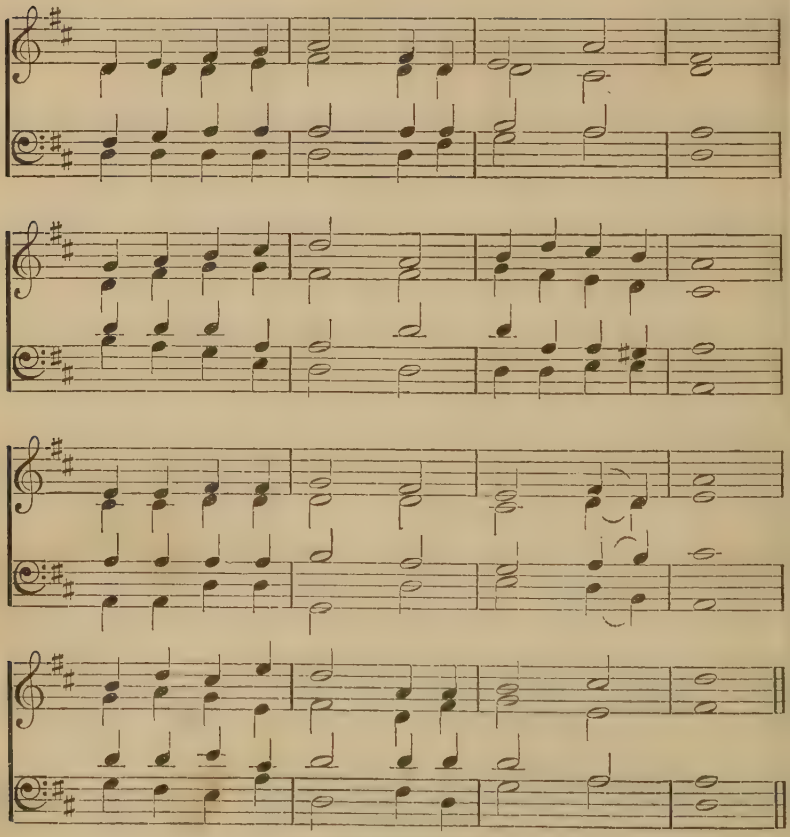
A *m* 3 When the anxious mothers round Him
With their tender infants press'd,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He bless'd.

mf 4 Up in yonder happy regions
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Sound His praises through the sky.

Q *m* 5 Little children, praise the Saviour,
Praise Him, your undying Friend,
c Praise Him till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.

388

JESUS BIDS US SHINE. JAMES MERRYLEES.

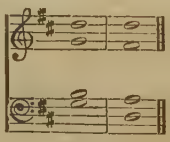


Let your light shine.

m 1 JESUS bids us shine with a pure clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness, we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all, for Him:
Well He sees and knows it if our lights grow dim;
He looks down from heaven to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

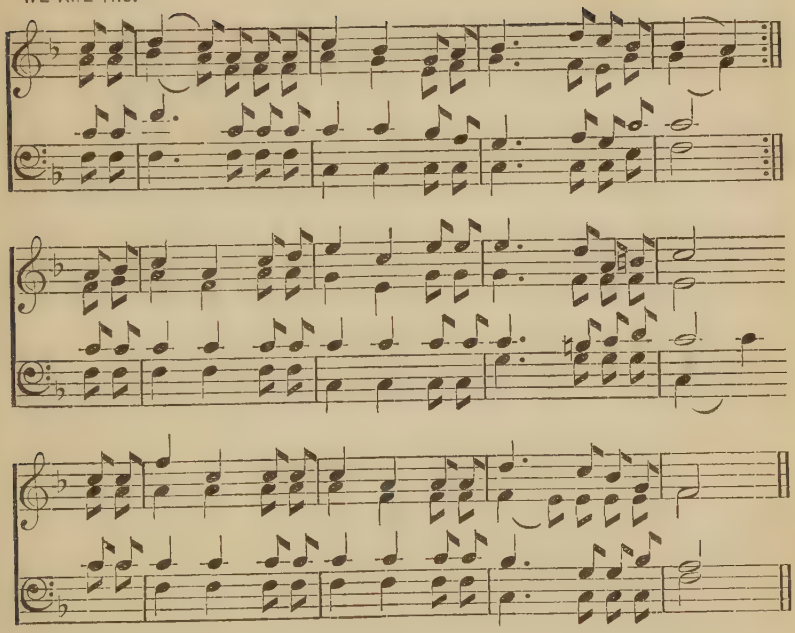
3 Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around:
Many kinds of darkness in this world are found—
Sin, and want, and sorrow—so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.



A - men.

389

WE ARE HIS.



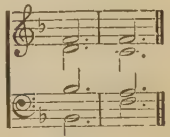
It is He that hath made us, and we are His.

m 1 LITTLE children, come to Jesus,
Hear Him saying, 'Come to Me;'
Blessèd Jesus, who to save us
Shed His blood on Calvary.

mf 2 Little souls were made to serve Him,
All His holy law fulfil;
Little hearts were made to love Him,
Little hands to do His will;

m 3 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heavens above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;

mf 4 Little tongues to sing His praises,
Little feet to walk His ways,
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays.

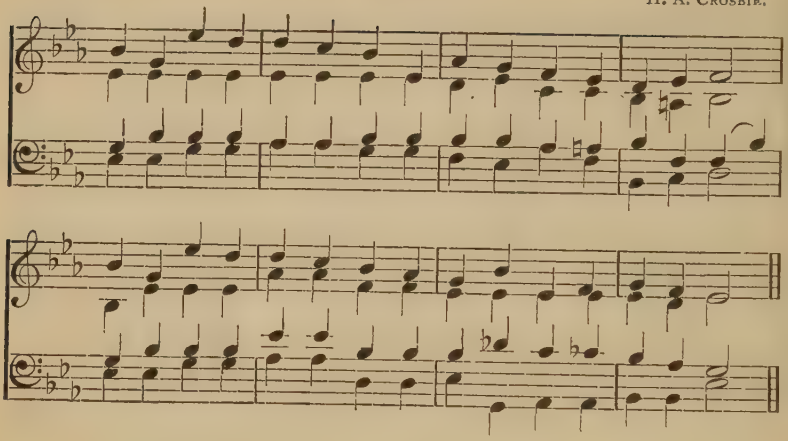


A - men.

C. A. HOLMES.

390

SEFTON. H. A. CROSBIE.



Be ye followers of that which is good.

m 1 JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
O that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still might be!

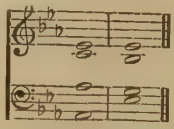
mp 2 All my nature is unholy;
Pride and passion dwell within;
m But the Lord was meek and lowly,
Pure and spotless, free from sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.

4 Let me never be forgetful
Of His precepts any more,
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.

5 Lord, though now Thou art in glory,
We have Thine example still;
I can read Thy sacred story,
And obey Thy holy will.

mf 6 Help me by that rule to measure
Every word and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure
There to learn what Thou hast taught.

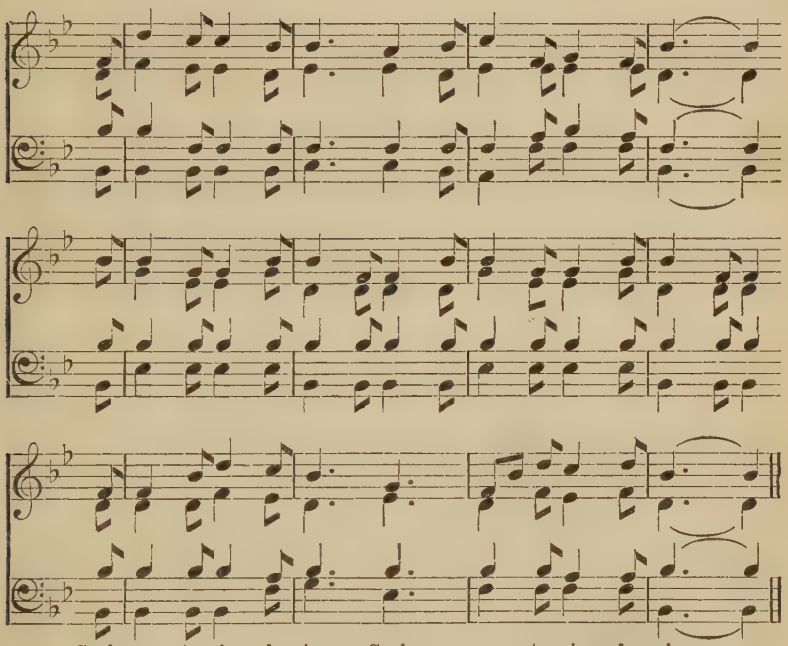


A - men.

JANE TAYLOR.

391

HINSDALE. C. C. STEARNS.



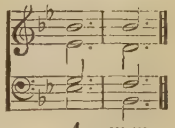
She hath done what she could.

R *m* 1 O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
L The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery.
A Such grace to mine be given.

R *m* 2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
L The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
A Such grace to mine be given.

R *m* 3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
L The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy Book:
A Such grace to mine be given.

R 4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
L Young hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend:
A Such grace to mine be given.



G. W. HINSDALE.

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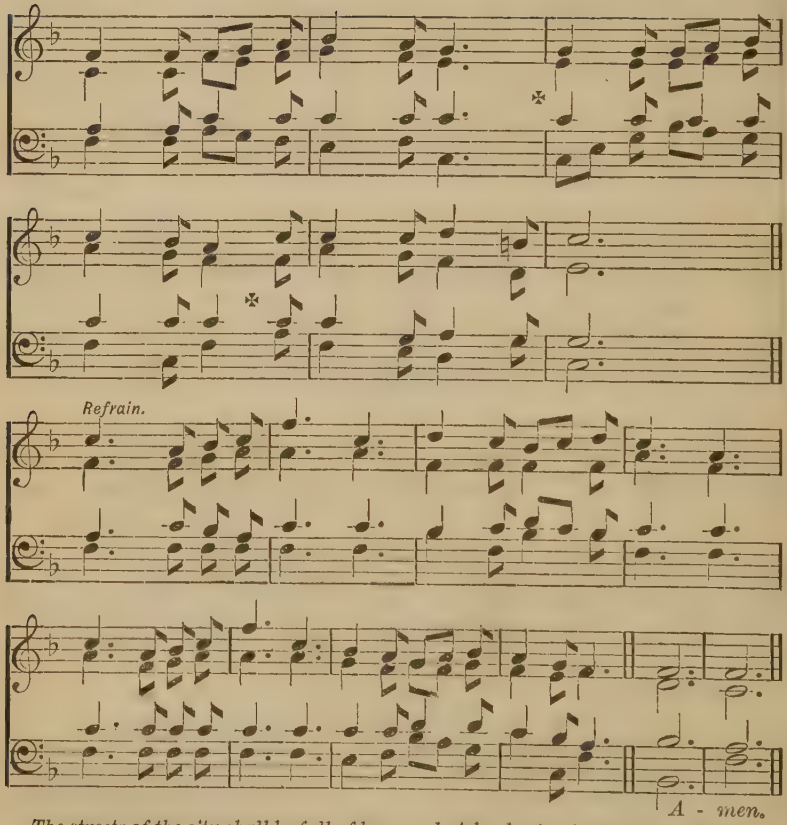
JOYFUL. THOMAS BILBY.



The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.

mp 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
m In heaven we part no more.

f *O, that will be joyful!*
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

m 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.

m 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above;
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

mf 5 O how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

NOTES

THESE '*Notes*' give the original text where it has been altered in 'THE HOME AND SCHOOL HYMNAL.'

Changes made or sanctioned by the authors have not been noted.

Two or three of the 'Doxologies' and of the 'Refrains' are not composed by the authors of the hymns to which they are respectively attached, and two or three have been slightly altered.

Hymn.	Verse.	Line.	
4	4	2	Would.
5	1, etc.	1, etc.	year.
8	6	1	Hold then.
9			It is not easy to give a satisfactory text of this hymn, because (*a*) it represents two Greek originals; (*b*) Neale himself varied the text.
11	4	2	with.
26	3	2	We'll.
		4	Of the.
30	1	1	Sweet.
34	1	2	Early in the morning.
37	4	1	to hell.
43			From current versions.
50			Mr. Hubert P. Main writes:—'Number 50 is not by Howard Kingsbury; he only wrote music; so his father wrote me.'
51	1	1	Hark, how all the welkin rings!
		2	Glory to the King of kings.'
	2	7	Pleased as man with men to appear,
		8	Jesus, our Immanuel here.
54	3	6	love-song.
67			As in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*
69	1	3	Thine humble beast pursues his road.
73			Mr. Gurney says:—'Suggested by a poem in a small American volume. . . . Successive alterations have left nothing of the original composition remaining but the first four words and the repeated words.'
74	4	1	But.
83			As in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*
84	1	1	'Tis the.
85	4	3	Dying once, He all doth save.
86	1	2	is.
87			Sir George Grove requests the omission of three verses to be noted.
	4	8	may.
91	3	6	Thou to God hast brought us near.
92	2	3	Rich.
93	2	3	Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod.
	5	2	That bound creation's call.
		4	The crowned Lord of all.

Hymn.	Verse.	Line.	
98			Cento.
	1	6	To come to.
	2	7	the Incarnate.
	3	3	irradiant.
105	4	5	'Nay' inserted.
107			Correct text uncertain.
108			As in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.
109	2	2	their.
110			A current version.
111	2	3	recollection.
117	1	6	manger.
123	1	1	Dear angel.
		3	To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
		4	A guilty wretch like me.
	4	1	dear.
124	3	2	Blend all my soul with Thine.
125	2	3	breasts.
128	Ref.	1	Come, Spirit, come.
132	5	1	And we, if we aright would learn.
		3	Must.
136	3	7	May.
138			As in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.
148	Ref.	1	silly.
150	3	3	Admit Him, and you can't expel;
		4	Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.
	4	2	His feet departed, ne'er return.
161	4	2	eye-strings break.
166	4	4	Thy blood preserves it ever new.
169	2	7	And weakness will be power,
		8	If leaning hard on Thee.
			Bishop Bickersteth says :—' With [Miss Havergal's] entire sanction and approval, verse 2, lines 7, 8, were changed into [the version given in the text].'
171	2	5, 6	I 'll.
	3	5	The eternal glories gleam.
176	1	8	jasper.
177	1	3	Nor why—unworthy—Christ in love
		4	Redeem'd me for His own.
183	1	1	More love to Thee, O Christ.
	3	2	Send.
191	3	8	Paths of.
193			Cento from two hymns.
	2	2	Dearest God, forbid it not;
		3	Give me dearest God, a place.
195	5	1	Then.
198			The authorship of this hymn is uncertain; it has been altered by more than one editor.
199			The authorship of this hymn is uncertain; it has been altered by more than one editor.
204	1	2	Hear thy guardian angel say.
208	4	2	sin's wild deluge.
210			*Poetical Remains of Ellen Elizabeth Burman*, ed. Rev. William Bruce, M.A., Bristol, 1862.
	4	3	Prepare.
212			Ascribed to Phoebe Cary on the authority of Mr. Hubert P. Main.
213			*The Revival Hymn Book*, Second Series, London, 1859-1865.

Hymn.	Verse.	Line.	
214			Mrs. Coghill writes :—'I am utterly unable to see what advantage there can be in any alteration that has yet been proposed [on this hymn]. I cannot sign, or in any way agree to what I extremely dislike.'
			In the face of this protest our apology for certain deviations from the original must be the popularity of the tune.
	1	4	'mid the.
	2	4	cometh.
	3	4	for the.
			The last line of each verse begins with 'Night.'
228	3	1	And.
	5	4	his.
231	2	5	to.
232	3	6	to.
237	3	4	And lay.
238			As in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.
240	2	9	eastward.
242			As in *Church Hymns*.
248	1	2	long.
	2	4	Dost Thou now.
252			As in *The Free Church Hymn Book*.
253			As in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.
256	4		precious purple.
261			As in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.
	8		From Paraphrase lxv.
263			Cento.
	2	2	Conjubilant.
	3	3	song.
		4	shout.
	4	5-8	Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.
265	5		Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.
266			This version of Mrs. Findlater's translation from Spitta has been adopted for musical reasons, but it has not the translator's approval.
271	1	6	sweet.
275-277			It seemed hardly necessary to verify the text and authorship of these 'Graces.'
278			Since publication, Mr. Hubert P. Main writes :—'[This] hymn is by William [not William Cullen] Bryant;' and he supplies the original text as follows—
	1	3	O! we know not what ere long
	2	7	In temptation, trial, and grief.
288	6	1	altar.
291	1	3	our.
		6	rights.
	2	1	Through every changing scene,
		2	O Lord, preserve the Queen.
	4	1	And not.
297	1	3	Mr. Hamilton permits a change on this line, but desires the original words to be printed—
			We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light.
302	1	1	He.
313			Cento by John White Chadwick, and William Channing Gannett, from a poem by the former.
317	1	2	pleasure.
324	4	1	Blessed and holy and.
326	1	1	sphere.

Hymn.	Verse.	Line.	
328	3	3	heart.
341	4	1, 3, 4	our.
348	1	3	All the promises do travail
		4	On a glorious day of grace :
		5	Blessed jubil !
	2	6	Word.
	4	3	eternal.
349	4	6	Highest hills and deepest caves.
356	1	3	Of the Virgin undefiled.
358			As in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*
364	1	1	the dark.
365	5	5	her.
373	3	1	Pardon.
375	3	3	To strive to do Thy will.
386	Ref.	1	Dear.
	3	3	Teach me how and what to speak.
387			*The Juvenile Harmonist*, ed. S.S. Un., and T. Clark of Canterbury.
	4	1	spirit regions.
		4	Send.
391			*Daily Meditations for Children*, by Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale, London, 1868.
	5		Though small is all that we can do
			To please the King of heaven,
			When hearts and hands and lips unite
			To serve the Saviour with delight,
			They are most precious in His sight:
			Such grace to mine be given.
392	3	3	infant-school.
	4	2	And our pastors, whom we love.

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